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ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE is the title of a new weekly paper which has evidently spoken a good word for itself in the ear of a large and favouring public. The name of the editor carries with it a *prestige* of success with the thousands who have communed with him as a fireside or parlour-window Mentor, dispensing sage lessons under the veil of pleasant fictions. It is easy to see, however, that Mr. Arthur is not disposed to settle on the lees of an established reputation, or to wear only the laurels won in another field. He comes to his present work with a fresh alacrity and vigour, and seems resolved to give the world assurance of a paper that shall come into the domestic circle with blessings in its train, as did the Ark of old into the house of Obed Edom. He has secured the aid of some of the ablest pens in the country, and his own does not by any means confine itself to leaders in the editorial columns. He writes all over his paper, and interesting matter greets us in every corner.—*Anglo-American New Church Repository*.

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WENDELL LINTON Sc.

ZECORIEUX-PHX

SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. IX.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1851.

No. 3.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF THE SAVIOUR.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850, by JOHN SARTAIN & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.



LVI.

CHRIST TEACHING AT THE FEAST.

THE wisest man that ever lived before Christ's day, thought that if men would receive instruction, valuable, deep, and abiding, they must seek it at the house of mourning. He had no idea that Instruction and even Religion could sit at the head of the feasting-table, and thence dispense their treasures.

Feasting has been the scene for animal gratification, for the trifling song, for the play of ridicule,

and for the gambols of frivolity. But the Redeemer knew how to carry the music of heaven where Bacchus had hitherto tuned the lyre. He taught us that light and knowledge can exalt any place and any occasion, and that to the pure, all things are pure. While we take special and solemn occasions to make impressions, or to give our religious instructions, he seizes upon all occasions and every opportunity to inculcate that wisdom which is from above. We feel that when we would pluck the golden fruit of the tree of life, we must creep up to it in our tears, and when sorrow has buried our fond earthly hopes; but

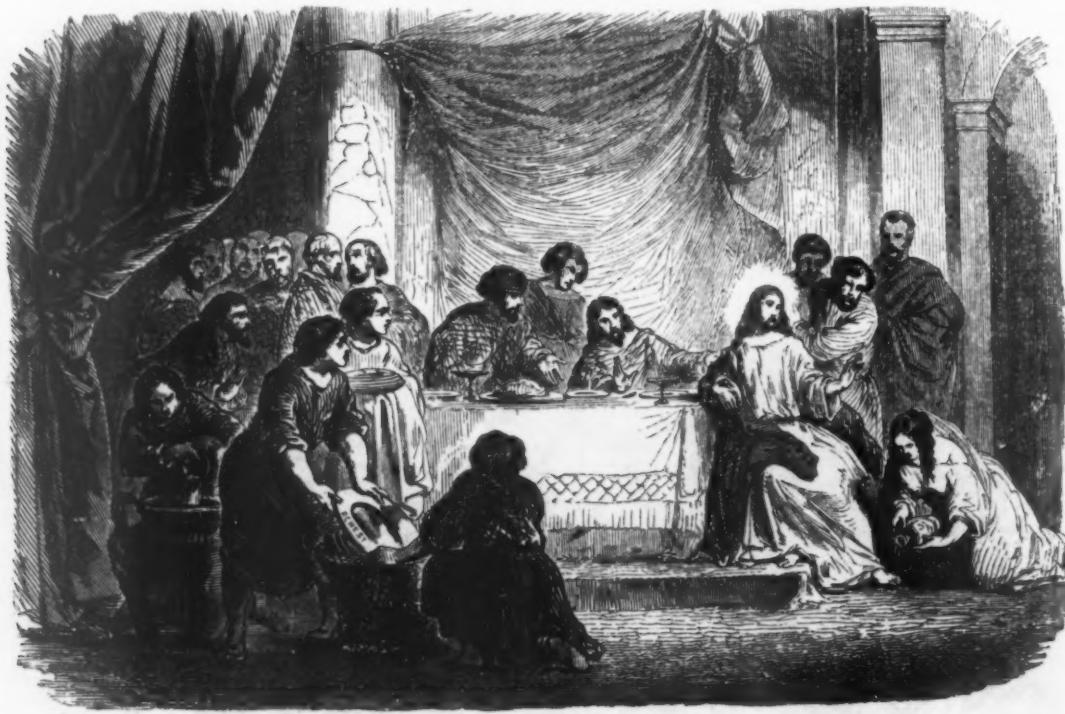
He brings this fruit to the every-day table, and bids us eat it at all times.

Among very highly cultivated minds, a feast is often the place where politics are discussed, or where the intellect is ministered unto; but the subjects which Christ introduces are of importance infinitely more high. The refined will endeavour to make the banqueting-table the "feast of reason, and the flow of soul;" but the faculties which Christ quickens and ennobles are vastly more lofty than the reason, and the waters which He causes to flow are from the river of life.

It is remarkable, and if our readers have not noticed it, we wish they would, that many of the most important and beautiful parables and instructions of our Saviour were delivered at the table. The jewels of Solomon, which the stately king

thought could be worn only on the most solemn occasions, He piles up at the every-day meal, and lets each one carry away as many as he pleases. We can no more imagine a foolish thought or action at the Table at which He sat, than we can at the tomb over which the broken-hearted sisters were weeping. He is the same everywhere. Whether he be in the mountain of temptation, in the garden of suffering, or even in the manger, there the new stars are seen to hang, and there the angels gather to watch his movements, or to minister to his wants.

Christ hath sanctioned and hallowed the feast and the wedding, not as places of vain mirth and sensual enjoyment, but as occasions where he could manifest his glory, and teach us how to improve all our opportunities.



LVII.

MARY MAGDALENE.

BY MRS. J. L. GRAY.

Low bowing, the self-righteous Pharisee
Cometh to Jesus, asking him to eat
Bread in his house; and as they sat at meat
One entereth. One who, late with haughty brow,
And wild and wanton eye, wandered the street
Of the thronged city, lewdest of the lewd.

Why stands she thus abashed, so meek, so pale,
With parted lips, and brilliant, gem-like eyes
Upturned to heaven, blue as the heaven they seek?
Is there a wanton's glance in those fair orbs
From which rain heavy penitential showers,
Warm, copious, soft; now timid as the fawn's,
When unexpected step approacheth near
Her leafy covert? And that peerless brow,
So proudly beautiful, so emblushing fair,
So confident in its own loveliness
That it could meet unshrinking, unabashed,
The gazing of a world, how humble now!
That head so haughty once, from which descends
A wreath of golden ringlets unadorned,
In beautiful disorder, floating bright
On neck and shoulder, like the glowing shade
Morn's roseate clouds cast upon nightfallen snow,

Is bended, like the willow's weeping bough,
Beneath the burden of a humbled heart.

See, she approacheth, trembling; stealthily
Glides to the Saviour's feet; low bending there,
She weeps, and weeps, and as her tears fall fast
She wipes them off with that luxuriant hair,
Or, with her warm lips, kisses them away,
Unhidden, unreproved.

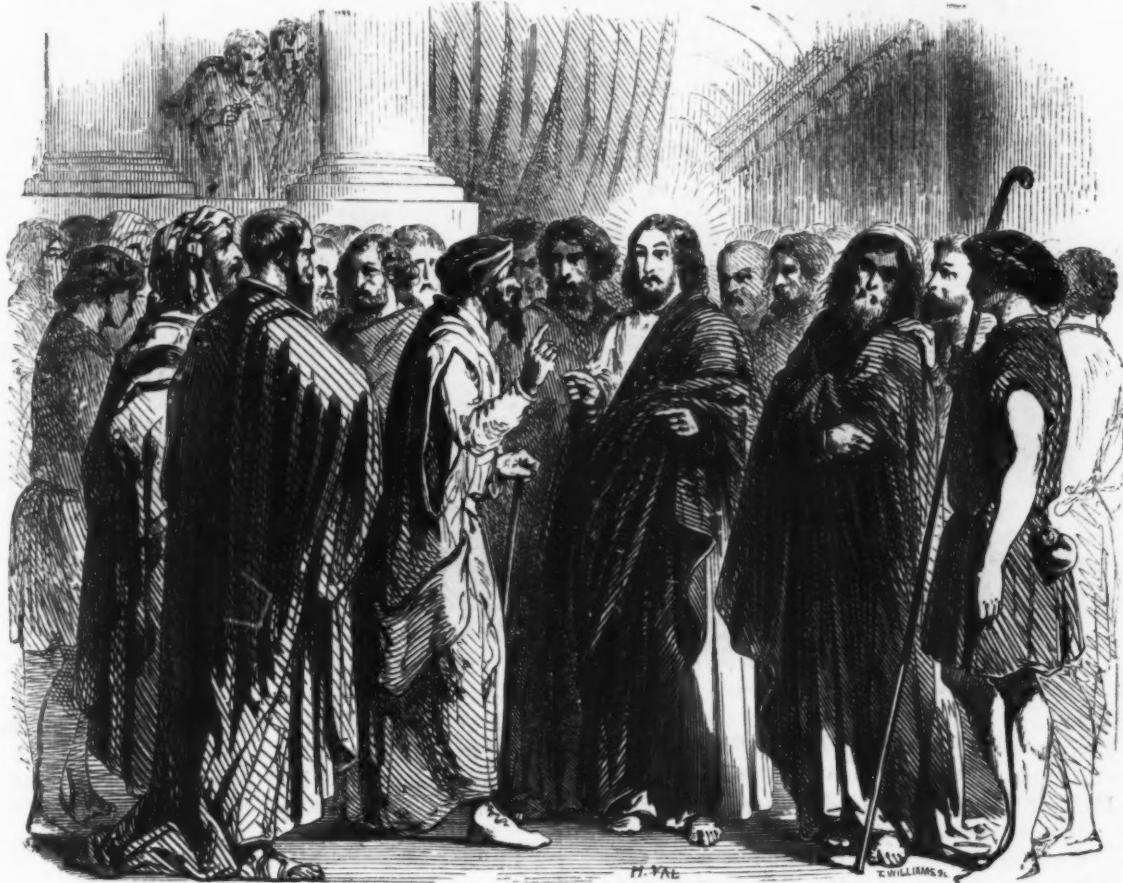
She with her brings
An alabaster-box of precious oil,
Her all of wealth, perchance, yet gives she all
With love's unsparing prodigality.
That spotless box she breaks, where, prisoned
close,
Lay the sweet spirits of unnumbered flowers,
There long in durance pent; now, gladly forth
The balmy captives rush on viewless wings,
Casting themselves in fragrant homage low,
At Jesus' feet.
Indignant and displeased, strange doubts arose
In the host's pious bosom. Can he be
Indeed a holy prophet, and admit
A wanton's lips defiled to touch his feet?
Is he indeed a prophet, and not know
The lost, degraded, wretched Magdalene?
Her very name a blot, an outcast vile,
Banned with a father's curse, a mother's scorn!

Ay! well the Saviour knew that weeping one ;
Had all her wanderings watched ; and in her heart
His own right hand had cast the tiny seed
Of pure and holy faith ; and thrifly,
And strong, the plant had grown, till its ripe fruit,
Deep penitence and love, she now hath brought,
And with her wealth, her sorrows, and her sins,
Her heart, herself, a living sacrifice,
She weeping casts before the Saviour's feet !
Oh, priceless offering ! sweeter far than all
Arabia's gems ; more rich than precious oil ;
More welcome than the breath of balmiest flowers.

He, to whom hearts are known, whose eye
omniscient
Beholdeth every secret, hidden thought,
Thus calmly spoke :—
“ Simon, I have somewhat to say to thee.”
He answered, “ Lord, say on.” “ A creditor
Had debtors two ; one owed five hundred pence ;
The other, fifty ; neither had to pay ;
And he forgave them both : now, tell me, Simon,
Which of the twain thou thinkest most should
love ?”
“ Lord, surely he to whom was most forgiven !”

“ Well hast thou answered, Simon ; hearken
now ;—

Way-worn and travel-stained, I came to thee,
Thine own invited guest,—thou gavest me
No water for my feet ; but she hath washed
My dusty feet with tears, and with her hair
Hath wiped those tears away. Thou gavest me
No kiss of love or welcome,—hath she ceased
To press her lavish kisses on my feet ?
No oil thou offerest me, no perfumed oil ;
But she, this precious ointment hath poured out !”
Then turning to the weeping one, he spake,
“ Woman ! arise, depart,—thou art forgiven !”
Hath earth one other weeping Magdalene ?
Sad penitent ! lift up thy drooping head ;
Bring here thy perfumed ointment ; pour it forth !
What ! not one drop ? And hast thou only tears ?
Tears, gushing from the fountain of a heart
Bruised, broken, loathsome, with a thousand stains !
Well ; come to Jesus ;—hark ! He calleth thee ;—
Come with thy sinking heart, thy streaming tears,
Thy helplessness, thy wretchedness, thy sins ;
And He, who pardoned outcast Magdalene,
May stretch his golden sceptre out to thee !



LVIII.

CHRIST ANSWERING THE SCRIBE.

DID the reader ever undertake, in the presence of a large company, to give a *definition* which would embrace all that is necessary and nothing more—which would be perfect and complete ? It often requires the highest kind of mental discipline, and it is a very difficult thing. And what a definition of the true relation between God and man, embracing all the feelings and duties which we owe, or ever can owe, to our Maker, or to our fellow-men, does Christ give us ! It makes religion to consist in love ; it defines the

extent of it, and the sacrifices it should make. What a comprehensive definition—embracing every son and daughter of Adam, and equally applicable to all worlds, and to all orders of created, intelligent beings ! Had a heathen philosopher uttered this sentiment, it would have made him more than immortal ; his name would have been carved in letters of gold, and the world, in all ages, would have gathered round and admired it. Whatever Christ touches is thus made beautifully perfect. No human sagacity could have answered the Scribe, and in words so few, have told him what are the first and second great commandments, and those, indeed, which embrace all

others. On the first hearing the announcement, you instantly feel that this includes all the teachings of the laws and the prophets, and all that is contained in the Word of God. You feel that you have a description of religion, which no intellect can scorn, which no mind can improve, which no conscience can escape, and against which no heart dare cavil.

The adoption of this principle in our every-day life, would renovate and change the face of the whole of human society. It would make every heart an altar, from which incense, and praise, and supplication would continually ascend; it would subdue and take away the selfishness of the heart, and would unite men in a delightful brotherhood. It would remove the necessity of gallows and prison, fetters and locks, courts and punishment, bonds and notes; it would take away

covetings and jealousies, envyings and injuries, from among men, and it would, in a great measure, turn the earth back from the curse of sin, and cause it to be almost like heaven. Temples and altars, sacrifices and burnt offerings, may help the penitent to express his feelings, and to utter his prayers, and to subdue his heart; but if we have the principles that Christ lays down here, we should have something far superior to forms, "to whole burnt-offerings, and sacrifices." And we may rejoice that while we are far, very far, from loving God "with all the heart, and with all the soul, and with all the mind, and with all the strength, and our neighbour as ourselves," yet the blessed Redeemer allows that when the heart really approves of this as the standard of the soul, and as the goal at which we should aim, that heart is "not far from the kingdom of Heaven."



LIX.

THE POOL OF SILEOAM.

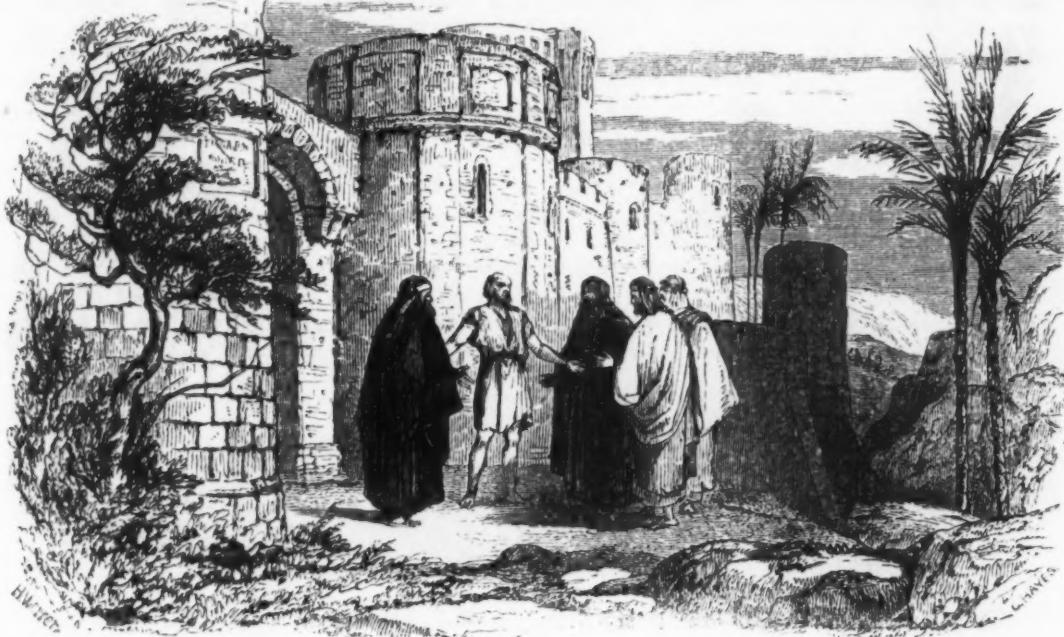
BY JAMES T. JANVIER, ESQ.

Pool of Siloam, whose pellucid waters,
Silently springing from their rocky deep,
Beneath Moriah's tall and sacred steep,
Through the green valley ever softly glide;
The starlight mirrored in thy silver tide!
Long, long ago, when Zion's dark-eyed daughters
Wandered along thy marge, their white feet laving
Where envious lilies, bending, kissed the brink,
And graceful willows, in the night-wind waving,
Bowed their soft verdure to thy breast to
drink:—
Long, long ago, thy storied waters welling
Forth from their mountain chambers, poured
abroad
A stream of life and joy for every dwelling
Within the city of the living God.
Hither, when Earth was young, the Patriarch
came

To sacrifice upon thy mountain shrines.
Amid these rocks, and darkly shadowing pines,
The lurid flashing of his altar-flame
Shot up to Heaven; while the dear victim, panting
From his long, weary march, bowed down to
dip
In the cool wave, his dry and burning lip.
Here, oft, the pilgrim laid aside his staff,
And knelt awhile thy sparkling tide to quaff;
Then rose refreshed—his hymn of gladness
chanting;
The secret stirrings of his spirit rife,
As with a foretaste of that hidden well,
That pours its waters with undying swell,
And springeth up to everlasting life.
Fount of Siloam—pure and ever flowing!
Neath the dark rock whence thy cool waters
burst,
We stoop in fancy to assuage our thirst,
Where kings and prophets and apostles stood,
And drank the blessing of thy crystal flood;
Yet more we love thee, as of old foreshadowing

That spiritual rock, from whose cleft bosom
Should issue forth a yet more sacred rill,
Watering the tree of life; whose fragrant blossom
Sheds heavenly odours on this holy hill.

Sent from our God, the nations to redeem
From the dire fever that has drank their blood:
From sin's delirium, error's maddening dream;
And bring them back to light and life and God.



LX.

THE QUESTIONING OF THE BLIND MAN RESTORED
TO SIGHT.

THERE was a crowd in the streets of Jerusalem. Multitudes had gathered around a man who had just come up from the pool of Siloam, exulting and shouting because he could now see. A man that had been born blind, has for the first time gazed upon his native city with delight. The very face of the fact carries evidence of a miracle. They all knew that a poor blind beggar had sat in one spot for years, and they knew he was not there now, and they knew that this man resembled him. Some were ready to testify that it was he, others said he was *like* him; but he declared, I am he. There were two ways of proving his identity, viz.: his own testimony and that of his parents. These both agree. How was the miracle accomplished? He testifies that "a man called Jesus made clay and opened my eyes, simply by my washing off the clay in the pool of Siloam."

"But how can this be? What is the philosophy, the explanation of it?"

"I can give no explanation," says the man. "I only know that he anointed my eyes with clay, and bade me wash. I did so, and am healed. I only know that I was blind a few hours ago, but I now see. I cannot, however, explain the miracle."

"But this Jesus, of whom you speak, must be an impostor and a sinner; for this is the Sabbath-day, and none but a sinner would dare break the Sabbath thus."

"He a sinner! Why, since the world was created, was there ever a case known that the eyes of one born blind were opened? This proves it to be a miracle."

"But a miracle must be the exertion of a divine power—the work of God. God is holy, and he hates deception and fraud. Would he give power to an impostor to work such miracles?"

"Is not this the very proof that you adduce to show that Moses and the prophets were divinely commissioned; and if this man appears and works even greater wonders, must we not receive him?"

"O blind and sinful one! is it for such as thou art to instruct us, the teachers of the law—thou who was born in bodily and mental and spiritual darkness? We cast thee out of the Synagogue."

They did cast him out from being numbered with them. But Christ found and comforted him; and there his brief story stands to show all future generations, that those whom Christ illuminates by opening their eyes, feel *sure* that it is done, though they can give no explanations *how* it is done; and if need be, they can bear to be despised by men, for Christ will find them and cheer them, and unto Him they will bestow their homage and love.

LXI.

THE SHUT DOOR.

BY CAROLINE MAY.

WHAT mean these fearful sounds at Heaven's high gate—

These loud entreaties and vehement cries?
Who are these angry souls that stand and wait
With livid faces, and with flashing eyes,
Trembling with wounded pride and huge surprise?

These are the haughty hypocrites, who put
Strong confidence in their self-flattering lies,
Secure that Heaven would hail *their* presence, but
They came up to the door—and lo! the door
was shut.

Indignant and affrighted, hear them ask—

"Lord, have we not in Thy name plainly
wrought
Many a wondrous work and heavy task?
Have we not prophesied and prayed and taught,
While listening throngs their homage due have
brought?
Have we not had from early youth a claim



To that our fasts and alms-deeds quickly bought,
Distinction among men and godly fame,
Have not our names been known and honoured
through thy name?"

Then with authority they boldly knock,
"Open to us, Lord, Lord!" they shouting call:
But no hand touches the eternal lock,
Whose iron clasp shall keep their hearts in
thrall,
Until, in dumb despair, they sink and fall.
"Open to us!" they shriek, and then implore,
"Lord, Lord!" in softened tones; but vain is all.
The knock, the shriek, the prayer, can never
more
Avail to change their doom, or open the shut
door.

Yet are they answered; for a voice, as clear
As the shrill trumpet's on a gathering day,
But far more startling,—falls upon the ear:
"Depart from me; your false and vain display
Can stand no test where *Truth* alone holds sway.
I know you not; I never knew you, though
My name you boasted on life's little way;
Your temple-services were outside show,
That veiled your secret rites of passion base
and low.

"Not every one that saith to me 'Lord, Lord,'
Shall enter into heaven, but they who smite
Their sorrowing breasts, repentant, self-abhorred;
Whose hidden prayers are holy in my sight,
Because they burst from hearts sincere and right;
The cast-out sinner and the publican,
Whose oft-trimmed lamp of quenchless love
burns bright,
Shall welcomed be, before the proud, hard
man
Who vaunts his righteous deeds, despising
mercy's plan.

"Depart, depart! Oh! had ye long since striven
As now ye agonize to enter in—
Oh! had ye sought the narrow path to heaven,
And shunned the broad and pleasant road to
sin,—

Ye had not now condemned and wretched been."
The dread voice ceased, and unseen spirits bore
The doomed away to realms of wailing din,
Far off from heaven; where they could knock
no more,
Nor vainly supplicate to enter the shut door.

LXII.

CHRIST A VINE.

No other public speaker ever gave dignity to common things as did Christ. By using them appropriately he ennobled them, and gave freshness and beauty to the thing illustrated. He walks in the dusty road, and passing by the garden of lilies, he points to their gorgeous array, superior to all the regal robes of Solomon, and says to his disciples that He who thus adorns the frail flowers and the withering grass will not forget them. He watches the sower scattering wheat, and he shows how it is that but a part of what falls from the preacher's lips is fruitful. He sees the fisherman drawing the net to the shore, and teaches that there is to be a final judgment, and that then the good and the evil will be for ever separated. The harvest waves white in the field, and he urges upon his disciples that the world is ripe for reaping and gathering into the garner of his mercy. He walks under the trellised vine, beautiful as a shade and rich in clusters, every branch holding up its cluster, and yet itself clinging to the vine from which it draws its food and nourishment, and teaches them that He is the Vine, and they are the branches. And pointing to one broken off and withered, he shows them that cut off from him, they can neither bear fruit nor live. Small rivulets and mountain rills may feed a river, and the river depends on them, but the branches feed not the vine thus.

The vine is an emblem of beauty and fertility. When the spies returned to the camp of Israel, they could bring no higher evidence of the fruitfulness of the land than the ripe clusters from the



vines of Eshcol. We cannot tell how it is that the branches draw their strength and the fruitfulness from the vine, but we know that it is so. We cannot tell *how* it is that the disciple draws all his spiritual life from Christ. Nor is this necessary, any more than it is necessary that the child should know how the milk he drinks nourishes him. The vine lifts up the branch from the ground into sunshine; it shelters it from the storm, and lends it all his strength. The branches know no other office or duty of the vine. It is noticed, too, that those branches whose clusters are nearest the vine, are the fullest and ripest in their fruits. Beautiful imagery! The nearer His disciples live to Christ and the more directly they draw from him, the richer and fuller the fruits which they yield.

Nor does one branch have to complain that another is fed and he is left uncared for, for the vine has nutriment enough for all, and none need languish so long as they abide in the vine.

THE LAMENT.

BY SUSAN W. JEWETT.

The dreary winter had gone by, the breath
Of the south wind swept o'er hill and plain,
Awakening from the spell of mimic death,
The bloom of earth again.
The air, song-laden, tremble~~l~~ in its bliss,
The mist bowed low, the mountain tops to kiss;
The unchained brooks, with shout and song,
Hurried through wood and wold along;
The earth looked bright, as on Creation's morn,
And Hope, to human hearts, seemed newly born;
So beautiful, in its first blossoming,
Was the o'erflowing bounty of the Spring:
And, with the birds, and flowers, and all things
fair,
To our dear home there came a gift most rare.
God's love around it smiled,
Our innocent little child:
It brought the heaven of blessedness and joy
Close to our hearts, to look upon the boy.

Three years,—how short they seemed!—three sunny years,

His Heavenly Father left him to our care,
And then, despite our agony and tears,
Bore him to Paradise, to blossom there.
Oh! twice those years our sorrowing hearts have told,
Since our dear lamb was gathered to the fold;
The child of God—but, oh! no longer ours.
Yet seems he born to us with early flowers;—
And, when the autumn leaves bestrew the plain,
We seem to live the parting o'er again.
And wild November winds, with hollow moan,
Seem seeking for the bright one who has flown.
Oh! where art thou, sweet song-bird, tell me where?

And I will lift once more my weary wing,
And follow thee. Dost thou not need my care?
Can my deep love no added rapture bring
To thy enfranchised spirit in its home?
Say, dost thou never long for me to come,
That I may share with thee thy new-found joy?

Thou, who so late lived only in my sight,
Seeking my sympathy with thy delight,
Hast thou no longer need of me, dear boy?
Thy little toys—thy garments trim and neat,
The half-worn shoes that graced thy dainty feet,
The velvet cap, from whence thy golden hair
Fell, like twined sunbeams, o'er thy forehead fair.
All that was thine remains,—a mockery!
Part of thyself—but, oh! my child, not thee!
The pleasant thoughts I taught thy heart to cherish,
Of angels hovering round our earthly way,

I strive to make my own:—Oh, bitter day!
That saw this credulous faith decline and perish.
The love that mourns thy loss with ceaseless pain,
Hath not one spell to bring thee back again.
Yet, if, by thinking of thee as thou art,
Striving to blend with thine the nobler part
Of our own being, brings us nearer thee,
That through thine eyes the Father we can see,
We may yet live to bless the darkened hour
That hid thee from our sight—our life's first flower.



MLE. LA VALLIERE.

(Concluded from p. 103.)

LA FONTAINE AND FOUQUET.

TRANSLATED BY MISS ANNE T. WILBUR.

From the French of Pitre-Chevalier.

CHAPTER V.

THE LONGEST ROAD.

LET us first relate what became of Dominique, from the moment when he quitted the coach-office until that in which he joined La Fontaine.

This narrative is important to the continuation of our story, and will explain what the good man meant by the longest road.

At eight or ten leagues' distance from Paris, Dominique overtook the public carriage.

He sprang before the horses, and demanded of the *conducteur* M. de La Fontaine.

This name elicited a general burst of laughter. "M. de La Fontaine?" replied the *conducteur*. "You will be in luck if you find him. As for me, I have become resigned to his loss."

"Is he not in the coach?"

"No."

"He nevertheless started with you?"

"Alas! yes, to our sorrow. This is the reason why we are a whole hour later than usual. At the first relay, he descended, and began by losing himself. At the end of a quarter of an hour, we found him asleep under a tree. We awoke him, put him in the coach, and I whipped the horses. Very soon I heard great cries: 'Conducteur! stop! stop!' It was M. de La Fontaine, who had let some papers fly out of the window."

"What papers?" I asked him.

"Papers of the last importance;—my *Epistle to the Live Salmons*."

"Well," said I, "you may eat them cooked his evening."

"And I wished to continue. Well, my man sprang out at the risk of breaking his neck. I stopped, through pity; I made him descend, and all the passengers ran after the Epistle to the Salmons. They found the leaves, one after another, at more than a quarter of a league along the road. At last we started again, and arrived at the second relay to sup. M. de La Fontaine found at the hotel three Parisians,—three jolly companions; *ma foi!* he recognised them, embraced them, and shut himself up with them. After supper, we called him;—no reply. We sought him throughout the inn; we aroused all the echoes;—no M. de La Fontaine! It was announced to us then that he had gone away with his companions, promising to return in ten minutes. It was now half an hour. I waited long enough, without seeing him re-appear. In short, I lost patience, my passengers grew angry, and we set off without him. The worst of it all was that we had his packages, a picture which he brought with him, his books in his cloak, his papers in his wig, and even that famous Epistle to the Salmons, which he had been so much afraid of losing."

"And you did not find him?" asked Dominique, impatiently.

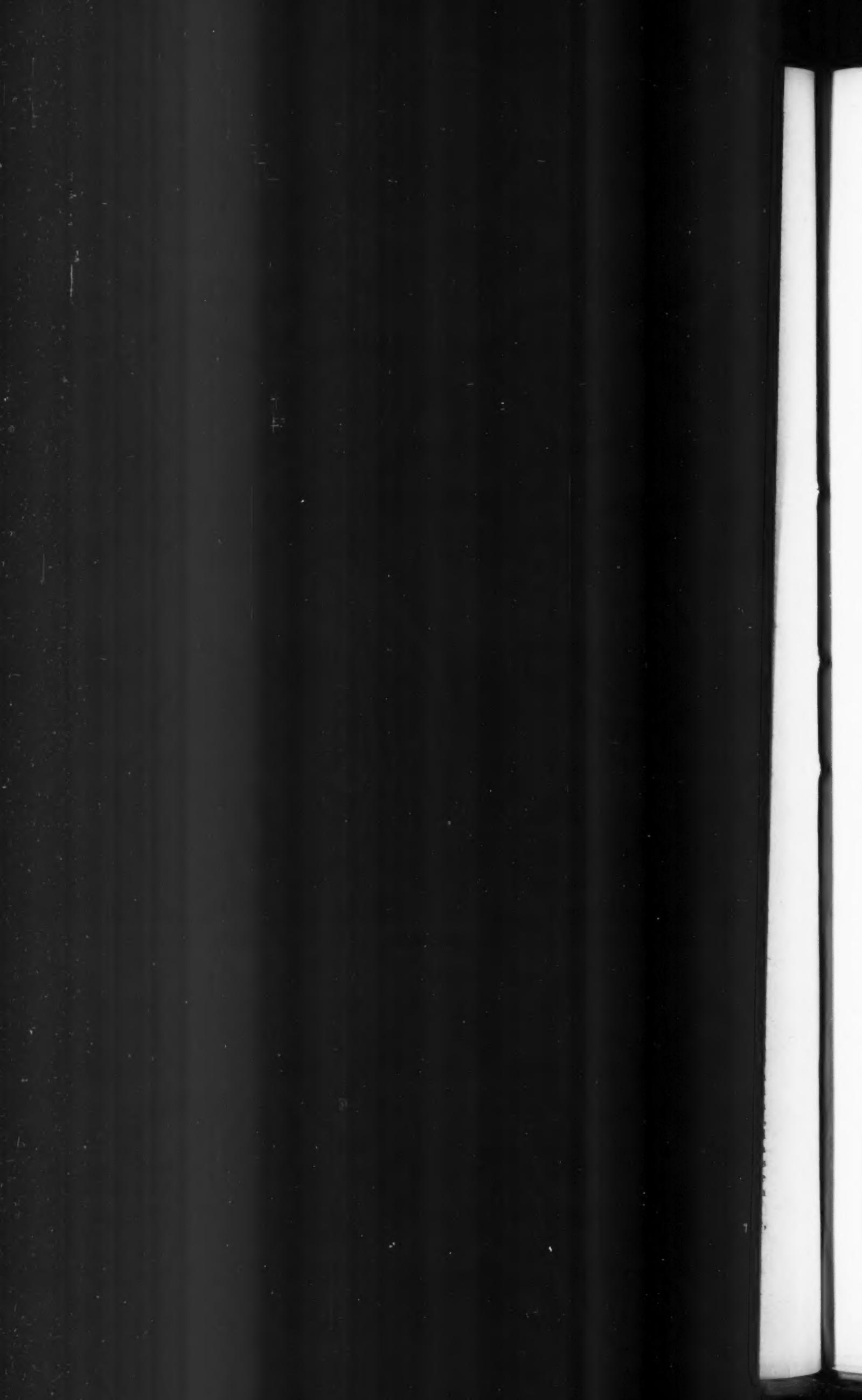
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"Wait till you hear my story," resumed the *conducteur*: "After all the time he has made me lose, a quarter of an hour more or less is of little consequence."

"But it may be to me. Finish, then!"

"We had then set out again, and I was thinking no more of M. de La Fontaine, when, at a league's distance, a carriage emerged from a cross-road, stopped opposite me, and I recognised —who? M. de La Fontaine and his three Parisians! I thought they were bringing him back, and I let down the steps. Not at all! His friends had come for his trunk, his papers, and his picture. I handed them out; they paid me; they filed off on one side, I on the other. And I swore if I ever again undertook to carry M. de La Fontaine, I would put him under lock and key and fasten him by his hands and feet."

Dominique remained confounded.

"You know at least," asked he, "the names of the persons who carried off your passenger?"

"I think one of them was called De Chapelle, or La Chapelle. He, if I am not mistaken, had a small cup of wine in his head."

"It was undoubtedly Chapelle, indeed," murmured Dominique; "the maddest of poets, and the most vagabond of madmen. Where the devil can he have taken M. de La Fontaine?"

"He did not seem to know himself where he was going. Inquire on the road, and at the hotels. That is all I can tell you."

The coach went on its way, and Dominique remained in the most lively perplexity.

He inquired at all the inns, accosted all the travellers, searched every path, without discovering traces of his father. He reached Château-Thierry, and presented himself three times, as we have said, before Madame de La Fontaine, who did not know him (we know why). All the reply she could give was, that she had received a note from Molière, and had since that period been expecting her husband, without being able to divine what had become of him.

Dominique left her more and more uneasy, returned to Paris, went to see the friends of the fabulist, and could ascertain nothing more.

Meanwhile, time rolled away, and this letter, which contained perhaps the salvation of Fouquet, might arrive too late.

Twenty times Dominique was tempted to open it; but he dared not violate the secret of his master and of his father.

The poor young man was almost beside himself.

At last, one day, a new source of anxiety, by putting the climax to all the others, compelled him to adopt some decisive course.

A friend of the Superintendent brought him the following letter:—

"M. Fouquet is about to be secretly transferred from Nantes to Paris. We wish to attempt to carry him off on the way. If your blood, like ours, belongs to him, meet us, the day after tomorrow, at Chartres, at the Hotel of the Golden Lion. We have arms, and we shall number thirty or forty, resolved to die or wrest him from bondage. There is no time to be lost. His judges have assembled, and are all his enemies."

"What is to be done?" exclaimed Dominique. "Is safety in this letter, or in the other? Must I continue the search for La Fontaine, or fly to Chartres? Ought I to break this seal, or take my sword?"

"Ah," said he at last, "I will obey the most urgent call. I will put these papers into safe hands, and go to shed my blood for Fouquet."

He confided to Molière the message of the Superintendent for La Fontaine, and immediately took the road to Chartres.

His interview with his father will make known to us the rest.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FATHER AND THE SON.

"At last I have found you, and can speak to you!" exclaimed Dominique, seizing the hand of the poet, as soon as they found themselves alone.

"What do you wish with me, sir?" asked La Fontaine.

"You call me *sir*," said the young man, sadly; "do you not then recognise me?"

La Fontaine looked at him attentively, collected his confused remembrances, then exclaimed tranquilly,

"Ah! it is Dominique."

"Dominique, your son; yes, my father, it is I."

And he threw himself into the arms of the fabulist.

But the good man hearing a noise, trembled lest it should be his wife.

"Hush! speak lower!" said he cautiously.

And he hastened to assure himself that the door was closed.

"How! you are my son?" said he, returning to Dominique.

Then, with that naively calm tone, which was peculiar to him, he added:

"I am very glad of it!"

The secretary of Fouquet was accustomed to this paternal *laisser-aller*. He knew that, if he could not rely upon the head of the good man, he could at least rely upon his heart. He therefore hastily wiped away a tear, and delivered himself up to the complacent examination of his father.

"He has grown since I saw him," said La Fontaine. "A handsome and brave boy, *ma foi!* But in what a condition you are!" resumed he, noticing for the first time his disturbed features. "This perspiration, this dust; you seem exhausted; you must have hurried!"

"It is now ten days since I have been in search of you, without taking rest or breath."

"Poor child! sit down and take something. Hold;—here are the remains of my supper."

And he began to serve him with an eagerness which rejoiced the soul of the young man, without tempting his appetite.

"I have only time to drink to the safety of our benefactor," said he, touching his lips to the glass, and pointing to the portrait of the Superintendent.

"To the safety of M. Fouquet!" repeated La Fontaine. "What mean you? Is M. Fouquet in danger?"

Dominique remained stupefied, and looked at the poet with astonished eyes.

"How! do you not know what occupies the entire world?"

"No! I learned that M. Fouquet had met with some losses, that he could no longer furnish my pension; and this was the reason why I left Paris. Is there anything more?"

"Poor father!" murmured Dominique tenderly. "I understand; your distractions have closed your ears to the public voice. And not one of your friends has had courage to rend your heart!"

"Unhappy boy! you terrify me!" said La Fontaine, trembling like a leaf.

"Nothing was wanting to my misfortunes but to be compelled to give you this blow."

"Speak!" replied the fabulist.

And he dropped upon a chair in a condition so pitiable, that his son forgot all, to succour him.

"My God! give him strength, and restore mine!" said Dominique, raising his hand to heaven; "for I must fulfil my duty unto the end."

He in vain attempted to speak, his voice was lost in sobs.

"No, I will not be so cruel. M. Fouquet shall himself speak to you. Your hearts were made to understand each other. My father, summon all your devotion, all your firmness, and read this letter."

He drew from his pocket the missive of Fouquet, and gave it to La Fontaine.

The good man, paler than the dead, hesitated some time, let the despatch fall upon his knees, took it again with a trembling hand, and, by a superhuman effort, at last broke the seal.

There was under this seal, as we have said, two letters: one addressed to Mlle. de La Vallière, the other addressed to La Fontaine.

"My friend," wrote the Superintendent to the poet, "you have seen me at Vaux in the splendour of power. When you read this, I shall be plunged in the darkness of a dungeon. After having taken away my property and my freedom, my enemies seek my head; and the King, deceived, will give it to them, unless the only person who can save me, undertakes to defend my innocence. This person is Mlle. de La Vallière. Place in her hands the enclosed letter. You will do it, and can do it better than any one; you, the most faithful and least suspected of my friends."

"If we never meet again, do not forget me, and accept this last token of my attachment. It is a brilliant valued at a thousand pistoles, and which I have worn ten years on the hand which loved to press yours. Adieu!"

"NICOLAS FOUQUET."

La Fontaine interrupted himself twenty times as he read these lines. At the last word he had only strength enough left to kiss the ring of the Superintendent, and fell back, swooning, into his chair.

Dominique thought him dying. He recalled him to himself by bathing him with his tears; and those of the poet having flowed in their turn, he reclined, relieved, in the arms of his son.

"Fouquet ruined! in prison! threatened with death!" stammered he through his sobs, "it is impossible, it is a dream. Tell me that it is a dream, my child!"

"It is the truth," replied the young man; "I was there when the mousquetaires arrested him at Nantes. He had only time to send you this message, requesting me to embrace you for him."

The father and son again embraced each other, and spoke only by their stifled sobs.

At last Dominique recovered his voice, and briefly recounted to La Fontaine his journeys to Paris, to Château-Thierry, and through the whole province, to find him;—the rumours which he had gathered here and there on the causes and consequences of the disgrace of Fouquet;—the appeal

which he had received from his friends, to aid in delivering him, on the road to Chartres.

"Well?" asked the fabulist, reanimated by this hope.

"Well; we attacked the escort by night. There were thirty of us against two hundred. We fought desperately. Ten of us were left for dead. I touched for an instant the hand of the captive in his carriage, and repulsed by fifty arms, I fell in my turn, and saw him carried off by his conquering guards."

"Alas!" said La Fontaine, burying his forehead in his hands.

Then with a warlike gesture, which would have been comic had it not been affecting, he exclaimed:

"What a pity that I was not there! I would have overthrown an army, and saved my benefactor!"

"I raised myself I know not how," pursued Dominique. "The soldiers, occupied with the prisoner, were unable to arrest me, and did not recognise me. I regained Paris more dead than alive, took this letter from Molière, in whose hands I had placed it, and hastened to bring it to you. I have found you at last! That consoles me for not having been able to die for M. Fouquet!"

"Brave boy!" said La Fontaine, who then observed that the arm of the young man was in a sling, "you have at least given your blood. Ah! I recognise in that my own! Embrace me, my son!"

This emotion of paternal love was the sweetest balm for the wound of Dominique.

"And what has become of M. Fouquet?" resumed the fabulist.

"He is in the Bastile, it is said; and his judges, perhaps his executioners, are about to decide his fate."

"Great God!" exclaimed La Fontaine, "there is not a moment to lose."

"Not a second! The message of the Superintendent should have been in your hands a week ago; and I tremble lest Mlle. de La Vallière should receive it too late."

"Ah! it would be my death-warrant!"

And the poet, summoning all his courage and energy, appeared transformed as if by enchantment.

This good man, so indolent and so abstracted, had fire in his veins—lightnings in his eyes; his feet burned the floor, his hand sought his chapeau—his sword; his language was firm and precise, like that of a general who leads an assault.

"Depart, my son. You have a horse; I will take one; if I find none, I will mount yours. Tomorrow morning we shall be at Paris; an hour afterwards at Versailles. I have a right of entrance at Court. I am of little consequence. The *bon homme* passes everywhere. I will see Mlle. de La Vallière. I will accost the King. I will traverse the guards. I will climb the steps of the throne if need be. I will embrace his knees. He loves me; I have often made him laugh. The Dauphin knows my fables by heart. I will tell him—I will tell them all—'Fouquet is innocent! His enemies are the traitors! Kill me, if you will, but save Fouquet!' Come! come, my son! To horse!"

Dominique stood confounded with astonishment, admiration, enthusiasm. In his turn, he no

longer recognises his father. He cannot believe his eyes. The fabulist is terrible. The good man is sublime.

At this moment Mme. de La Fontaine entered the saloon, and announced that supper was served.

At the sight of her husband, she thought herself the sport of a vision.

"A horse!" exclaimed La Fontaine. "William! Mathurine! bring a horse immediately."

"Will you leave us?" cried Madame de La Fontaine; "where are you going?"

"To Paris. *Au revoir.* Is the horse ready?"

"But in an hour it will be night."

"So much the better! we shall travel faster. Well; the horse!"

William returned with the post-chaise which had brought his master, the driver of which had remained at a neighbouring inn.

"Ten pistoles for you," said the fabulist, "if we are at Paris to-morrow morning."

He fumbled in his trunks, in his portfolio, and exclaimed as if struck by a brilliant idea:

"Dominique! If I carry to the King those verses, will it not produce a good effect?"

"What verses?"

"My Epistle to the Salmons of Vaux."

"His absence of mind is returning," thought Dominique. "Nature is resuming its rights."

"No!" added the good man with gravity. "I will compose other verses on the way, expressly for the circumstances."

"Just Heaven! What are you about to do?" asked Madame de La Fontaine, alarmed for her husband's reason.

"We are going to save Fouquet!" exclaimed the fabulist. "Pray for him!"

And he sprang into the carriage, which disappeared in a cloud of dust, while Dominique, putting spurs to his horse, preceded it at a gallop.

A few moments after, they returned, upsetting everything on their way.

The good man had forgotten the letter of Fouquet to Madame de La Vallière. He had seized, in its place, upon his *Epistle to the Live Salmons!*

"I shall become insane!" stammered he.

And he again set out, more rapidly than before, and this time in earnest.

"My suspicions are correct!" said Madame de La Fontaine to herself with consternation; "he will ruin himself uselessly, as Molière feared. But who then is this young man? And when shall I hear from them?"

CHAPTER VII.

MADAME DE LA SABLIERE.

The next morning, the coachman had his ten pistoles; La Fontaine and his son arrived at Paris before eight o'clock.

They first went to Maucroix to obtain information.

There they learned that they had time to breathe. Louis XIV. and his court were hunting at Marly, an impenetrable asylum, into which no power could have introduced La Fontaine; the princes of the blood themselves were received there only by invitation.

The reader will imagine the surprise of Maucroix, on seeing at Paris the friend whom he had despatched to the province.

This surprise became a bitter grief, when the

good man precipitated himself into his arms stammering the name of Fouquet.

Notwithstanding his devotion to the Superintendent, Maucroix at first regretted that La Fontaine had been informed of his misfortunes, and was preparing to scold Dominique severely; but the fabulist interrupted him, showing the letter of M. Fouquet, his message to Mademoiselle de La Vallière, and relating the heroic efforts of the young man to save his benefactor.

Then, all three spoke freely of the illustrious victim, and the two travellers instantly demanded the news of Paris.

"Alas! I know nothing," replied the Canon. "The destiny of Fouquet is still a state secret. It is whispered that his judges are deliberating. Some talk of banishment, others of imprisonment, some of death."

"And no one speaks of pardon, or rather of justice!" exclaimed La Fontaine.

"Silence!" cried Maucroix with alarm. "Those who pronounce such words will soon share the fate of Fouquet."

"Well! I will pronounce them!" resumed the fabulist with enthusiasm; "and if they refuse to listen to me, they may send me to join my friend."

Maucroix in vain endeavored to calm the good man. He counselled him to renounce the hope of seeing the King, and to content himself with sending the despatch to Mademoiselle de La Vallière.

"I will see them both!" replied La Fontaine, and the King first. Where can we learn when he will return to Versailles?"

"I will ascertain of Madame de La Sablière, who gives a grand breakfast this morning," said the Canon. "I shall meet there all our *beaux esprits*, with several gentlemen of the court. Wait for me here; I will rejoin you in an hour."

"We will do better than that," replied the fabulist, "we will go with you to this breakfast."

And taking his hat and cane, he opened the door.

Maucroix and Dominique looked at each other with embarrassment.

"My father," observed Dominique, "we are not invited."

"In fact," murmured the Canon, "it is not, perhaps, convenient."

"I have never had the honour of seeing Madame de La Sablière," declared the son of La Fontaine.

"Nor I," said the fabulist;—an additional reason!—"I am assured, that she is charming. She loves poets passionately—I must know her sooner or later. Why not to-day? Besides," added he, as a conclusive reason, "I have eaten nothing since yesterday, and am dying with hunger."

This combination of heroism and *naïveté*, of devotion and appetite, confounded Maucroix.

He would have made new objections, but the good man was already on the stairs.

"Come, my friends, I am waiting for you," exclaimed he, descending the steps four at a time.

It was necessary to follow him!

"After all," said Maucroix, "I wash my hands of it;—it is his affair! Madame de La Sablière has often expressed to me a desire to see him. She already knows him as the greatest original in France and Navarre. She has enough heart and wit to receive him the more cordially because he presents himself unceremoniously."

Half an hour afterwards, the Canon and the fabulist were at the house of Madame de La Sablière, in the midst of the most brilliant society of the court and the city.

Dominique, whose courage had failed on the way, soon entered in his turn, the mistress of the house having sent Maucroix in quest of him.

La Fontaine, carried away by his fixed idea, did not wait for his friend to introduce him. With his dusty coat, his cane in his hand, his wig awry, he passed through the crowd of guests with the most perfect tranquillity, and saluted Madame de La Sablière, as if he had seen her every day for twenty years.

Maucroix, who was blushing and trembling at a distance, was quickly reassured. Justifying his anticipations, Madame de La Sablière was enchanted with the naïve audacity of La Fontaine. She thanked the Canon, extended her hand to the fabulist, and presented him, as a surprise, to her guests.

In short, the good man was the hero of the fête.

It is known that Madame de La Sablière was one of the most accomplished ladies of this great age of Louis XIV., which produced at once so many beautiful and illustrious personages. Young, beautiful, learned, *spirituelle*, she had made her house the rendezvous of all the distinguished men of the epoch;—noblemen, authors, artists, literary ladies, celebrated strangers, &c. She thus consoled herself nobly for the infidelities of her husband,—a frivolous man, whom she had never been able to captivate, until she went to console herself in a convent for the still more cruel inconstancy of the Marquis de La Fare.

There were at her house, on this occasion, Molière,—Molière, who sprang upon the neck of La Fontaine; Boileau, who brought Racine to him; the old Corneille, who was as retiring as our poet; the *beaux esprits* of the Hotel de Ramboillet, the *grands esprits* of the Hotel de Bourgogne, several marquises and counts, and the flower of the beauties of the Marais.

La Fontaine, aiming directly at his object, demanded from every one news of Versailles, of the King, of Mademoiselle de La Vallière, and especially of M. Fouquet.

But at this name each turned pale and bit his lips.

The good man seemed a child playing with fire. No one wished to play with him.

The announcement of breakfast fortunately cut short his refrain.

La Fontaine was placed between two charming women. By way of attention, he only asked them twice whether they had been at Vaux, whether they knew when Louis XIV. would return from Marly, whether they had heard speak of the sentence of M. Fouquet.

Receiving no reply, or only evasive responses, he did not breathe another word during the repast.

All the eyes which were fastened on him, all the ears which were listening to hear his conversation, were strangely disenchanted.

His mouth opened only to eat and drink; and if he amused the guests, it was only by two or three distractions, which he alone did not notice.

At the dessert, he at last recovered his speech, and everybody was silent, that they might lose nothing of his conversation.

"Gentlemen and ladies," said he, gravely, "I have a question of the utmost importance to address to you."

They were expecting some valuable inquiry on literature, criticism, or gallantry.

"Now for a discussion," thought the literati.

"Now for wit," said the *beaux esprits*.

"Now for compliments," thought the ladies.

"Now for a laugh," added the jokers.

And each lent the most scrupulous attention.

"Can any one among you inform me," continued La Fontaine, with more and more solemnity, "when the King will return from Marly to Versailles, and what is the state of the affair of the Superintendent Fouquet?"

The good man forgot that he had, for an hour past, addressed ten times to each guest the question which he now proposed to the whole assembly.

The general stupefaction and mystification may be imagined. Maucroix bit his lips with vexation. Dominique felt a deep blush mount to his forehead, and all looked at each other without replying.

Madame de La Sablière and Molière alone, comprehending the affecting monomania of the poet, exchanged a glance wherein glistened a tear of tenderness.

Things would have remained thus, had not two pitiless young persons laughed aloud.

"*Palsambleu!* gentlemen," exclaimed La Fontaine, rising; "I do not consider this a subject for ridicule."

The two young persons cast down their eyes, and the whole circle gazed on the good man, become imposing and magnificent.

"He is as admirable as your Misanthrope," said Madame de La Sablière to Poquelin, after having encouraged La Fontaine by a look of sympathy.

"When M. Fouquet is spoken of," pursued the fabulist, "we ought, it seems to me, to find an echo in every heart. This man, who has loaded us all with his favours and benefits, had he not more friends when at the summit of fortune than since he has become unfortunate? He is accused, it is said, of every species of crime. They are his enemies who speak thus. Who of you does not know and will not proclaim with me that M. Fouquet is innocent?"

At these words, a shudder went around the table. One would have thought the adder of Colbert had raised its head. The most intrepid turned pale. La Fontaine received no reply.

"You are silent!" he resumed, with new courage; "you fear the justice of the King! But it is his injustice which is to be feared, which must be prevented by raising our voices!"

Madame de La Sablière became alarmed, notwithstanding her admiration for the poet, and she essayed to break off the conversation by inviting her guests into the saloon.

More than one courtier, fearing the fate of Pelisson, profited by this opportunity to disappear.

But La Fontaine, pursuing his object blindly, dashed, in spite of Molière and his friends, into the midst of those who remained:

"As for me, gentlemen, I will not be silent. I will defend M. Fouquet before the King, before the court, before France, before the entire world; I will defend him, in my own way, with my tears, with my cries, with my pen especially, in

that language of the gods which is left to men, and which shall revenge my benefactor for posterity, if I cannot save him in the present age."

The words of La Fontaine were so persuasive, that even those who trembled to imitate him, felt themselves captivated by his eloquence.

"I have just been asked for verses," he resumed. "Well, I will repeat to you those I composed last night, as I was returning from my province, and which I address to the nymphs of those ponds of Vaux, where we all enjoyed the hospitality of M. Fouquet."

And with a voice expressive of all the emotions of a generous heart, he declaimed this elegy, which would be sufficient to immortalize him as a man and a poet.

"Remplissez l'air de cris en vos grottes profondes;
Pleurez, nymphes de Vaux; faites croire vos ondes!
Et que l'Anqueil enflé ravage les trésors
Dont les regards de Flore ont embellis ses bords!
On ne blâmera point vos larmes innocentes;
Vous pouvez donner cours à vos douleurs pressantes;
Chacun attend de vous ce devoir généreux:
Les destins sont contents, Oronte est malheureux!"

Orontes was Fouquet. Dominique, knowing Louis XIV. better than his father, had persuaded the latter to adopt an allegorical name to justify his plaint, and to leave him more liberty. But for this precaution, the elegy would never have become public, for it would not have obtained that *approbation of the king*, which was the decision of the age.

Madame de La Sablière gave the example of applause, and all the audience echoed it,—thanks to the prudence of the pseudonyme.

The poet continued :

"Vous l'avez vu naguère, au bord de vos fontaines,
Qui, sans craindre du sort les faveurs incertaines,
Plein d'éclat, plein de gloire, adoré des mortels,
Recevait des honneurs qu'on ne doit qu'aux autels.
Hélas! il est déchu de ce bonheur suprême!
Que vous le trouveriez différent de lui-même!
Pour lui les plus beaux jours sont de secondes nuits.
Les soucis dévorants, les regrets, les ennuis,
Hôtes infortunés de sa triste demeure,
En des gouffres de maux le plongent à toute heure.
Voilà le précipice où l'ont enfin jeté
Les attraits enchanteurs de la prospérité!
Dans le palais des rois cette plainte est commune.
On n'y connaît que trop les jeux de la Fortune,
Ses trompeuses faveurs, ses appas inconstants,—
Mais on ne les connaît que quand il n'est plus temps!
Lorsque sur cette mer on vogue à pleines voiles,
Croyant avoir pour soi les vents et les étoiles,
Il est bien malaisé de régler ses désirs;
Le plus sage s'endort sur la foi des zéphyrs.
Jamais un favori ne borne sa carrière;
Il ne regarde pas ce qu'il laisse en arrière;
Et tout ce vain amour des grandeurs et de bruit
Ne le saurait quitter qu'après l'avoir détruit.
Tant d'exemples fameux, que l'histoire raconte,
Ne suffisraient-ils pas sans la perte d'Oronte?
Ah! si ce faux éclat n'eût pas fait ses plaisirs,
Si le séjour de Vaux eût borné ses désirs,
Qu'il pouvait doucement laisser couler son âge!
Vous n'avez pas chez vous ce brillant équipage,
Cette foule de gens qui s'en vont chaque jour
Saluer à grands flots le soleil de la cour;
Mais la faveur du Ciel vous donne, en récompense,
Du repos, du loisir, de l'ombre, et du silence,
Un tranquille sommeil, d'innocents entretiens;—
Et jamais à la cour on ne trouve ces biens."

The applauses were redoubled. Nothing was wanting to this *chef-d'œuvre*. La Fontaine was not only eloquent, but he was adroit without intending to be so. This friendly acknowledgment of the faults of Fouquet, these gentle reproofs of his pride, these excuses for an intoxication so natural, this profound and simple philosophy justifying the

errors of the courtier by his dangers, this touching picture of the happiness which the Lord of Vaux might have found in obscurity, and which Louis XIV. could restore to him by a single word of pardon,—all this deeply moved the poets, artists, and gentlemen who surrounded Madame de La Sablière.

"This is no longer *Æsop and Pèdré*," exclaimed Molière with enthusiasm, "it is Pindar, Horace, and Virgil."

La Fontaine finished :

"Mais quittons ces pensers; Oronte vous appelle.
Vous dont il a rendu la demeure si belle,
Nymphes, qui lui devez vos plus charmants appas,
Si le long de vos bords Louis porte ses pas,
Tâchez de l'adoucir, fléchissez son courage;
Il aime ses sujets; il est juste, il est sage;
Du titre de clément rendez-le ambitieux.
C'est par là que les rois sont semblables aux dieux!
Du magnanime Henri qu'il contemple la vie;
Dès qu'il put se venger, il en perdit l'envie.
Inspirez à Louis cette même douceur.
La plus belle victoire est de vaincre son cœur.
Oronte est à présent un objet de clémence;
S'il a cru les conseils d'une aveugle puissance,
Il est assez puni par son sort rigoureux;
Il c'est être innocent que d'être malheureux."

At these last admirable verses the company no longer applauded—they wept with La Fontaine.

Tears were still in all eyes when a new-comer, a gentleman of the finest appearance and most perfect elegance, entered the saloon.

It was the Marquis de La Fare, the dearest friend, already too dear, of Madame de La Sablière.

He came directly from Versailles, and La Fontaine, accosting him, repeated his eternal question :

"Have the King and the Court returned from Marly?"

"Two hours ago," replied M. de La Fare; "I left the suite of His Majesty in the court of the palace of Versailles, where he will dine *au grand couvert* to-day and to-morrow."

"Now!" exclaimed the fabulist, triumphantly, "I will hasten to throw myself at the feet of the King!"

Then remarking the emotion painted on all countenances, and the moist eyes of the ladies, he said :

"Come, gentlemen, let those who weep for M. Fouquet accompany me to defend him. You know better than myself the ways to the throne and to his majesty. Who among you will undertake to open them to me, and to prepare his ear to listen to my verses?"

"I, if I can," said the Marquis de Cavoie, urged by Molière and Racine.

He was the only one.

The others reflected that they might risk their favour, and perhaps their liberty.

M. de La Fare, informed of the circumstances by the mistress of the house, offered his carriage, which was still at the door.

La Fontaine entered it, with Cavoie, Molière, and Dominique, and the brilliant équipage conveyed them all four to Versailles.

Madame de La Sablière conducted them to the door of her hotel, and said to the fabulist, pressing his hand :

"*Au revoir*, and good courage, Monsieur de La Fontaine. Remember that I am henceforth and for ever your friend!"

CHAPTER VIII.
LE GRAND COUVERT OF THE KING.

The Marquis de Cavoie was not a very skilful courtier. He had a heart too generous for that. It has been seen that he obeyed his first impulse, even when it was good,—a capital fault, in the opinion of M. de Talleyrand. It was of him that Louis XIV. had said one day, on seeing him walking with Racine, "There is M. de Cavoie teaching Racine his trade of courtier, and M. Racine teaching M. de Cavoie his trade of poet: an excellent method of making a bad poet and a bad courtier."

This gentleman was not, therefore, very useful to the fabulist in introducing him to the King. It was necessary to wait the hour of the *grand couvert* with a chamberlain of his majesty. La Fontaine employed this hour usefully, by repairing the disorder of his toilette, and writing his elegy to the nymphs of Vaux. He added to it an *envoi* to his Majesty, three or four strophes improvised by inspiration, and which excited the enthusiasm of Molière.

The moment having arrived, they repaired to La Galerie Des Glaces. There our good man, bewildered by the brilliancy of the uniforms, the state liveries of the domestics, the crowd of guards, the splendour of the dresses of gold and silver, lost sight of his companions five or six times. Molière and Dominique at last found him, and attached themselves to him like two satellites.

Then he must wait until it was his turn to approach the King. It was here that, by his title and his privileges, M. de Cavoie could render valuable assistance.

At last, La Fontaine saw himself at ten steps from his Majesty.

Louis XIV. was seated alone with the princesses of the blood. The princes, standing like all the rest, were acting as waiters and cup-bearers. One would have thought him a grand Fetish in his temple, surrounded by his priests and slaves.

There was enough there to intimidate any but this good man. So, although his heart did not fail him, a cloud passed over his dazzled eyes.

Fortunately, the Dauphin recognised him, and called him aloud by his name, in defiance of the rigours of etiquette.

The King turned, the princesses smiled, and the fabulist fell at the feet of his majesty.

"Yes, sire, it is La Fontaine; it is the most humble friend of one of your most illustrious and most unfortunate subjects. Sire, I come to implore your justice, your mercy for M. Fouquet."

At this name, which no one had pronounced at Versailles for the last fortnight, the King started, and gazed, with a surprise mingled with anger, on the poor man who had done what no prince of the blood would have dared to do.

There reigned throughout the gallery the silence of death. The repast was suspended for a moment. All eyes were fastened on La Fontaine, as on a madman who carelessly throws himself into an abyss.

The royal glance mounted from the fabulist to M. de Cavoie. The Marquis felt that he was lost, and his limbs trembled beneath him, while the courtiers shrank from him, as from one infected with the plague.

"Sire," replied La Fontaine, still on his knees, "pardon my ignorance, perhaps my boldness; I do not know the customs of the court, but I know

that M. Fouquet is innocent, and that you are generous. Listen not to his enemies, sire, listen only to your own noble heart."

"Enough, Monsieur La Fontaine," said the King, knitting his brows. "Judge the quarrels of the oak and of the reed, and leave us to judge of the affairs of state."

"Ah!" stammered the fabulist, "you are the oak, sire, and I am the reed. Crush me, if you will, but spare M. Fouquet!"

"Again!" exclaimed Louis XIV., scarcely restraining himself.

And with a threatening gesture, he was about to summon his guard to seize La Fontaine and his three companions, when he stopped, seized with pity, at sight of the tears which bathed the countenance of the poet, and the petition which was extended by his trembling hand.

"What is this paper?" asked he in a softened tone.

"Some verses, sire, written with my tears, and which I would have traced with my blood! a cry of gratitude and of friendship! an appeal to your clemency, if not to your justice! They have softened even his enemies! May your majesty not be insensible!"

Louis XIV. hastily opened the despatch, and all eyes awaited a sunbeam or a thunderbolt.

It was the thunderbolt, which was announced by a sinister gleam. The King turned red and pale by turns, devoured the entire writing with his eyes, looked at La Fontaine with stupefaction, and appeared agitated by an emotion so powerful that all his dignity was necessary to restrain it.

"Monsieur La Fontaine," said he at last, in a stifled voice, "withdraw! You will soon learn the fate of M. Fouquet."

And rising from the table, without finishing his repast,—interrupting the *grand couvert*,—postponing the reception, in violation of all etiquette,—he hastily returned to his own apartments.

Such an event had never happened at court; his majesty had never been seen in such a state. Everybody seemed seized with a sort of terror.

"Ah!" exclaimed the good man, "it is done! I have only excited the fury of the King; I have ruined my benefactor while trying to save him!"

And he would not have been able to rise or go out, had not Molière and Dominique, taking him by the arm, led him from the gallery.

CHAPTER IX.

MADemoiselle LA VALLIERE.

Conducted, or rather carried to the house of M. de Cavoie, La Fontaine remained for more than an hour in mute exhaustion,—entire prostration.

He was suddenly aroused by the exclamations of Molière and of Dominique, and demanded of them with a bewildered air:

"Well! what is the matter?"

Molière hesitated to reply; Dominique was more courageous.

"Terrible intelligence, my father. It is asserted at the palace that the King has assembled his ministers, that the fate of M. Fouquet has been decided, that an express has been sent to bear to the judges the sentence of the King."

"And this sentence?"

"Is death,—if we may believe all those whom we have interrogated."

La Fontaine rose, uttering in his turn a heart-rending cry.

"Oh! it is impossible! Is there no more justice, no more humanity on the earth? What is to be done, my God, what is to be done? Where are the judges? where is the executioner? I will drag myself to their knees, I will offer them my blood instead of that of La Fouquet!"

"You forget, my father, that a last resource remains to you; the letter of the Superintendent to Mademoiselle de La Vallière."

"Ah! that is true!" exclaimed La Fontaine, recovering his energy with his reason; "I should have commenced by delivering that, instead of irritating the pride of the King. She, at least, is a woman; she has not affairs of state instead of a heart. Where is she? conduct me to her, hasten!"

"Come," said Cavoie, continuing his rôle of devotion. "A friend has just informed me that Mademoiselle de La Vallière is with Madame Henriette. She is prepared, and will receive you immediately."

A few moments afterwards, the fabulist was in the presence of the favourite.

He had never seen her so near. Her beauty dazzled him, and bewildered his soul.

"Oh, Mademoiselle!" said he, clasping his hands, as in the presence of an idol, "you are too beautiful not to be good. You resemble the angels,—be the angel of mercy and of pardon!"

"Of whom are you speaking? pray!" demanded Mademoiselle La Vallière, already moved with compassion.

"Of the most unfortunate of men, of M. Fouquet. Read and save him!"

He presented to the favourite a letter which she opened tremblingly, and read attentively from one end to the other.

Three times he saw her wipe away her tears; at last a smile, whose charm was equalled only by its sweetness, hovered on her lips as a signal of hope.

"Monsieur de La Fontaine," said she, giving him her hand, "I recognise here your talents and your heart. It is impossible that such verses should not disarm his majesty."

"Verses, Mademoiselle! what say you?" exclaimed the good man, struck with surprise; "it was a letter from M. Fouquet which I placed in your hands; a letter written by him, soon after he was arrested."

"Pardon me, these are verses written and signed by you; admirable verses, like all which come from your pen; an elegy to the Nymphs of Vaux, with an *envoi* to his majesty, to whom you undoubtedly desire that I should submit it."

La Fontaine heard no more;—he had thrown his hat on one side, his cane on the other; he was searching and ransacking his pockets; he was agitated like a man who fears the loss of his reason; he uttered the strangest and most unintelligible exclamations.

In short, he fell into an arm-chair, raising his hands to heaven, and exclaiming despairingly:

"Wretch that I am! I have confounded the two despatches;—instead of placing my verses in the hands of the King, I have given him the letter of M. Fouquet to Mademoiselle de La Vallière."

"Great God! is it possible?" said the favourite, who was ready to swoon in her turn.

"I comprehend now the disturbance and the

anger of his majesty. It is I who have killed M. Fouquet! It is I! it is I! miserable madman!"

And without staying to listen to Mademoiselle de La Vallière, who was tremblingly asking a thousand questions, he left her half fainting, and darted through the palaces bare-headed, striking his breast, and exclaiming to everybody:

"It is I! it is I who have killed Fouquet! I wish to die also! Where is the King? where is the King? let him take my head!"

Dominique and Molière vainly ran after him, demanding an explanation of this enigma. He constantly ran from gallery to gallery, repeating:

"It is I! it is I who have killed him! For he is condemned to death, is he not?" asked he suddenly of a magistrate whom he met on his passage, and whom he seized by his red robe.

"Of whom do you speak, Monsieur?" asked the affrighted man of law.

"Of M. Fouquet. Do you know his sentence?"

"It is indeed said that it is pronounced."

"And it is death?"

"I have been so assured."

"Ah! I am his assassin!" exclaimed La Fontaine, throwing himself exhausted into the arms of his son, who had at last come to rejoin him, with Molière.

They re-conducted him, more dead than alive, to the house of a friend of M. de Cavoie.

There he was at last relieved by a torrent of tears.

Then he explained the fatal mistake which had kindled the anger of Louis XIV., and decided the fate of Fouquet.

His son and his friend were in consternation, and could only mingle their tears with his sobs.

Meanwhile the fabulist having recovered his strength, began again to repeat:

"Where is the King? I wish to speak to the King!"

They were vainly attempting to dissuade him from this project, when an officer of the guards entered, and demanded M. de La Fontaine.

"I am here!" replied the poet rising.

"His majesty commands your presence," resumed the officer; "follow me."

"God be praised!" said the good man with exultation, "I am now to hear my sentence; but at least I shall be able to speak to the King once more."

And he eagerly obeyed, while Molière and Dominique were lost in conjectures, each more terrible than the last.

CHAPTER X.

THE KING'S JUSTICE.

La Fontaine was conducted into the cabinet Des Pendules, where Louis XIV. was walking backwards and forwards, in the midst of his ministers and some great officers.

His blood froze in his veins at the thought that he was about to lose even the doubt which survived his hope.

"Pardon, sire, pardon!" said he, kneeling with a lamentable groan; "let your justice fall only on me!"

"Silence!" replied Louis XIV. in a low tone, while his ministers stood respectfully at a distance; "rise, Monsieur La Fontaine; I have desired myself to announce to you the fate of M. Fouquet."

The poet felt a mist pass over his eyes, and prepared to receive a mortal blow.

He essayed to speak once more;—the words died on his lips before a new gesture of the King.

"An hour since," resumed Louis XIV., "M. Fouquet was condemned to death."

La Fontaine, annihilated, leaned or rather fell against the back of a fauteuil.

"But I have granted him his life," added the King; "he will submit only to prison or to banishment;—and it is to you, Monsieur La Fontaine, that he owes this favour."

The good man rose like a dead man resuscitated. He could not restrain an exclamation of joy, of delight, of gratitude. He began to laugh and weep at the same time; and seizing with a sort of frenzy the hand of Louis XIV., he covered it with tears and convulsive kisses.

He was obliged to confine himself to this energetic mode of thanks, for it was impossible for him, notwithstanding all his efforts, to articulate a single word.

After having enjoyed his happiness for some time, the King resumed, pointing to a table:

"Write yourself this happy intelligence to your friend; I wish that he should receive it from you."

La Fontaine summoned his strength, traced two lines and signed them.

A secretary put them under an envelope and placed upon it the royal seal.

"This letter to the Bastile!" said the King. "Au revoir, Monsieur de La Fontaine; my son expects a new volume of fables."

And he disappeared with his ministers.

The good man was two minutes in recovering himself. He thought it all a dream; he groped, he looked around him.

At last, he uttered a cry, and darted through the apartments, throwing his arms around everybody as he passed.

He lost himself twenty times in his precipitation—went and came to the right and left, descended and remounted the stairways, and at last rejoined his son, M. de Cavoie, and Moliere.

"Saved! and saved by me!" said he, pressing Dominique to his heart.

Then, amid a thousand confused words, a thousand interrupted parentheses,—he related what had happened to him, and ended by dancing with joy in a fit of real delirium.

His three friends almost did as much.

But they trembled for the reason of La Fontaine, and calmed him, while they controlled themselves.

All four returned to the carriage, and hastened to Paris, amid the incessant cries of the good man:

"Saved! saved by me!"

Let us hasten to explain this *dénouement*, so fortunate and so unexpected, by placing before the eyes of the reader the letter of M. Fouquet to Mademoiselle de La Vallière:

"Mademoiselle,—My enemies have seized me. I am arrested, ruined, lost, threatened with death. The King has been told that I am his rival, perhaps a successful one; what does not calumny dare? You alone can save me, by telling his majesty the truth. You, who have so proudly re-

pulsed my homage, you know better than any one where it stopped,—by what surprise I obtained a copy of your portrait,—how you recalled me to my duties, and how faithful your own heart has been to the King, who possesses it for ever. Pardon me and you will obtain my pardon.

"FOUQUET,
"Vicomte de Belle-Isle."

The enemies of the Superintendent had, indeed, persuaded Louis XIV. that he had won from him the heart of Mademoiselle de La Vallière.

This was the true cause of his ruin, and not his pretended frauds.

By giving to the King the letter of Fouquet, instead of the elegy to the Nymphs of Vaux, La Fontaine had defeated, without knowing it and without intending it, the plans of calumny. The singular manner in which this testimony reached Louis XIV. had proved to him its truth. Convincing thus of what interested him above everything else, the perfect constancy of Mademoiselle de La Vallière, he no longer had the happiness of a preferred rival to punish, but the error of an unsuccessful one.

The man, consoled, had soon inspired clemency in the king; and the fabulist had saved the head of Fouquet by the very absence of mind which had nearly ruined him.

The royal punishment was undoubtedly very grave and very terrible; but we can imagine the joy of La Fontaine, who had believed his benefactor delivered by himself to death, and who flattered himself that the favour of liberty would sooner or later be added to the favour of life.

We shall soon see whether this hope was destined to be realized.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FAMILY DINNER.

After having borne the good news to Madame de La Sablière, to Maucroix, to Boileau, to all his friends, the fabulist wished to carry it also to his wife; and rested by twelve or fifteen hours' sleep, he prepared to set out for Château-Thierry.

He wished to exclaim to everybody:

"It is I who have saved Fouquet!"

He exacted from Molière, from Boileau, from Maucroix, from Chapelle, and some other friends, that they should come and celebrate with him, *en famille*, the safety of their benefactor.

He also, very imprudently, invited Dominique to accompany him: but the young man excused himself by pleading important business, and promised to come and embrace him at the expiration of a few days.

"Whatever may happen to me, my father," said he to him with emotion, "rely upon it that you will see me again."

La Fontaine had recovered his affection for his son, amidst their mutual trials, and after the heroic devotion of the latter.

"What is the matter then, my child?" asked he on remarking his pre-occupation; "does your wound still trouble you? or do you fear evil results from the expedition of Chartres?"

"Neither, my father," replied Dominique. "Be not anxious concerning me. A good journey and *au revoir*."

The fabulist was reassured and went on his way. The next day, there was rejoicing in the house

of Madame de La Fontaine. The pardon of Fouquet, obtained and announced by her husband, had caused joy to take the place of anxiety. All Château-Thierry seemed to share in the triumph of its poet. A deputation from the Beau-Richard came solemnly to congratulate him, and the gardener, William, repented his having involved the great man (he no longer said the good man) in a quarrel with his old friend Poignan.

He was tempted to lay aside his ill-will, and to ask pardon of the Captain; but pride which finds a lodging in the heart of all, restrained the vindictive peasant.

A few days after, La Fontaine invited his family and his friends to a great dinner. The guests were to drink the health of Fouquet and his approaching liberty. Molière had promised a scene from the Misanthrope; Boileau, a new satire; Chapelle, a song; and the fabulist was to crown the whole by his Epistle to the Salmon of Vaux, to which he constantly recurred.

The portrait of the Superintendent, surrounded with verdure, the symbol of hope, figured in a fauteuil at the centre of the table.

They were about to take their places, when La Fontaine, in reckoning his guests, remarked the absence of Poignan.

He was the only one who had not accepted the invitation.

"How," exclaimed the fabulist, "is he still vexed with me! I will speak two words to him, and bring him dead or alive."

At the same time he took his sword, and ran to the house of the captain.

"Well!" said he, on entering, "what does all this signify? Are you still angry with me, Poignan?"

The officer replied with icy coldness.

La Fontaine prayed, supplicated, scolded, jested, and amicably ordered him to follow him.

Poignan remained firm and declared that he would not go.

"Ah! is it so," resumed the good man, placing his hand on the hilt of his sword. "You refuse to go home with me and drink with us to the health of M. Fouquet! You will no longer be my friend and lend your arm to my wife! Then, I summon you to embrace me this very instant, to accompany me to the house of Madame de La Fontaine, to go there every day, to be more amiable and more gallant than ever; do you hear? or you shall render me a reason for this ridiculous obstinacy; and we shall fight in earnest, this time, Monsieur, not for public opinion, but for private satisfaction. A duel to the death or a reconciliation! Choose!"

The Captain looked at him, rose, smiled through a tear, and, being unable to hold out longer, threw himself into his arms.

"Well!" exclaimed the fabulist.

And he carried rather than led the officer to his house, where even the gossips of Beau-Richard themselves offered to drink to their reconciliation.

One individual only did not share in the common joy: this was the gardener William, to whom Poignan administered a correction which the organ of public opinion long remembered.

The guests seated themselves at table, dined gaily, read verses, especially talked of Fouquet; and the feast was prolonged until evening.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TRUE FRIEND.

They were rising to leave the saloon, when a knock was heard at the door, and Dominique entered.

Madame de La Fontaine was again disturbed by the sight of this unknown, who had so alarmed her; but the good man, as absent-minded in joy as in trouble, exclaimed with the most *naïve abandon*:

"Parbleu! you could not have arrived more seasonably, my child!"

Then turning towards his wife and his guests: "Madame de La Fontaine, my friends," said he, "I present to you my son."

"His son!" exclaimed the relatives, scandalized, looking at each other.

And Madame de La Fontaine, uttering a cry at this unexpected revelation, fell swooning into the arms of her relatives.

Then only, did the fabulist comprehend the blunder he had just made, in revealing, so *mal à propos*, and by the strangest forgetfulness, a secret concealed for twenty years.

Dominique turned red and pale, and would have sunk into the earth. The spectators knew not what part to take; and La Fontaine, at the feet of his wife, was recalling her at once to life and clemency.

His supplications would have been vain, and this happy day would have ended unhappily, had not the involuntary author of this fatal *dénouement*, Dominique, been careful to repair the consequences.

"Madame de La Fontaine," said he with the most respectful dignity, "the painful mystery which a moment of forgetfulness has unveiled to you, belongs neither to your present nor your future. A heart like yours should be generous for the past; and you will perhaps pardon my father and myself, when you know why I am here. I had promised M. de La Fontaine to come and embrace him before I left Paris. I have fulfilled my promise the more scrupulously, because I am about to quit, not only Paris, but the world."

The sad gravity of these words had already relieved the general embarrassment, and Madame de La Fontaine herself turned a look of interest towards Dominique.

"What say you?" asked the fabulist, "are you about to enter a convent?"

The young man made a sign in the negative, and continued thus:

"You have restored life to M. Fouquet, our common benefactor, but you have not been able to restore him to liberty. He is about to be imprisoned in the Château de Pignerol, for a long time, perhaps for ever. I have requested the honour of seeing him, the happiness of embracing him; I have been unable to attain them. The reply I received was that no one could be allowed to communicate with the captive who had the misfortune to possess so many state secrets, and that the only favour which would be granted him, would be to receive one of his friends in this prison, if that friend would, on entering there, be condemned never to leave it. This condition has been known in Paris two days by all the men whom M. Fouquet loaded with his favours in the days of his power; no one of them has offered to share his sorrows in the days of his captivity. I am not surprised; such devotion is above courtiers. I, who have never been a courtier,—I, to whom M.

Fouquet has been a second father,—I, who owe him all the comfort I have had on earth, propose to shut myself up with him, and to console him in my turn. I have told the King that I was your son, Monsieur de La Fontaine; I have seen tears glisten in his eyes at your name, and I have obtained the favour which I solicited of his majesty. I depart for Pignerol, my father, and I come to bid you adieu. In twenty-four hours, I shall exist only for M. Fouquet. Buried alive with him, I shall be dead to you,—to my friends;—for you also, Madame de La Fontaine. You see that it will be easy for you to pardon."

The tears of all present alone responded to this sublime avowal.

La Fontaine, overcome with grief and with admiration, threw himself on the neck of Dominique, exclaiming :

" My son! my son!"

Molière, Boileau, Maucroix, Chapelle, Poignan, by a common impulse, imitated him.

At last Madame de La Fontaine, carried away by the general emotion, extended one hand to the fabulist, and the other to the young man, saying to both :

" I pardon you, and bless you. Be my son also, Dominique; and think of me, as I will think of you; I take our common benefactor to witness!"

The portrait of Fouquet, in its brilliant frame, beneath its crown of verdure, seemed to accept this vow, and smile upon this affecting scene.

" And I," exclaimed La Fontaine, " I swear to implore all the powers of heaven and earth to break the chains of my friend and child, and to reunite them one day, free and happy, in my arms."

A quarter of an hour after, Dominique paid his adieux, and set out for Pignerol.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE IRON MASK.

In order that La Fontaine might fulfil his engagements, it was necessary that he should return to Paris. A thousand other reasons besides,—all his associations, all his labours, and all his tastes—summoned him thither.

He therefore became sad, and almost sick, after a few weeks' residence at Château-Thierry.

But how could he live at Paris without a salary, without a home, and without resources? For, as we have said, his reduced fortune did not allow of his leaving home, and no one had taken with him the place of Fouquet.

The good man was one morning absorbed in his sad thoughts, with his eyes fixed on the portrait of the captive Superintendent, when a letter was brought him, post-marked Paris.

" Here, at least," sighed he, " I shall have news from the great city."

Judge of his surprise and his joy, when he read the following lines :

" MONSIEUR DE LA FONTAINE,

" I have seen you but once, and you are among those to whom one becomes attached for ever. Will you not return to Paris, where friendship, poesy, and glory await you? I recall you in their name, and offer you in my hotel a home. You will here be surrounded by your friends, among whom you know that I count myself.

" HERSELIN, DAME DE LA SABLIERE."

And the next day, by way of reply, he took up his abode in the house of Mme. de La Sablière.

It is known that he lived there happily, nearly twenty years, until the death of his benefactress, whose name has been immortalized by his gratitude, and who smilingly said in her old age :

" Of my friends, only three *bêtes* remain: my dog, my cat, and my La Fontaine."

It is known that other friends, not less amiable, M. and Mme. Hervard, welcomed him in their turn.

On leaving the hotel of Mme. de La Sablière, in the same street, the poet met M. Hervard, counsellor in the Parliament of Paris.

" I was on my way to invite you to my house," said the magistrate.

" And I was going there," replied the good man.

Was friendship ever more beautifully expressed?

As for the petitions of the fabulist and his friends to obtain the liberty of M. Fouquet and of Dominique, alas! they were unsuccessful. The clemency of Louis XIV. did not extend to generosity.

" Tradition reports," says M. Leon Goslan in his *Tourelles*, " that nineteen years after this fête of the Château of Vaux, which has remained in the minds of the people like a battle or an invasion, a man, shaking a torch above his head, appeared at this same Château of Vaux, and promenaded from the park to the parterres, and from the parterres to the cascades. White locks fell over his iron mask. He begged a morsel of bread at the door of the Château, and a mouldy stone fell at his feet; he was thirsty, but when he stooped to drink, he seized only an adder in the ponds, where there was no water. This man wept, like Job, all night. At daybreak he disappeared for ever.

" This iron mask, it is said, was Fouquet."

Tradition might have added: A man still young in years, but prematurely old, accompanied the prisoner.

This was Dominique.

About the same period, and as if to betray at once the vanity of riches, power, glory, and beauty, Louis XIV. lost his conquests, his children, and his grandchildren; Mlle. de La Vallière prayed, fasted, and walked barefoot at the Convent of the Carmelites; and La Fontaine, expiating the faults of his life, and the follies of his pen, clothed himself in the sackcloth which was found on him after his death.

THE TRUE FRIEND.

BY MARY YOUNG.

" If thou findest eyes which thou canst not close,—which pain and care keep open and fixed, till the very brain becomes numbed, and the heart bleeds,—oh! then go, gentle, sweet Sleep, and tell thy pale brother to come; for, he is the true physician." —MISS BREMER.

OH Death—kind Death—come thou and smooth my pillow!

Bind thy pale flowers around my aching head!—These haunting thoughts, restless as ocean's billow, By thy chill power, I would that they were fled.

The fair, sweet memories, the hopes undying, Which yet do sometimes thrill my weary breast,

I here could yield them all, depart unsighing,
And only ask of thee, deep, dreamless rest :

Yes; *only* rest,—the long, the last, the lowly—
Where no wild gust of pain or passion sweeps.
In the dark grave is hushed repose, and holy;
For its cold habitant nor sins, nor weeps.

Fair wave the cypress shades with cheerful
greeting;

Well pleased I hear the lonely-pealing knell;
Yet this sad heart hath known strange, blissful
beating;

My spirit mounted, as by some strong spell :

Yes,—and full oft in hours of silent dreaming,
Blest music-tones come richly swelling by;
And forms, with more than mortal beauty beaming,
Meet my rapt sight;—yet would I gladly die.

Alas! when hope is but a fevered anguish,
When joy, in its intensity, is pain,
Which leaves the heart all faintly to languish,
Blest are the blanching cheek and freezing vein.

Then gently, Death, come thou and smooth my
pillow!

Bind thy pale flowers around my aching head!—
These haunting thoughts, restless as ocean's billow,
That toss my struggling soul, will then be fled.

PARIS BROUGHT HOME TO AMERICANS.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

No. I.

*Havre and the Road to Paris—Paris generally and
particularly.*

THE steamer approaches Havre. Already the land is in sight. The good-natured man of the company has undertaken to read the vote of thanks to the captain, who replies in "felicitous terms." The baggage is prepared to be taken ashore. Our American blood is stirred in seeing how our ships, lying in port, excel those of other nations in cut and tidiness, and we wonder what Havre would be without them. We touch the docks: the usual bustle. We are permitted to leave our luggage behind. It is taken to the custom-house. That causes delay, and of course, fees and profits to Havre landlords, *commissionnaires*, and all those who prey on travellers. This is the first unpleasant lesson we have had in Europe;—for, we think of the way in which passengers are treated on coming to America; how the custom-house officers board before the vessel has reached the pier; how they go through the formality of examining one's effects by simply raising the trunk-lids and not looking in, then putting a chalk mark on each, and one passes without a moment's delay. Here, however, to get rid of annoyance, we give five francs to a *commissionnaire*, who will tell you when to go to the custom-house to know what you have to pay. While this farce is going on, we go and take a bath, and then breakfast, in company with our fellow-passengers, at the *Hotel de l'Europe*. Here we make acquaintance with the *turbot à-la-crème* for the first time, and find in it some consolation for the antiquated follies we are undergoing. We then visit the best parts of the town and pronounce it handsome: some old churches give us a

taste of what we are to expect in future on a larger scale. But our time is up: we are summoned to the custom-house. The officers, finding that we have no segars nor designs on the government, give us the provisional passport; for, the original one they have taken to send to Paris. A porter, it may be a man or a woman, trundles our effects to the station. The stereotype phenomena of railroad departure takes place. We are whirled off. From our luxurious place (the seats run laterally) we observe the beautiful country of Normandy. We are struck with the fact that almost every inch appears under cultivation: the hillsides look like yellow, red, and green carpets, as each peasant's treasure-spot is revealed to the sight. We go fast—very. The roads and regulations are capital. Now and then appears a man, his digitals extended like a hand-post, to show that the coast is clear. Rosy are the complexions—stout the frames—of the country-folk we pass. The climate—oh, how can it be praised too much! The winters are sufficiently cold to be bracing, and the summers genial without excessive heat; not drying up the peach-blossom of youth prematurely, or making rose-crushed-on-ivory look like brick-dust-on-buckskin. Our companions happen not to be all Americans. There is a bluff Englishman, who, having dined freely, is communicative. He informs us that he is going to Paris for calico patterns—he goes five times a-year. "As for patterns and plays, what's the use of us Englishmen making them, when the French do it for us? It is easier to take them ready-made: clever people the French; sadly wanting in morality and razors: no decent man ever wore a beard: you come from America? our trade is the life of you: you can't succeed at steamers: you pirate our authors unmercifully: stick to English morals: you need an aristocracy to steady you. Ah, madam! and you're going to Paris for the fashions," said he, addressing a young woman with a shop-look. "Shouldn't wonder if we were all going to get something original: clever people the French, but no morals: they have no respect for other people's property: then, their ideas on equality, their cursed socialism, is invading England;" &c., &c. We have now been indoctrinated with each other's opinions for six hours, and find ourselves near Paris. As in duty bound, we are much excited in approaching the great capital. We seek to count the domes and spires, but do not succeed, owing to the turns of the road. Finally we come in with an immense building. Our luggage is lifted out: it is brought into a large, long room: laid on a long range of tables: examined again: "We have nothing to declare:" a coach is called. "Drive to Meurice's."

The French capital is situated in the Department of the Seine: it contains, within and without the barriers, some twelve hundred thousand inhabitants; and the population immediately around and about amounts to some three hundred thousand more. It is built of a celebrated soft stone, quarried in the department. Easily worked, it can be thrown into an infinite variety of shapes. The reliefs of the fronts of the houses, the florescent, mythological, fancy decorations of the buildings strike one as in beautiful contrast to the dead level of brick, to which we are accustomed. We are impressed with the cleanliness of the city. We must wait for a rain, to obtain the contrary

effect. As we have rolled through the streets we have been too much confused to observe anything clearly. But having got a night's rest, we are prepared to begin investigations.

First, let us describe our hotel. Meurice's is a great resort of English, and, latterly, of Americans. It has nothing distinctive in its appearance. In fact, it is situated in the Rue Rivoli, facing south, to the Tuilleries; and, in order to have the street regularly built, government allowed the property-holders a remission of thirty years' taxes: this, to have no irregularity near the sacred precincts of royalty. The effect is, uniformly lofty buildings, for a vast extent, with arcades.

The description of one hotel will answer for others, with but slight variations: and it should be remembered that Paris is pretty much built up of hotels. A large gateway opens from the street. This is closed at night. On one side within, is a porter's lodge, called a *concierge*. Generally, the words *Parlez au concierge* are written over the door of the lodge, which is about seven to ten feet square, and is connected by a ladder-stair with a little hole of a sleeping-room. Here, the poor house-porter, after watching all day, may be roused by the bell at any hour of the night. Passing by the *concierge*, you come to a large, square court-yard, about which stories are piled in multitudinous profusion. You may climb to the seventh, if you like; or perhaps a little higher. There are no public hotels so large as our best. But then, on the other hand, we are appalled at the size and solidity of the buildings. Suddenly entering an outer gate in a wall, or a house, you come upon an immense range of buildings, or—what is so delightful!—upon a garden of venerable trees. The truth is, in Paris you often cannot judge of the extent or quality of a house by its exterior. In old and insecure times, a fortress-looking exterior—a dead wall—shut out the finest hotels: such is the thickness of the walls of these old buildings that they stand for centuries, and some of the finest hotels are of an age that startle the American used to the rapid transitions in building in his country. The old style of English house had in artistically low ceilings; the French, on the contrary, had very lofty ceilings. The noblesse had towering ideas; they were not content with less than twenty feet and upwards. The more modern hotels, those inhabited by a colony, have above the ground-floor what is called the *entresol*—a story with a low ceiling. The story above the *entresol* is called the *premier*: so, before getting to the so-called first story, we approach a level with a moderate third story of an American house. After such a beginning, the reader may imagine what a French sixth story is. So vast are these buildings, that, by comparison, our houses look provincial. And, other reasons considered in addition, one can readily understand a Frenchman's national exultation in speaking of his capital.

Paris is, indeed, a world's wonder. It is the cumulative grandeur of a whole people; of a people rich in arts, terrible in arms; of the sweat of millions for centuries; of the growth of ideas materialized in temple, column, garden, thoroughfare; of the science that digs through dust and rock seventeen hundred feet, to find "honest water that does not betray," or peers into the star-belt of the heavens like Laplace, whose glory is so vast that it covers even one able to be his

translator, Bowditch; or surpasses medieval beauty in the structure of the Church of the Madeleine; or excels that of ancient Rome in the sublime metallic column of the Place Vendôme; or seizes the lawn and the forest, and places them glowing with loveliness in the heart of the city, in the eye of business, in the conflict of humanity,—a Paradise where all may worship, and see, cut in stone, the early hero, the sylvan deity, the bear, the lion, the wolf, or be refreshed by flowers, by fountains, and by the sight of a surrounding architecture, whose pillars, leaves and petals are but a continuation of nature in art forms;—or ransacks Assyria, Egypt, the Acropolis, or the Seven Hills, for the links of that great chain called History, and makes, in immense palaces, the winged dragon, the big, mild, eternity-eyed Sphynx, the Apollo and the Diana,—brother and sister of immortality,—the Blessed of Raphael, or the Damned of Michael Angelo, or the actualities of the great Vernet, fulfil that task; or heaps up books from the first of Faust and Guttemburg, to the last published; or heals the sick without money and without price; or that stands the great platform of European History, where the Justinian and Napoleon Codes alike have swayed, where the Huguenots were murdered by thousands, and where, after more than two centuries, the Law of Compensation sharpened the guillotine, and laid Church and King in the dust; where France, dazzled and fatigued with consular victories, again bowed her neck to the conqueror; where Restoration, bringing only two Frenchmen more back to France, played its brief part; where the people rose in 1830, and fought, bled, died, and were betrayed; where the citizen-king broke his faith, instituted the Chapter of St. Denis, made dynastic marriages, and longed for a crown; where, in 1848, the same people rose up and vindicated themselves, and where now Reaction dominates; but where, too, amid such a sea of difficulties, is plainly seen the horizon of Liberty, and the Aurora of a New Faith.

To put before the reader some sketches of this same Paris, which, though often noticed, yet presents objects of interest, more or less fresh, is the purport of these papers. To familiarize the reader with it, so that he may in some sense fancy he has visited it, shall be our effort.

Every one studies the geography of foreign countries. Not to know their extent and relative position betrays ignorance, and cuts one off from taking an interest in their past history, or current events; for history, without geography, is an obscure science. Let us make the application as regards Paris, wherein the chief events of European history have been transacted. When we have visited it, and learned the precise situation, size, and appearance of the palaces, churches, gardens and streets, which figure in European history, especially from '89 up, we find that our knowledge of the events which took place therein is for the first time clear. Localities known, and things and characters detailed in Parisian annals take a living force. The reader in going with me in walks round Paris will first study the **PLAN** which will be given in our next number, with the accompanying popular statistics. That done, and he may in imagination walk up and down familiarly, in a degree, the Boulevards, the Faubourg St. Honore, the Tuilleries garden, the Elysian Fields, as he would Broadway, Chestnut Street, or

Boston Common. Just in proportion as he can familiarize himself with Paris will he take interest in its past history, and those important events of which it is again to become the theatre. The reader should bear in mind the points of the compass, the distances, the proportions, and compare them with American cities. It will be a good Art-Study—showing how much we need in America in our cities, oppressed with long, hot, exhausting summers, the health-giving walks, drives, forests and fountains, that Paris possesses. If, after mastering these plans, the untravelled reader will take up Carlyle's Revolution, Thiers' History, or Lamartine's Girondins, and trace the events as they occurred in this or that street, or building, as marked on the Plan, he will have a transparent interest not hitherto enjoyed. When we get through the principal foundations of Paris, we may make acquaintance with some of the characters, if that be not done at the same time.

Glance your eye at the Plan, and see, in the southeastern part, the Garden of Plants. We shall take a stroll in it. American enterprise, without the aid of government, has made zoological exhibitions: the names of Van Amburg and Carter are renowned here; they are as well known as Hercules. But, unfortunately, our wild animals belong to the peripatetic school of philosophy. They have no local habitation. They are Shows—come like shadows, so depart. Here they are anchored to the soil. Art comes to mimic Nature, and you see animals with surrounding details as though they were at home. Exotic plants mark the places of kindred animals. There is, thus, a pervasive harmony of design. The lover of Animated Nature feels this. Great is the Jardin des Plantes. Think of a *quasi* rural garden stretching more than half a mile. Beautifully undulated are the walks:—one may spend a day in the labyrinths. The single item of the Cedar of Lebanon, planted more than a century ago, is a study. Magnificent tree! worthy of the Hebrew's lyrics! It is very thickly foliaged, and is incomparable as to shape. The Garden of Plants was founded in 1635. The illustrious Buffon devoted his life to its success, from 1739 to 1788. He has left a monument for mankind. It is a government institution, under the Minister of the Interior. It contains an immense menagerie; hot-houses, green-houses, vast museums, laboratories, colleges:—it is, in a word, a scientific town. The same amount of space devoted to a town in the Western States would entitle it to be called flourishing, and give rise to local prides. A worthy citizen of Philadelphia, who had never quitted his native place, was walking up Walnut Street with another worthy citizen, who had quitted it, and travelled in Europe. They were opposite Washington Square: the first worthy, stretching out his hand, triumphantly exclaimed, "There, can Paris show anything equal to that?" Probably she cannot; for, we do not know how inartistic and poverty-stricken, as regards nature, are our miserably planned cities,—copies of second-rate towns in England. There are in the Garden upwards of twelve thousand species of plants cultivated. The most distant portions of the globe contribute their blooming quota. The tame animals are in enclosures, and have sylvan-looking dens, very striking. The bears, for the most part, are in open square cellars, surrounded

by railings. The polar bear figures among them. There is a huge grizzly bear, whose den was the scene of a tragedy. There was a soldier on duty, one bright, moonshining night. Looking into the den (such is the supposition), he fancied he saw a franc piece. For a poor soldier, the bait was tempting. He took a ladder, nothing fearing, and descended; for, the bear was asleep. In the morning, the body of the soldier was found. A bright button on the cellar flags was the supposititious silver. The monkeys of the menagerie have a great time of it. They are enclosed in a wire house, large enough for a family of human beings. Here they play their practical jokes; and they have ample opportunities for displaying their graces, by means of vertical and horizontal iron rods.

Leaving the tribes of beasts and birds, from the four or five quarters of the earth, we enter the Serpent department. Here, discreetly confined, is every species of reptile. There, sounds an ominous rattle! That reminds one of home. The cabinet of Comparative Anatomy is due to Baron Cuvier,—another name for the world. It is in the west of the garden, between the amphitheatre and the menagerie. Here we have a profusion of skeletons, from the lord of creation down to the toad. It cheapens one's estimate of human dignity, to visit such a museum of comparative anatomy. The Roman Church forbade the science: it taught Materialism, if I remember aright. Certainly, skeletons will grin;—the man and the monkey very much of a *duo concertante*.

There are various other things too technical to be described. There are fifteen thousand specimens. We shall now barely walk round the Cabinet of Natural History, three hundred and ninety feet in length: it fronts the east end of the Garden. The total number of specimens, here, is two hundred thousand. One may begin at the Sponge, the lowest form of animal organization, and climb up this gallery's ladder, to Man. In the Mineralogical and Geological galleries are all the revelations of these sciences. There are sixty thousand specimens. In the Botanical gallery are upwards of three hundred and fifty thousand dried plants. The Library contains thirty thousand books, and fifteen thousand pamphlets. At the head of this giant institution are the most celebrated men of Europe, in their professions. Unless these statistics be given, the American reader can have no idea of the vastness of this one single foundation of the many at Paris. Of its external beauties, he may judge by giving reins to his imagination. Forest trees, from the uttermost parts of the earth, here cherished for nearly two centuries; huge tropical plants; rich verdure: winding among these, he will see the buffalo, the elk, the antelope, the gazelle, the lama, the zebra, the cassowary; or he will see in the Voleria, the eagle, the vulture, the pheasant; or, in their dens, the lion and tiger, with room for their majestic evolutions.

A foundation of public interest, near the Garden of Plants, (see Plan,) is the Halle aux Vins, or Paris Wine Market. This immense place measures twenty-six thousand square yards. It has a wall on three sides, and towards the quay of the Seine, it has a railing two thousand four hundred feet in length, equal to six Philadelphia squares. Another national metropolitan institution this. It is divided into streets called after

the names of the different wines. Nearly five hundred thousand casks are here contained. The wine from all France, destined for Parisian consumption, is here entered. It is a scene of lively business, what with putting in and taking out the casks. It is estimated that there are nine different taxes on wines. Among them is the duty on entering towns, called the *octroi*. Wine, in Paris, is drunk like water. The ordinary wine is retailed within the walls, at eight and ten sous the bottle. At a *caffé restaurant* it is always understood that wine is taken. The question of the waiter is, what wine will you take; not, will you take wine. An anecdote is told of a distinguished advocate of temperance,—Mr. Baird. He had an interview with Louis Philippe, and recommended at length the national adoption of his principles. The king lent an attentive ear, and said in reply, "There is only one objection to your system." "Only one," cried the delighted Mr. Baird. "Yes: it would ruin the trade and destroy the government of France." Temperance principles, technically such, will be of difficult, or impossible introduction into France. The habits of the people are settled in favour of their light wines: they moisten breakfast and dinner. The French are a robust people, when properly fed; and those who drink wine appear impervious to wind and weather. The king himself, who died at an age considerably beyond threescore and ten, drank wine every day. It is, therefore, not an open subject, that of temperance in France. There is, no doubt, some drunkenness; but it is extremely rare to see a man tipsy or reeling. Brandy-and-water, as well as nearly the whole list of seductive concoctions, is unknown in France; but, in Paris, I believe, one of our countrymen has made a successful invasion with mint-juleps and sherry-cobblers.

Having quitted the Wine Market, and our intemperate discussions, we find ourselves on the Quays, which skirt the Seine, as it winds transversely through Paris. The French are stigmatized for dealing in fashions and gingerbread-work, and yet they build, as a whole, more solidly than any people in Europe. Take these Quays, for example. The most ancient has six centuries. The ideas of Napoleon, or his architect, were carried out in completing the Quays, and they now measure eleven miles. They form high terraces, on which a road and side-pavement run, and are often planted with trees. For extent and massiveness, the world shows no parallel to them. There are twenty-seven bridges within the barriers of Paris; seven of these are suspension bridges. The old bridge, Pont Neuf, has shops built on it, and is a very curious sample of old Paris.

We have strolled to the Luxembourg Palace and Garden, in the southern part of the city. These will reward our study. The ideas that formed them never had existence in America, so we must study them as things equally new, curious, and magnificent. Here is enthroned Art,—Art wedded to Nature. In studying such a place as the Luxembourg, I find the royalty of our common nature set forth. I perceive what is yet to be effected by charitable concurrence of thoughts and efforts, when the Grecian, Roman, Jewish, and Medieval idea of conquest, competition and oppression, shall be laid aside for some radical truth, based on the harmonies of our nature, and

on our love of the beautiful. Religion should be æsthetic. It teaches, as a common creed, purity of soul and taste; for there is no religion in ugliness or falsehood, moral or material. Our Religion needs a marriage with Art. Then we would not thrust Nature out of our doors in our cities. We would not treat her as a dishonest person. We would not build houses all alike; cruelly regular streets; square patches, called parks, and other abominations. The Great First Cause has steeped the Creation in beauty, has made the Circle the type of grace, has thrown the earth and its details into undulating forms of loveliness, and has not declared war against prismatic colours and generic sounds.

The palace we are now looking at, was built by Marie de Medicis, in 1612. "Great" people at intervals lived in it. At the first period of the Revolution, it was used as a prison; and in 1795, the Directory sat in it. The Consuls afterwards sat in it; in 1814, the Peers sat in it; so, too, under Louis Philippe. It is now disused, except on occasions such as the present, when the Agricultural Congress is holding its annual session, and endeavouring to make cornstalks and bayonets grow together. In a wing of the Luxembourg are several *salons* devoted to the works of living French masters. This will repay several visits. Here are several works of Vernet. The steps of St. Peter's represent one, where Raphael has stopped, surrounded by his pupils, to take a sketch of a young peasant woman and her infant,—the original of a celebrated Madonna and Child; while, at the same moment, Michael Angelo, with a lot of *vertu* in his arms, is descending. This is one of Vernet's best efforts. By it is a picture of Delaroche, the Death of Queen Elizabeth, an elaborate work; but the figures are colossal, which I hate. There is no reason for the huge deformity of men and women, eight and ten feet high. If it be for church decorations, frescoes or statuary, the case is altered: for example, the Christ under the apex of the exterior of the Madeleine is eighteen feet high, and the effect is magnificent. Among the remarkable paintings of this collection is the *Décadence des Romains*, by Coutour. This large painting represents a Roman orgie: men and women—patricians—round a table, on their couches, the figures very *décolletés*, and in attitudes representing drunkenness, lassitude, shamelessness, and the vices which mark national decadence. Two thoughtful Romans gaze sorrowfully on the scene. The peculiarity of Coutour is the off-hand dash of his colouring: it has none of the careful elaboration of his master, Delaroche. "Il s'égare," says Delaroche of his former pupil. Coutour, however, is a man of genius. His *Décadence* made his reputation. I met him one night, and on being presented to him, found he was playing with a pet lizard, which he takes into society, and cherishes. Having run through the painting gallery, we now visit the Chamber of Peers, a gem of architectural proportion. Here, we see where the servile deputies of Napoleon voted his conscriptions. There, adjoining, is the throne-room. A rare series of rooms are the apartments of Marie de Médicis. They contain a masterly *Crucifixion* of Philippe de Champagne, and kindred works: the sleeping apartment presents medallions by the greatest artist of the age, and is incomparable as to value. When one looks at the immeasurable expense of



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LIFE OF MAN AND OF THE YEAR.

these palaces, and remembers that it was accompanied by a national poverty,—when, in the words of Fenelon, France was a worn-out, broken machine, which would be thrown over by the first shock (how prophetic!)—it is difficult to conceive of the pride, brutality, avarice, and hard-heartedness, that could so revel in splendour and wealth at the cost of millions of people.

We have now run through the palace, and pause to admire the gorgeous Staircase. This, in palaces, forms an important feature. It is probably some twenty odd feet broad, and its white marble, contrasting with the rich coloured marble of the walls, the painted allegories on the ceiling, the gilded relief and ornaments of various kinds, forms a scene of rare splendour. In building such things, the few appeared to have an idea of the dignities appropriate to Humanity; which, thank heaven, the many now begin to think belong to them, too. When they have fully read that *Æsthetic Revelation*, our national genius and pursuits shall be changed; and we shall be occupied in devising how we can best elaborate and beautify a territory commensurate with a yet limited population, instead of rendering our force and genius invalid by sprinkling it over fifteen hundred millions of acres, and preventing combinations for heroic efforts.

We are now in the immense and magnificent garden. Observe particularly several new statues of ancient queens and heroines,—of the days of the Clotildes and Blanches,—and speak not of the decline of sculpture. I cannot give the size of this garden in acres, but it is immense. Beyond the southern gate, is a walk planted with trees, and leading to the Observatory: this, with the garden, is full a mile of uninterrupted landscape. The Luxembourg has a botanical garden, an orangery, fountains, a forest, and is the largest garden in Paris. Between it and the Observatory is shown the place where Marshal Ney was shot. We now enter the Observatory. It is remarkable for its solidity, the walls being near seven feet thick. It has some twenty telescopes. It was built in the time of Louis XIV. From it we look upon the surrounding country, and see the peasants working in their little patches, and getting out their supplies for the omnivorous capital.

We turn our heads and the city lies majestically before us. We forget time and space, and would fain generalize history and compress detail: for the result is before us, and all that seething mass of humanity lies there as a bee-hive. Gazing on, its prides and struggles appear but those of insects; and, without looking through a telescope, we have reached the stars in imagination, by dwarfing what is below.

MY LAST HOUR.

BY SARA H. BROWNE.

Be this the drapery of my dying bed:—
A Saviour's breast the pillow for my head;
Hope's snowy vesture for my fading form,
And Faith, my curtain from the gathering storm.

Be this the scenery of my parting hour:—
The grateful softness of an evening shower—
The sunlight bursting with effulgence proud,
And a fair rainbow on the eastern cloud.

Ay—let the Covenant's everlasting seal,
Bright visions of eternity reveal:
Then let it linger with intensest ray
Till the freed spirit shall have passed away.

Be these the mourners o'er the voiceless dead:—
They who my childhood's errant footsteps led,
And those twin spirits with my childhood bred;
And let the tears they weep (they knew me best),
Water the funeral wreaths they lay upon my breast.

LIFE OF MAN AND OF THE YEAR.

SEPTEMBER.

BY HENRIETTE A. HADRY.

“The sultry summer past, September comes,
Soft twilight of the slow, declining year.”

ERE yet the gorgeous pageantry of varied hues foretells the falling of the forest leaves, or whispered warnings in the wind speak of the fearful power abroad that shall so soon make desolate the scenes long decked with vernal beauty, a golden glory, resting on all things far and near, marks the first steps of Autumn.

Little of saddening import hath the early days of September—the second harvest month, the season of added plenty—“the month of consummations—the fulfiller of all promises—the fruition of all hopes—the era of all completeness.” A cheerful greeting it is well entitled to, for the satisfaction afforded by the abundant provision yielded all living creatures; and welcome, too, are its serener days, for the charm that blended graces of spring and summer, lingering for a brief while, invest them with.

“And still shall sage September boast his pride,
Some birds shall chaunt, some gayer flower
shall blow;
Nor is the season wholly unallied
To purple bloom; the haler fruits shall grow,
The stronger plants, such as enjoy the cold,
And wear a livelier grace by being old.”

In Spenser's representation, principles of nice integrity are accorded to this first month of Autumn, which he thus describes:

“September march'd eke on foot;
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoil
Of harvest's riches, which he made his boot,
And him enriched with bounty of the soil;
In his one hand, as fit for harvest toil,
He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand
A pair of weights, with which he did assoil
Both more or less, where it in doubt did stand,
And equal gave to each as justice duly scanned.”

The Saxons called September “Gerst,” or Barley-month; “Gerst” being the ancient name for that grain, which is then in perfection.

While a serene brightness renders the coming of September beautiful, we know that a change is rapidly approaching; that there is no time for dallying; for, as every day advances—calm and mild though they be—even so far has the year passed its prime; and the month opening so propitiously for the completion of harvest work, may close with dark and sombre aspect.

The name of September, from “*Septem*”—seven—and “*Imber*”—shower—denotes its original position as the seventh month of the year, and

also, that in its duration commences the season of the "latter rain;"—

"That falls in anxious haste,
Upon the sun-dried fields and branches bare,
Loosening with searching drops the rigid waste,
As if it would each root's lost strength repair;
But not a blade grows green as in the spring,
No swelling twig puts forth its thickening leaves;
The robins only mid the harvests sing,
Pecking the grain that scatters from the sheaves."

Though regularly expected, as a sort of necessary and inevitable evil, the autumnal spell of rainy weather occasions so much of inconvenience and discomfort, that it requires the exercise of all our philosophy to bear with it ungrumblingly. That reasoning creatures should be influenced to the loss of their equanimity and customary good humour by the natural changes of the season, is sufficiently inconsistent; but in truth that boasted reason gives not

— "So much patience as a blade of grass
Grows by, contented through the heat and cold."

Without vainly arguing the rationality of the cause, certain it is, that a succession of dreary days, of cloud, and rain, and wind, uninterrupted by sunshine, will at least disagreeably affect the most buoyant with a sense of tediousness, and very much deepen the depression of those inclined to melancholy. This is not like the April rain, that "falls with such a pleasant sound," but now

— "Big drops are dashing on the pane,
Making a mournful music in the mind,
While plays his interlude, the wizard wind."

Longfellow's "Rainy Day," where the falling of the leaves and ceaseless sighing of the never-weary wind, are made expressive of the withering hopes of youth "that fall thick in the blast," closes with this beautifully reconciling reflection:

"Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,—
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all:
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

The first of September is eagerly welcomed by English sportsmen, as the recommencement of the shooting season; the interdict that for a while suspended this favourite occupation being removed, and a free license to kill granted the fortunate class entitled to that privilege.

The pleasurable excitement, that makes up

"The rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,"

have been often described by those who have participated in the pitiless triumphs and ignoble success of

"This falsely cheerful barbarous game of death;
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
Awakes impatient, with the gleaming morn,
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urged by necessity, had ranged the dark,
As if their conscious ravage shunned the light,
Ashamed. Not so the steady tyrant, man,
Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
Inflamed, beyond the most infuriate wrath
Of the worst monster that e'er roamed the waste,

For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
Amid the beaming of the gentle days."

In writing of a morning in Autumn, when the knights of the chase are about starting on their valorous enterprise, Somerville gives expression to the sentiment of cordial sympathy generally entertained by the people of England for the attractions of this amusement.

"All now is free as air, and the gay pack,
In the rough, bristly stubbles range unblamed;
No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse
Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal; by his fierce landlord awed:
But courteous now he levels every fence,
Joins in the common cry and halloos loud,
Charmed with the rattling thunder of the field."

The delight of noble lords and ladies in the hunting to the death some harmless animal, may scarcely be attributed to the poor satisfaction of seeing it die. The pursuing, and not the object attained by the pursuit, tends to the encouragement of their savage pastime. Such like sports offer a means of killing time—otherwise difficult to get rid of—as well as killing game; and gives an unexceptionably fashionable mode of exercising natural, active, restless faculties, to many too highly born or bred to develope them in any more useful and, consequently, more plebeian manner.

Football matches, which were played in London about a hundred years ago, are noticed as early as the reign of Edward III. Occasionally, on their return from hunting, the gentry would be witness to this game, as practised by sturdy ploughmen, whom

"Care of victory
Makes them salute so rudely, breast to breast,
That their encounter seems too rough for jest."

Peas or beans put into the balls, which were blown bladders, would give them a sharp rattling sound, when they were thrown up in the air; and then

"Each one contendeth, and hath a great delight,
With foot and with hand the bladder for to smite;
If it falls to the ground, they lift it up again,
And this way to labour, they count it no pain."

This amusement, though not distinguished for its refinement, had all the excitement that emulation imparts, without being marred by any intentional cruelty; and was decidedly better employment than shooting birds or chasing deer.

The most celebrated foot-ball match of modern days, took place on the 5th of December, 1815, at Carterhaugh, Ettrick Forest;—the men of Yarrow, on one side, opposed by the Ettrick men on the other; the supporters of the different parties being the Earl of Home and Sir Walter Scott. The poet of Abbotsford, as sheriff of the forest, wrote two songs for the important occasion. One of these, entitled, "Lifting the Banner of Buccleugh, at the great Foot-ball Match at Carterhaugh," thus commences:

"From the brown crest of Newark, its summons
extending,
Our signal is waving, in smoke and in flame,
And each forester blithe, from his mountain
descending,
Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the
game."

The following verses are also quoted from the same spirited composition.

“Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather,

And if, by mischance, you should happen to fall,

There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,

And life is itself but a game at foot-ball.

“And when it is over, we'll drink a blithe measure

To each laird and each lady that witnessed our fun;

And to every blithe heart that took part in our pleasure,

To the lads that have lost, and the lads that have won.”

Michaelmas Day, on the 29th of September, was first observed as a holiday in the year 487. It was instituted “to commemorate the ministry of St. Michael, and all holy angels, as messengers of good will towards men.” Michael is represented as a sort of angel militant; ranking as commander-in-chief of the armies of heaven, principal adversary of Lucifer, and first guardian of human souls against the infernal powers. He is said to have chased the angel Lucifer and his followers from heaven, and imprisoned them in dark air until the day of judgment; not in the higher regions, where it is bright and beautiful, nor yet upon the earth, but they were suspended between heaven and earth: “that when they look up, they may see the joy they have lost, and when they look downward, may see men mount to heaven from whence they fell.” These wicked ones, we are told, “flee about us like flies,” seeking opportunities of exercising their malign influence; but the watchful protection of Michael and his host, when seconded by constant vigilance on our own parts against the entrance of impure and unholy thoughts, and constant perseverance in the performance of good works, renders them powerless. They who are skeptical of the guardianship of the archangel, may rely implicitly on the efficiency of the means recommended, to distance and defeat all evil spirits, that may wait the “vantage of an unguarded hour.”

On Michaelmas Day, the usual routine of business is generally suspended in the public offices at London. The new sheriffs lately chosen, are sworn into office, and a lord mayor is elected for the ensuing year. At the Court of Exchequer, some curious forms are yearly observed in remembrance of certain old tenures. The senior alderman of London chops a stick or two of wood, in token of the dutious service of the tenants of the manor of Shropshire, with whom it had once been customary to supply their landlord with fuel. Another functionary, in behalf of the owners of a forge, no longer existing, deliberately counts out sixty-one hob-nails, and six horseshoes, and presents them in form to the presiding dignitary, who, for the time, acts as the representative of the sovereign of England. These proceedings are conducted with imperturbable gravity, and are said to be solemnly impressive.

“At Michaelmas, by custom, right divine,
Geese are ordained to bleed at Michael's shrine.”

VOL. IX.

The English custom of dining on roast goose, at Michaelmas, here alluded to, has been supposed to have originated in the circumstance that Queen Elizabeth was engaged in eating of this dish on Michaelmas Day, when intelligence was brought her of the defeat of the Spanish Armada.

An old poem, of the Elizabethan time, assigns a very probable reason for the presentation of a goose on this holiday, which is one of the quarter-days, from the tenant who may not well afford the gift, to the landlord who might well dispense with it.

“And when the tenantes come to pay their quarter's rent,
They bring some fowle at midsummer, a dish of fish at lent;
At Christmasse a capon, at Michaelmasse a goose,
And somewhat else at New Year's tide, *for feare their lease fli loose.*”

SHADOWS.

BY AMY LOTHROP.

LITTLE think the gay, in their hours of pleasure,
What hearts are sinking
With a load of grief; and the filled-up measure
Of woe are drinking!

While thoughtless ones in the ball-room are pacing,
Their pastime taking:
Many a weak heart life's storm is facing,
Bending, or breaking!

When costly trifles the rich are buying,
Careless—unheedful,—
Then wearied fingers are bitterly trying
To earn life's needful:

Where eyes that are strangers yet to weeping,
Close on enjoyment;
Tired with a watch, for pleasure keeping—
Their light employment;

The mourner wakes till the stars are paling,
Her night-lamp burning;
The watcher looks with wet eyes and failing,
For steps returning.

Oh! child of earth on whom joy still shineth,
Think then of sorrow!
The day may cloud ere the sun declineth;—
What cheer for the morrow?

SONNET.

BY FREDERICK WEST.

EVEN as the lover, on a sunny day
Goes forth delighted with the beauteous morn,
Plucking the modest flowers that bloom in May,
The white aroma breathes around the thorn—
But finds when far away, dark clouds gathering
rise,

The sun obscured, gloominess in the fields,
No star in distance shining in the skies,
His spirit to his situation yields—
So I went forth in sunshine of thine eyes,
So plucked the flowers of HOPE that round me
grew,
So hid in darkness are their rainbow dyes,
So have black clouds obscured thee from my
view;

Still will I constant to my vow remain,
Though thy loved faced I ne'er should see again.

Third Prize Story.

SKETCH OF THE WHALE FISHERY ON THE BRAZIL COAST.

WITH A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE OLD COLONY OF
SAINT CATHARINE.

BY HENRY M. KLAPP.

"It was a wild and weather-beaten coast."

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1851,
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CHAPTER I.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE FISHERY.

UPON the shores of a small strait which separates the fine island of Saint Catharine from the adjacent continent of South America, was to be found, in former days, the largest fishing station in the world. As the island lies directly in the track of our California ships, it is probable that the adventurer to the land of gold, as he stretches his sea-legs upon the beach of San Miguel, often pauses to contemplate the vast vaults and moulderings remains of this once gigantic establishment.

But before entering upon a description of these great works, it is necessary to give a short account of the early history of this Captaincy, the smallest and last settled on the coast.

As late as the year 1654, more than a century and a half after the discovery of the continent, the island of Dos Patos, as it was then called, still remained in its primitive state. The town of the tribe, with its regular streets and comfortable dwellings, its patches of mandioca and maize, and its ample Council-House, still stood untouched on a woody point of the isle; the savage still hunted in the evergreen forests, which covered its hills and vales, or paddled the bark canoe, in search of his scaly prey, in the little sandy coves and salt-water creeks which indent the shores of the strait. The town was larger than might be supposed, and protected from assault by a ring of deep pitfalls, so artfully concealed as only to be distinguished from the safe ground by certain marks known to its own denizens. It was also surrounded by a palisade-wall of pointed stakes, having strong wooden gates, which were regularly closed and guarded at night. The Brazilian tribes, anthropophagi for the most part, were engaged in incessant wars with each other, rendering these primeval defences absolutely indispensable to the safety of their settlements, which were often attacked and defended with the most inveterate fury, and, if unhappily stormed, endured all the extremities of fire and sword from the hands of the wild victors.

Though the island was at this period claimed by Spain, and often visited by her *caravelas* on their tedious and ill-conducted voyages to the La Plata, from various causes no permanent settlement was made. The slave-hunting expeditions of the Certanistas* of San Paulo, were almost in-

variably directed towards the vast, unexplored regions of the interior, and the auriferous streams of the Serra da Santa Catharina sunk into insignificance beside the astonishing wealth of the Minaes Geraes. In the year referred to, the King of Portugal, to whom the island belonged by right of discovery, made a grant of it, under conditions insuring its settlement, to an adventurous nobleman of his court. But this distinguished settler, immediately upon his arrival in the channel, was slain on the deck of his own *caravela*, by the captain of a piratical bark, which then infested the adjacent seas. His colony returned home, or became dispersed among the neighbouring settlements, and for many years afterwards no further attention was attracted to the place. The advances of the Padres de Companhia, as the Jesuit fathers were called in Brazil, were but ill-received by the Indian chiefs of Dos Patos, and, though succeeding years witnessed many arrivals, and some bloodshed and misery on the island, it was not until after the beginning of the eighteenth century that white settlers were found permanently located on the coast.

About the year 1712, the French carried on a considerable trade to the Spanish possessions in the South Seas, and were much in the habit of sailing into the strait for supplies. The northern part—for it was divided into two great bays of nearly equal length, by an approximation of two opposite points—was sheltered by the highlands on all sides, and entirely free from obstructions, with a bottom of hard sand gradually shoaling, forming one of the most secure and convenient anchorages in the world. The French voyagers resorted hither in preference to the southern bay, which was less spacious and secure, being open to the surge which sets heavily in from the sea when the wind is strong from the south. Wood and water were abundant, and easily procured, though more trouble was experienced in obtaining a few bullocks from the herds of black cattle, which were even then to be found roaming at large on the marshes of the main.

In the published journal of one of these traders—the same who made the first correct survey of the island—it is stated that a number of Portuguese outlaws, fugitives from the adjoining settlements, had established themselves at several points on the channel. This band of very questionable settlers would seem to have rapidly increased. The exercise of tyrannical power by the royal Captains in Brazil was very great. The Viceroy, who held his court, with the insignia of royalty, at Rio de Janeiro, maintained discretionary supervision over these military chieftains; the Camara, or council, which nominally represented the people, was associated with the governor in the administration of each captaincy; nevertheless each ruler managed to act pretty much as he pleased within his own precincts. So much was this the case, that, upon the occasion of some disputes between the Camara and the Governor of one of the northern captaincies, the Crown had distinctly intimated that the power of the officer, appointed by itself, was to be considered, in every future instance, superior to that of the representatives whom he had chosen from the people. Such being the case, the salubrity of the climate and the prodigal fertility of the soil of Dos Patos offered strong inducements to any unhappy beings who were desirous of escaping from the frowns

* These were the leaders of the expeditions which penetrated into the unexplored regions, to make slaves of the natives, or in search of gold mines.

of these petty potentates, to the immunities of savage life.

The refugees speedily became involved in irregular conflicts with the natives, a simple, yet inquisitive people, who, upon former occasions, had become so captivated by the Spanish chivalry as to follow the cavaliers on their long marches from the mainland, through savage wilds infested by hostile tribes, to the Christian settlements in the south. The aboriginal name of this secluded recess of the sea, which the Indian was at length destined to lose, was *Juru-Mirim*, or the Little-Mouth, in allusion to the narrow passage which connected the two great divisions of the strait. It was here the Indians were generally first seen by voyagers, crossing the wild ferry from shore to shore, or spearing fish in the little sandy coves which form so frequent a feature of the coast. From these haunts they were now driven by the outlaw;—from sandy nook, and forest-town, back to the wooded mountains of the continent. As the numbers of their foe increased, and they became able to exchange skins and provisions for the firearms of the French, the savage was followed across the strait; and when a body of excellent settlers, who had been sent hither by the government from the Western Isles of the Atlantic, arrived, these tangled and gloomy solitudes were still occasionally disturbed, as his shrill and vengeful *huru* replied from afar to the hoarse shout of the bandit. The tigers were numerous and troublesome at this period, occupying the attention of the settlers equally with the wild men of the mountains; but a number of large dogs introduced from San Paulo, and suffered to breed on the island, proved excellent auxiliaries in either species of combat. For nearly thirty years after the date of the Frenchman's visit, this relaxed state of society continued at Saint Catharine. Foreign traders still touched there to recruit, bartering various necessary commodities for fresh provisions; for, money was invariably refused, being, in fact, in as little esteem here, as the glittering lump of gold to De Foe's hero in goat-skin. This species of trade would appear to have been amicably conducted, and the ragamuffin merchants to have enjoyed, to the last, the entire confidence of the seamen.

But when Commodore Anson, of South Sea notoriety, visited the island in 1740, the state of things was entirely changed. The restraints of a legal government had at length been established. The halcyon days of the honest outlaw were over, and though he had not been driven, in turn, to the *Serra*,* he had been forced by the new state of things to legitimate labour. The old, bare-legged, democratic governor, had been displaced by a brigadier-general of the armies of the crown; fortresses were rising, huts disappearing, emigrants pouring in, priests and soldiers already parading the streets of the new town, dress coats and rapiers in vogue, and tiger-skin drawers in the shadow. The social polity had been overthrown, money was beginning to assert its omnipotent sway, and the curse entailed upon Adam was felt in the rugged Eden of Saint Catharine.

The boundaries of the new captaincy were now established—extending between the *Sahy Grande*, flowing between it and the province of San Paulo

on the north,—and the *Mampituba*, separating it from that of the *Rio Grande do Sul* on the south. Its extent of seaboard is sixty leagues, lying between the 25th and 29th degrees of south latitude. The heads of the *Cordillera* mark the divisions from the same provinces on the west.

Men of respectability continued to remove to the new captaincy from different parts of the country, and bodies of frugal and industrious farmers from the *Azores* to settle upon the island, or upon the more eligible spots of the mainland. Gradually, the industry of the settlers, seconded by the labours of a few slaves, gave a different aspect to these fortunate shores. The virgin woods of the island began to disappear. Fields of *mandioca* and cane, with patches of coffee and cotton, covered the less elevated grounds; herds of tame cattle darkened the extensive pastures of the plain; and the *caza** of the proprietor, humble, indeed, yet superior to the hut of the old settler, was generally to be seen on the brow of a gentle hill, with its little possessions around it, or down on the greener bank by the sands of the bay, where the wash of waves was the cradle-song of his child, and the fish swam by his door.

Some years afterwards, when the town, built upon the shore of a small bay which washes the insular side of the narrow passage, was rising into importance as the capital of the province, the attention of the Portuguese government became directed to the immense number of whales which frequented these seas, a few of which had been taken, from time to time, even in the days of the outlaws. A company was formed at Lisbon, to which the minister, in pursuance of the policy of the times, farmed the coast. As the success of the scheme was certain, and the revenue from the mines was continually declining, a heavy outlay was immediately made, and the works, after many months of unremitting toil, were erected on a small bay on the mainland, not far from the northern entrance of the strait.

This site was fortunately chosen, even for a channel abounding in natural havens. The low, rocky point of *Armacao*, trending towards the island, forms here a natural breakwater to the little landlocked bay, where, in calm weather, the waters are as smooth as a mill-pond. The flood-tide rolling into the great channel before a strong sea-breeze breaks heavily on the leeward shore, and meeting in the narrow passage the counter-waves from the south, occasions an irregular, tumultuous sea, through which it is extremely difficult to steer a boat. But within the bounds of the bay the sea is never greatly disturbed, even in the roughest weather. Here then, close to the beach, the try-works were erected. These consisted of a number of long, walled sheds, containing each from twenty to thirty large boilers, with their furnaces—each shed extending to the strand, where strong piers, built of the heavy, durable *pao do ferro* of the country, projected into water from two to three fathoms in depth. Upon these great piers were placed enormous cranes and cumbrous capstans, with their heavy tackling, for securing, heaving up, and turning the dead whale during the process of "flinching;" while upon the point itself, excavated in the solid rock, and defended from the rains by huge roofs covered with semitubular tiles,

* The mountain; literally, the high mountain.

* House.

were the immense tanks where the oil was stored. In the largest of the vaults, a whale-boat might be turned with ease.

The boatsheds were built upon the right of the warehouses. They contained from six to twelve boats, with their gear, always ready for service. The smithies, and the huts of the negro slaves employed on the station, were located in the rear of the works; the houses of the harpooners behind these, and upon the background, on an eminence, the *caza* and gardens of the Company's factor, where he lived in a style little inferior to that of the Captain-General.

The *balaena mysticetus*, or right whale, was the chief object of the fishery. Humpbacks* were sometimes taken early in the season, which lasted from December to June. The spermaceti whale was occasionally captured off Ponta Grossa, the northern extremity of the island, and even in the strait; though this species prefers seeking its food in deeper water. Finbacks, or rorquals, overran the coast, and were supposed to drive the other whales from the ground. On account of their great speed and their unproductiveness, these were allowed to roam the seas undisturbed.

For many years after the Company was established, the number of whales taken was very great, averaging at least a whale each day during the season, not excepting the days of Romish festivity, when the men did not work. As the Company increased in wealth and power, those employed at the works enjoyed certain tacit immunities, to which the rest of the population were strangers. They were exempted from military duty, and from the liability to be taken from their occupation at the caprice of the governor. Their disputes were referable to the agent alone, and unless some serious crime had been committed, the officers of his excellency were seldom seen on official business at the Armacao. The harpooners were men of importance in their line, receiving high wages, and assuming a style of dress and demeanour well calculated to maintain their pretensions. They heartily despised the soldiers, and, at the time referred to, were at feud with the Governor's guards, and the people of his household. With the rest of the population they were great favourites, especially with the shopkeepers of the town. To the wild herdsmen of the plains they were objects of curious interest, whenever the former had occasion to seek the town and the contiguous shore of the strait. In some respects the lives of these two classes of men were not dissimilar: the herdsman pursued his object on land, the whaler on the deep; and, of the cast of a lasso or the dart of a lance, each had its pride and its danger. The duties of the harpooner and the boatsteerer were distinct; the latter steering the former on to the whale, and never leaving his position at the oar until the whale was secured. In the New England service, the officer (the mate) commanding the boat, "lays the boatsteerer on," and as soon as the animal is "fastened to," they shift, end for end, the mate taking his place in the bow, and giving the *coup-de-grace* stroke with the lance. But, in the Brazilian fishery, the harpooner alone handled the weapons and tended the line. The boats

were larger and less easily managed than the light and graceful fabrics of our own countrymen, and like these, they carried six men, with the tub and line. Occasionally, they went out as far as the two islets which lie off the northern entrance of the strait; though, generally, the whales were killed at distances more convenient to the Armacao.

The Company's agent, who enjoyed the rank of Capitan-Mor or Captain-Major, was exclusively occupied with the duties of his station. Being upon good terms with the Governor he beheld with undisguised concern, the feelings of mutual aversion which existed between his men and the military. It was, of course, to his interest and that of the Company to avoid all difficulties of this nature, and accordingly, as far as he could, he kept his men closely occupied at the Armacao. This was the more necessary, as martial law had been in force for some time, in consequence of a rumour prevalent on the coast, that Don Pedro Cevallos, the celebrated Spanish captain, was fitting out an armament in the port of Cadiz for the reduction of Saint Catharine.

The yield of oil at this period was very great, as many as five hundred whales having been killed in a season. Towards the close of the century, the works began to decline: in 1808 they did not average a whale a fortnight; and, at the present day, a cargo of oil for a four-boat ship cannot be collected in two seasons on the Brazil Coast.

In the next chapter, I will give a short account of a disaster which attended the opening of the works in 1777, and was long remembered in the country.

CHAPTER II.

DISASTERS OF THE CHASE.

It was early on a clear, breezy morning, in November, that a harpooner, named Louis Debolt, a German by birth, and popularly known in the Captaincy by the soubriquet of Gallo do Serra, or Cock of the Rock, in company with another, a Portuguese, was superintending some piece of work at the Armacao, when a black slave, who was relaying the tiles on the roof of the warehouse, suddenly called out that he saw whale-spouts in the strait.

"*Diab!* whereaway, Doming'?" said Louis.

"Here, senhor," answered the slave, standing up on the crest of the roof, and pointing in the direction of the little Isle of Parrots, which lay northeast from the works, off the insular shore. The channel here is about three miles wide, and the waves of this broad expanse were then running seaward, under the influence of a mountain breeze, which was sufficiently strong to cap their heads with foam.

"I saw the sharks coming in from the sea last evening," said Antonie, the Portuguese, as he looked from beneath his sombrero, in the direction indicated; "but these are humpers, or finners, or sulphur-bottoms."

"*Si!*" said Louis, "very likely. To the devil with them! But is that," continued he, shading his eyes from the beams of the morning sun, "is that a whale-spout close to the citadel, or a gull rising with a fish?"

"It is neither, senhor," replied Antonie, who from his position commanded a better view of the strait. "It is that *filho do diabo*, Henrique Diaz,

* *Balaena gibbosa*, a smaller species of the *Physalis*, or great rorqual, the largest of created beings.

with the young Conde de Tavora, running down the strait with a free sheet."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Cock of the Rock, dropping the coil of rope he was inspecting, and taking the spyglass from his companion, "it is the Conde, *certamente*. It is long since we saw Julian de Tavora at the Armacao. Men say that he seldom stirs from the Palace."

"The Conde is welcome," said Antonie, to whom the terrible story of the misfortunes of the house of Tavora was well known: "I have seen his lordship plant a harpoon in a whale's hump, and cast a lasso over a bull's horns with judgment. For that child of the devil, Henrique Diaz, water will never drown the rascally heathen, nor *agua ardente do Rheino** either. He will live to kick in a subtler element."

"And that," said Louis, uncoiling his line, "that is air. Nevertheless, the imp has his uses, as the Sargento Mor† knows full well. He can swim like a duck, and manage a canoe as well as the Conde himself. No state-minister understands the Spanish saying, *Di mentira, y sacaras verdad*,‡ better than Henrique."

"Si!" said Antonie, as he leisurely betook himself to the new mat he was making for his row-lock, "he is an ill-begotten, malignant wretch, whom I purpose one day to throw into a boiler, for the stab in the dark he gave my *compadre*. I heard that he was caterwauling, with his guitar in somebody's gutter, in the town, last Sunday eve. By the mass! if the rocket-maker had heard him, his excellency might have sent to the devil for a new page in the morning; unless, in sooth, his black skin is proof against buzzard-shot."

"Si! they are a pair," said Louis. "Maldonado de Jiboia and Henrique Diaz,—a pair for an honest man to shun as he would a boa or a cobra. But tell me, Senhor Antonie, when is young Julian to marry the Senhora Isabelle. It is said the license is coming by the next ship from Lisbon."

"It may be, Senhor Louis," answered the Portuguese, in a low tone; "but I fear the minister will never consent that the last male heir of the hated house of Tavora shall wed the Donna Isabelle de Mendonca."

"Ah!" exclaimed Louis, in a similar tone, "the tiger may forget the taste of blood, or the sharks their coming feast in the channel; but when did the great Marquis forgive an enemy? They say that, in the dungeons of yonder citadel, a prisoner has languished for many years, his only offence being a refusal to pronounce a false sentence of judgment upon the Jesuits."

The Portuguese cast a glance around the cracked and sooty walls of the Armacao, before he replied in a still more cautious tone.

"It is Jose Mascarenhas Pacheo," he said, "one of the three commissioners sent out by Pompal to sit in inquiry upon the fathers of the Company. On the passage out, the ship was chased by a fiery meteor, which burst over their heads with an infernal explosion. A heavy squall followed, and the three worthy judges, thinking their time was come, immediately confessed their sins; among the rest, their secret instructions to condemn the Jesuits. After the weather cleared, *canes redibant ad vomitum*, as Father Dinaz would

say—all, except Jose, who stuck to his penitent resolutions, and exposed his colleagues. For this, Senhor Louis, he was confined, first at Rio, and afterwards in the *citadel des Raones*. For sixteen years, he has not seen the sun.—The canoe is heading up for the pier. In less than ten minutes they will be here."

Julian de Tavora, the subject of the harpooner's last remark, was the only male survivor of the proud family which the Marquis de Pompal, the inflexible minister of Joseph the First, had destroyed. He was not, in reality, entitled to the rank which, by courtesy, he held at Saint Catharine. At the court of the Viceroy, he was the Senhor Julian de Tavora, the family title having been extinguished by the king's decree, with the fires which consumed the ghastly remains of his parents and kinsmen in the public square of Lisbon. All Europe had rung with their terrible fate. The stern minister alone was unmoved. The king's life had been attempted, and it was necessary that the punishment should be commensurate with the extent and enormity of the crime. Nearly every member of the conspirator's family had been executed or immured in dungeons, and the boy was sent out to the colonies, where a silent, but sleepless watch, was kept on his every movement. The misfortunes of his house procured him universal sympathy, from which nothing in his appearance and character was calculated to detract. He was handsome, high-spirited, and liberal to extravagance of the remains of his patrimony, excelled in all the dangerous sports of the island, and, with his own hands, in expeditions to the Serra, had slain three Indians, and nine tigers. This alone, was sufficient to make him the hero of the place.

When the canoe rounded the point, and shot into the bay, it was plainly seen that he was accompanied by the Governor's page, a hideous Angolan negro, universally detested, small in stature, intensely black, and full of apprehensive life; yet of so wild and gloomy appearance, that, to most men, he seemed like some malignant and wandering spirit of evil. His body was light, and well proportioned; but the face was so small as to approach deformity,—the eyes minute and piercing as those of a cobra. He ever went gaily attired, with a cruzado in his purse, and, as far as service went, appeared much attached to the young Count.

They beached the canoe close to the spot where the harpooners were standing, and striking her masts, hauled her up on the sand. The Count passed on, to the factor's house, with a slight salutation; while the dwarf halted close to the men of the Armacao, who looked coldly upon him. Nothing daunted, he seated his minikin body on the gunwale of Antonie's boat, and, taking off his velvet cap, glanced quietly round the works, as if taking note of the extent of preparation. A bearded monkey, chained to a ring round the stem of a dead palm, ascended to his house, in great haste, uttering deprecating cries, and lugging his chain with him: a dog, smelling round a heap of scraps or burnt blubber, bristled his back, and crept, with a drooping tail, to the side of Antonie. Still there was something in his appearance in keeping with the scene—with the long, ragged, smoke-dried walls, the rude, clumsy machines, and the vast, sloping roofs with their immense eaves.

* Lisbon brandy.

† The Sergeant-Major.

‡ Tell a lie to arrive at a truth.

"What news at the Palace, devil-page?" said the Cock of the Rock, after enduring his presence in silence for some minutes.

"*Nada, Senhor,*" answered the page shortly.

"Nothing!" repeated the harpooner, in a tone of affected surprise. "Why it is said—*intende vos!*—that you had fallen in love with the Condé's Paraguay ape, and had a taste of the *strappado* for teaching her to drink Lisbon brandy. Moreover, you are not to go into the gardens without the mask you wore last Sunday night, on your serenade. The roses cannot endure your illustrious presence. *Santa Maria!* the tulips and passion-flowers are dying of envy."

The page ground his teeth, and scowled gloomily at the speaker, when a tile fell from the roof on the sand at his feet, and, with a piercing glance of his snaky eyes, he laid his little ebony hand on his dagger.

The harpooners glanced significantly at each other, and Louis continued his banter.

"It is the Condé's wish—*intende, vossa merced*—if we can manage to catch a live heron before Lent begins, to lead off the *Intrudes** with a sort of classical combat, the bird representing the ancient family of the cranes, and your highness, Prince *Cara de Mono*,† that of the pygmies. It is thought that your highness's exploits against the anthills have procured this distinguished honour. *Sturm vetter!* you must fight like a man, though; for, the heron's wings will be clipped."

The page touched the plume in his cap with a sort of grace, smiling after his gloomy and malignant fashion.

"There may be a hawk on your heron," he said, in his small, shrill tones, "before that day comes, in spite of your red cheek, your curling brown hair, and your foreign blue eyes."

"By San Christavao! the imp says well," said Louis, aside to Antonie, "but the hawk he speaks of will not fly this season. We have certain news that the Spaniard has foregone his expedition. The old Admiral, Casa-Tilly, has quarrelled with Don Pedro about a question of precedence—the colour of a ribbon—the mounting of a medallion—or something of that sort. As for the blue eyes," said the comely German, reddening slightly, "what says the song of *meu menina*—

"Olhos pardos e negros
Saõ as communs;
Mais os do minho amante
Deos fõe azues."

"*Si!*" said Antonie, while a blithe smile illuminated his olive cheek—

"Cacavalla for its wine!
And Santarem for corn!"

"But look! *Viva negro, Domingo!* Yonder are a school of sperm whales, as I live, cruising in the strait!—one—two—three—a dozen spouts at least!"

"*Der teufel!* away with you, Domingo!" shouted Louis, while his handsome, sunburnt face flushed with the love of his profession. "Call the men, and we will launch the boats before they head to seaward again. *Presto!*"

* The three days of festivity which precede Lent.

† *Cara de Mono*—monkey-face.

Both harpooners flew to the boathouse, but Antonie's boat being nearest the water, he was enabled to launch and man her a moment before the German. The latter had the factor himself to steer him, the Count at the tub, and the black page at his after-oar. Domingo and a mestico, called Manuel pulled his midship and forward oars. He was not far behind the Portuguese, whose boat, manned with slaves, kept its start. As the alarm was now given, before the two reached mid-channel, several other boats had pushed off to intercept the whales on their return, as it was supposed that the school would not pass through the narrow passage into the great southern bay.

The two headmost boats steered steadily in the wake of the whales. The latter moved slowly on their course, the flankers diverging occasionally to either board, the centre whales going straight up the channel, while the white spray of their spouts glittered in the sun, as it drifted for an instant on the morning air. The breeze was deliciously cool and fragrant; a few white sails dotted the waters of the strait, and the fleecy clouds, which all night long had rested on the mountain tops, were now drifting fast to leeward. The pelicans were going out to fish, in long regular lines; the fish-hawks, as is their custom early in the day, soared in circles towards the sun; and upon the beach of a bushy islet, which the school was passing to starboard, a flock of scarlet flamingoes were drawn up in line, like a party of soldiers to resist a landing.

As the boats passed the citadel on the island of Atomeri, the rampart was already crowded with spectators, and, further on, the people were seen gathering on the points, and the beaches, and at the doors of their cottages. The first boat kept its distance; and off the village of Santa Cruz, Antonie fastened to one whale, and mortally wounded another with a dart of his lance. The fast whale turned and made for the open seas, dodging several boats which attempted to waylay him, and leaving a long, white line in the boat's wake, as he rapidly sought an offing. Point after point,—hill after hill,—beach after beach, flew by, until at last the Island of Gal, which lies off the northern entrance, and the broad ocean itself, lay before them. Several drags had been thrown out, but he towed on as fast as ever, and the slaves began to murmur, as they cast their eyes anxiously on the land they were leaving at such an alarming rate.

"*Diab!*" said one fellow, "him run across de ocean, and fetch up on de Guinea coast, and Tomma see he home again."

"Cut de line, and let de rascal go, Senhor Antonie," said the bowman; "to-morrow you get another dat make two of him."

This piece of advice, which was well meant and extremely judicious, at least in the eyes of the speaker, was ill received,—a sharp kick in the rear admonishing him to be silent.

In a few moments, the animal's speed began to slacken, though the water still formed an arch of foam under the bow.

"Watch him till he eases off a little more, Antonie," said the amateur boat-steerer, a clerk of the factor's; "then haul up, and give his flukes a touch with the spade."

This was an extremely delicate and dangerous manœuvre to attempt with a half-grown bull-

whale fully *gallied*,* with two harpoons in his hump. The harpooner was well aware of this, and, as the land-wind was failing, he shook his head, and suggested another expedient. In the bow of the boat was a swivel for shooting harpoons and lances in calm weather. It was little thought of, however, and the only boat which still carried it was that of Antonie, who, though fully relying on his sinewy arms, had a lurking partiality for the use of gunpowder. It was a sort of martial variation to an old tune, and it did his heart good to point and sight "Little Thunder," as he facetiously styled the implement, dead on to the life of a hundred-barrel whale. He cast a glance to windward, and, holding up his palm in the direction of the breeze, answered the clerk's suggestion:

"The sun is killing the wind, Senhor; in half an hour, it will be calm; by that time, this salt-water horse will tire, and we may creep up and shoot a lance into his life."

"In that time," said the clerk, panting at his steering-oar, "he will be half-way to Garoupas. Shoot a lance in his lungs, in Our Lady's name, or he will run us to Santos."

The harpooner made no reply; but, with the help of the bowman, proceeded to level the gun, and arrange the lance for immediate use, as soon as opportunity offered. Perfect silence was then preserved; the blacks sitting still on their seats, with their oars peaked, and the whites anxiously watching the whale. The breeze soon failed altogether, as the harpooner had predicted; and, as the water grew smooth, the line stretched less tensely on the bow. The whale also yawned more in his course, which was a sure sign that he was growing tired of his run, and thinking, perhaps, of his mates; for there is a mint of good, honest sympathy in a school of young bulls. If a phrenologist could lay his hand on their bumps, he would pronounce them an amiable race, with large organs of socialness. They cannot dance the polka, it is true, or empty a dozen baskets at a sitting; nevertheless, if the depths of old ocean could speak again with the tongue of Shakspeare, the pranks of many a fat Jack might be given to the public. The coral caves are their taverns; the springs of the deep their champagne; and the squid-fish their oyster-sauce and venison. But, to proceed; for our boat's crew are in peril. As he seemed inclined to rest, they paddled cautiously past his formidable flukes, gathering in the slack-line as they went, until they obtained a position close to his starboard hand,—the bright head of the lance pointing right on to the edge of his side-fin. His dull gray eye turned apprehensively on them, in its rough setting of black skin, as he rolled uneasily in the sea; and seeing that no time was to be lost, the harpooner bent over the light piece, and quickly applied the match, which he had previously prepared. The flash and the report were instantly succeeded by the convulsive plunge of the fish, and when the smoke and the cloud of spray cleared away, the line was smoking in the bow, and, where the whale had been, nought was to be seen save a greenish vortex of foaming water.

"*Donner und blitzen!* as Louis would say," exclaimed the Portuguese, coolly, as he tended the

line: "he has it! A stone wall would not stop 'Little Thunder,' much less a foot of blubber. He cannot stay long under with that hole in his life. If Doctor *Matasanos* was here, he would tell you, Senhor Jose, that the *arteria pulmonaria* was cut through the middle. I wish the fellow would be thoughtful enough to tow us back where he brought us from, while his breath lasts. He'll go *in extremis* presently, which, as I take it, Senhor, is Latin for—Look out! he is rising on the larboard beam. Slue her head to meet him. There goes blood and brine first, and clear claret next! By the soul of a cat, it is all up with him!"

"*Nao, senhor!* He will show fight yet," said the clerk. "The life is not knocked out of a forty-barrel bull so easily."

"I'll wager a chain of gold against the emerald on your finger, that I turn him up with the first dart," said Antonie.

"Good! Done!" said the clerk, "and the slaves shall be witnesses. He is as sick as a monk in a storm, already. There goes his breakfast! Blessed Lady! his last meal was a full one."

The harpooner laughed, as he eyed the large pieces of squid and great clots of gore, which floated past; then clearing away a second lance, he made sign to the clerk to "lay him on."

"Row! give way, boys! Let the Senhor Antonie have a fair chance."

The slaves joyfully obeyed, and the bow of the boat was laid on to the monster's fin.

"So! Lie on your oars!" said the harpooner, poising his lance. He was in the act of darting, when suddenly an immense shoal of white porpoises appeared, ahead and astern, breaching and careering over the waves in long files, until the sea around the boat was as troubled as the surf upon a sunken reef. They ran up the track of blood like a pack of hounds in full cry, leaping over and upon the back of the dying whale, and surrounding the boat in such prodigious numbers, that the harpooner, in some alarm, turned his lance against them. He darted it through the body of the nearest, with the expectation that the whole shoal would pursue the one he had wounded, as is the custom of these fish. But, unfortunately, the individual selected, in its agony, leaped directly into the stern of the boat, and was, of course, followed by the others. There was barely time for a single warning exclamation, before she was a bottomless wreck, and the crew in the water. As there had been no time to cut, the line became entangled with the wreck, when the tub fell through; and, the whale moving ahead, the men were left unsupported, except by the oars, at the distance of five miles from the nearest land, which was the islet previously mentioned. It was nearly calm when the accident happened, and not a single canoe in sight. Leaving the oars to the clerk and one of the slaves who could not swim, the harpooner, with the rest, started for the islet; but they were carried by the current towards the mainland, where, to the surprise of everybody, the harpooner landed, at the point of Dos Gaúchos, distant, at least, two leagues from the scene, three hours after the boat was stoven. Though many boats and canoes were despatched to rescue the remainder of the crew, not a man of them was ever seen afterwards. The oars were picked up, and the dead whale, the wreck being disengaged, probably, by the death-struggle. The shore was

* A whaling-word, expressive of the susceptibility of this animal to fear.

thoroughly examined for many miles, when the flood set in, and for a long time afterwards; but, though the hats of one or two of the parties were found, it was never ascertained whether their owners were drowned, or taken alive by the enormous sharks which frequented the strait during the fishing season. Masses were said for their souls at the expense of the Company; and, for a long period, the effect of the catastrophe was felt in the decided aversion of the slaves to perform the most trifling duty in the boats.

CHAPTER III.

THE ISLE AND THE CONTINENT.

On the day when the catastrophe, related in the last chapter, occurred, the operations of the boats had been successful to an unusual degree. Sixteen whales, averaging a yield of ten *pipas*, or twelve hundred English gallons each, had been towed into the docks of the Armacao before vespers. Most of these had been killed by Louis during the few moments which ensued between the harpooning of the first whale, and the sea-stampede, which scattered them in every direction. It is a well-known fact, in the natural history of the macrocephalus, that an entire school, attacked by the whalers, will sometimes lie panic-stricken, until, in the extremity of terror, a single individual starts, when the rush and run of the rest immediately follow. Taking advantage of this timorous state of inaction, the daring and skilful whaleman, exchanging his harpoon for a lance, will sometimes mortally wound or kill a moiety of the school in a very short space of time. In the rapid and dexterous "dart" of his lance, Louis excelled all competitors, it being generally allowed that this mode of using the weapon was as fatal in his hands, as a "set," or thrust, in those of another.

The brief, gorgeous twilight, which flushes the face of dying day, in this climate, had passed away, and the virgin moon and her attendant star were casting their pale beams on the waters of the bay, when Louis arrived off the piers with the last whale in tow. The point, and the whole semicircular strand, presented a striking and animated sight. In the docks, most of the slain monsters were already secured, floating deep amid the young surges of the tide, while creaking and groaning, like the immense machines of old, the mighty capstans, manned by a hundred sable hands, were hoisting up to the cranes great masses of blubber, already detached from the carcasses by the spadesmen on the piers. When these ponderous pieces had attained a certain height, they were swung into that part of the Armacao where the mincers and boiler-men were stationed.

Surging slowly, with many a reluctant plunge, mass after mass ascended, to the wild chorus of a hundred voices; while separate gangs of slaves, each under the direction of a leader, shovelled out heaps of "seraps," cleared out the furnaces, lit the fires, or sharpened the cutting-spades. A priest who lived in the family of the factor had already blessed and sprinkled the works. A gigantic Angolan negro, who had been chosen king of the slaves for the season, was very conspicuous, as, arrayed in a crown of gilt paper, and bearing a curiously carved sceptre of whalebone in his hand, he stood, Colossus-like, on a capstan-head, and superintended the process of heaving

round. The confused din of the labouring machines, and the wild clamour of voices, with the black smoke which began to pour in dense volumes from the try-works, might well have reminded a Royal Professor of Latin* of the mouth of the pit of Acheron; while the unearthly shriek with which the black king stimulated his subjects to exertion, might have passed, at the same time, for one of the rallying cries of the sons of Satan.

The sea-birds, in thick flocks, flew screaming round the docks, and the sharks, which had hitherto followed leisurely in the smooth tracks of the whales, now began to splash about and bestir themselves, as if aware that the banquet had begun.

An active crew of Yankee whalers has certainly been known "to cut in a whale," under favourable circumstances, in three hours, from the moment when the first "blanket-piece" had swung clear of the main-rail, inboard:—at the Armacao, more than double that time was consumed in the same operation,—although several whales could then be "flinched" at once, and the oil was more easily stored.

Large copper tubes, and gutters lined with the same material, connected the boilers with the tanks. Hose, prepared especially for the purpose, were also used to convey the oil, as pumped out from the tanks, to that part of the warehouses where the casks were stored and coopered for the voyage to Europe.

It was midnight, before the regular watches were set; and, for the first time since the morning, the two harpooners, wet and weary, met for a moment, in a *venda*, or small drinking-house, close to the works. The loss of the boat's crew threw a deep gloom over the operations of the day, which had otherwise been a matter of great exultation.

"I had hopes of finding the clerk," said Antoine, in reply to some observation of Louis; "but I think now that the sharks must have taken him. They followed us back to the Armacao in shoals, and some of the slaves are ready to swear that they saw 'Wise John'† cross our wake more than once. I saw one fellow, myself, with a backfin like that of a killer."

"I saw him, too," said another; "he dogged us from Parrot Island, all the way in. He was so close aboard us once, that, if there had been a swivel in the boat, I should have shot a lance into him."

"Little Thunder would have finished him," said Antoine, with a heavy sigh. "But the piece has gone to the bottom with the rest:—Our Lady have mercy on their souls!"

"Si," said Louis, "the Capitaen and Father Paul will look to the masses. Let us go to our *alcovas*. I'm as sleepy as a negro in harvest. Good night!" And yawning and yawning, as he went, he sought his *rede*,‡ closely followed by his comrades, who were no less heavily affected by the severe labours of the day. The keeper of the *venda*, on the contrary, lit another torch, and pro-

* Almost every town of note in Brazil has at least one royal professor of Latin.

† An enormous shark, of the blue species, so called from his cunning in avoiding the snares laid for him by the slaves of the station.

‡ Hammock.

ceeded to arrange his jugs and glasses, in readiness for the harvest which the smoke of the try-works was always sure to bring into his till.

I shall now proceed to notice briefly the condition of the rural inhabitants of the island, as contrasted with those of the continent. The houses of the former were better built and more convenient, and their grounds, if less extensive, were cultivated with more care. They were also more secure from the inroads of wild beasts. A few jaguars were still to be met with, and the monkeys, the original denizens of the forest, though, like the parrots, they were considered legitimate food, had not yet been extirpated from the island. Large, predatory bands of the howling species still inhabited the heart of the *matto*, where, all day long, they practised gymnastic exercises on the *timbo*, or wild rigging of parasitical vines, which extended from tree to tree; or, like the moss-troopers of old, at the approach of night, collected in troops for a moonlight foray. The fields of sugar-cane, the vegetable gardens, and the orangeries and bananaries, were the chief objects of their expeditions. With the banded birds and the travelling ant, they had once been the worst enemies of the planter: the dogs, and the occasional use of firearms, soon kept the two first-named pests at bay:—as for the last, they had never, at any time, been as destructive here as in the northern captaincies, and the heavy showers of summer seem to have swept them away, as the land became gradually cleared.

With a climate, the finest on earth in winter,—even the continuous heat of summer being moderated by the mountain gales, and the breeze from the sea,—the island planter, by the aid of a few slaves, lived at ease on the flour of the manioc, the fish of the bays, the beef of the pastures, and the delightful fruits of the clime. The cotton grown upon his lands was spun by the women into cloth for his household; his canoes carried the surplus produce of his plantation to the market of the town; the hunt in the forest, the *fandango*, and the processions of the Romish Church, amused his leisure hours, and an occasional arrival from Rio de Janeiro, furnished him with news. The appearance of a slaver, with the refuse of her cargo for sale, formed the great event of his life. The man who possessed a few slaves in such a climate, was considered on the high-road to prosperity; for a great majority of the negroes were owned by the Company, and employed in the labours of the works.

There were other arrivals of a still more equivocal character, in which he took a decided, though neutral interest. A Spanish coaster would occasionally run into the southern entrance of the strait, and anchor in some convenient haven, not far from the capital, where she would remain for a few days, during which time the Sargento-Mor, in a *sumaca*, or smack, of the governor, paid her repeated visits. She was soon off again, and after a longer or shorter period, it would be whispered that the *bergatim* was again in the channel, and the Sargento-Mor again busy with the smack. The Spaniard was a smuggler from the Rio de la Plata, and this was the manner in which the transactions at Santa Catharine were carried on. The sovereigns of Spain and Portugal were entitled by law to one-fifth of the precious metals discovered in South American provinces. But gold was exclusively obtained from the Brazilian

mines, and silver from those of the Spanish colonies on the Pacific; and the reader will readily understand that no tax was levied in either country upon that metal which was the peculiar product of the other. Now, considerable quantities of the gold were collected in the small streams which flow down the Serra da Santa Catharina to the sea; and this gold was purchased, at a nominal price, of the *grimpeiros** by the governor, who had entered into an arrangement with his Spanish correspondents, by which it was exchanged in the bay of Saint Catharine for silver smuggled from the mines of Peru, across the Andes, on the backs of mules; so that, in this way, their most Catholic Majesties were defrauded of their fifths, by their loyal and ingenuous servants.

That Don Antonio should be concerned in so flagrant an evasion of the very laws he was sent hither to enforce, will be a matter of small surprise to those acquainted with the official history of these military governors, which, in almost every instance, was marked by crimes of far greater magnitude. The arrivals of this smuggling craft, though apparently unnoticed, were a theme of private remark all over the island, and many a wild tale was told—many a wide estimate made of the great bars of virgin silver stored away in the hidden recesses of the palace.

But be this as it may, blessed with an industrious spirit, and careful to avoid the displeasure of the governor, the island farmer lived and flourished. His house was generally situated on the summit of a gentle rise, in the midst of a grove of orange trees; so numerous were the springs, that it is scarcely hyperbolical to say that through each man's lands ran a rivulet; shaded walks, through grounds covered with cotton and coffee plants, led to the sugar and farina mills, or from dwelling to dwelling; the men cleared and cultivated the soil; the women spun the cotton into garments; the boys fished and tended the few cattle which worked the mills; the children played half-naked on the strand, or beneath the shade of the roof-trees: and so, from day to day—his waking hours passed in improving a grateful soil, and his sleep sweetened by toil,—sped the life of the “*Lavador*,” in one of the most delightful regions of the world. It was in the power of the petty despot under whom he lived, to darken at will the sunshine of his existence; but only in this respect was his condition of life the same with that of the less fortunate settler of the continent.

Descended from the frugal and industrious emigrant of the Western Isles,—bound together by the ties of blood, sponsorship, or marriage,—harmless in their lives, and cheerful in their intercourse with each other,—the people of these secluded districts presented a picture of rural life frequently seen in the Brazils. Often has the writer of this sketch, in the roving days of his youth, wandered among the romantic defiles and lovely vales of Saint Catharine—often mused over the wild scenes these shores had witnessed—often sat upon the green bank when the breeze was abroad and golden sunshine on the waves—often imagined, as he inhaled the balmy air, that he could hear a strangely sweet but faint chime of music, mingling with the mimic roar of the tide on the

* A race of contrabandists peculiar to the country.

strand of some hidden bay, or keeping time with the white heads of the breakers, as they rose and fell on the granite rocks of the coast.

But though the breeze is there, and "the voice mysterious," the charm of youth is gone, and the chances are, I behold the green isle no more. *Adieuos, bonita Ilha!* Never greener spot greeted pilgrim from the sea—never rose the sun from his ocean bed on fairer isle.

On the main land, especially a little remote from the coast, in the cattle districts, the life of the "*Fazendeiro*" more nearly resembled that of the wild *peon* of the more southern *estancias*. His habitation was a mere hovel, the roof thatched with palm leaves. Its furniture consisted of a few stools, and matte-cups. On its mud walls, hung the spur with its enormous rowel—the tremendous bridle-bit—the *lumbrillo* with its small triangular stirrups of horn and its gay surcingle—the *lasso*—the *bollas*—the cavalry sword, and the rusty firelock. A chest was often used as a seat and a wardrobe, but chairs and tables were of extremely rare occurrence. The family took their meals from a grass mat spread on the floor, where the children also slept. The adults occupied the *alcovas*, or small sleeping closets. Between these, a little arched passage led to a shed behind the house, where the meals were cooked, and a few agricultural implements kept, besides the fishing-rods, the paddles and poles of the canoes, with which they navigated the mountain streams. In another corner might be seen a pickaxe, a lantern or two, and a few mining tools. These latter utensils indicated his connexion with the *grimpieiros*. Fish, fresh or dried, charqued beef boiled with black beans and highly seasoned, formed his principal food; knives and forks, with spoons were superfluous articles, each person dipped his fingers in the dish, and was supplied with a calabash of dry farina, the grains of which he threw into his mouth, with a dexterity acquired by long practice. If any fell to the floor, they were immediately snatched up by the chickens, which hung round the meal, like an enemy's advance round the rearguard of a retreat which endangers the baggage-wagons. They continually exercise the vigilance of the women and children during the meal, though nothing was easier than to shut the door. Why this was not done is a mystery to this day. Small cups of coffee or cocoa-shells of *herba do matto*, or Paraguay tea, were taken at the repast, which was concluded with a plentiful dessert.

The *Fazendeiro*, and his men, passed their time in tending the herds of his pasture—breaking his horses and mules—in chasing the *anta*,* the jaguar, or the wild men. Sometimes he turned *Capitaen do Matto*, or Bush Captain, and hunted the runaway slaves of the mountains. His expeditions to the Serra, however, most generally resulted to the profit of his Excellency, Don Antonio de Mendonca.

His state of morals was lower, and his opportunities of information less frequent, than those of the fishermen and small planters located directly on the coast. He was much addicted to gambling, and the undue use of the long knife, his constant companion. No quarter was given in his contests with the Indians, who sufficiently tried his

temper by murdering his people, cutting down his crops, and carrying off his cattle. These forays sometimes required the presence of the *Sargentos Mor* and a party of soldiers: the savage, it was true, had not learned the use of firearms, and held them in great dread; but he timed his movements so as rarely to be caught at a disadvantage, and shot his barbed arrows home to the mark, with a force not to be despised. In this irregular warfare, the fugitive slaves sometimes acted as guides to the wild men, or formed themselves into small bands in the mountains, where they were hunted down by the herdsmen and the people of the *Armacao*.

Many interesting incidents, connected with the history of this captaincy—of its capture by the Spaniards in 1777, and its curious characters, some of whom were common to the whole country—are well known to the writer, and may, perhaps, be given to the public in a narrative at some future day.

THE POLE'S REPLY.*

BY MARY A. DENISON.

SING of my land's sweet songs to thee!—

My breaking heart refrains:

I cannot feel their melody

While Poland is in chains.

I cannot speak the thoughts that sprang

From mighty souls to life,—

The burning words that heroes sang

In freedom's glorious strife.

The fire of minstrelsy is dim;

Its altars strew the ground;

And the stern patriot's lofty hymn

Is but an empty sound.

For Poland's children chant no more

The strains of other years;

They toil upon a foreign shore,

And feed its soil with tears.

The harp in palace hall is hushed;

The voice by cottage hearth;

The haughty lordling's pride is crushed;

The peasant's lowly mirth;

For Russia's greedy eagles wave

Where Poland's flag belongs;

And while they bend above her grave,

How can they sing her songs?

O God of battles! Thou that led

The hosts through Agenon—

Bade Joshua, ere the armies fled,

Command the burning sun—

Roll the sealed rock from Poland's tomb;

Proclaim my brothers free;

Let my poor country burst her gloom,

And wake to liberty!

Sing of my land's sweet songs to thee!—

By this unbidden tear,

I have no land to welcome me;

I wander exiled here.

Then chide me not, if thoughts that rise

My soul's deep fountains stir;

My country, lost and ruined, lies

In Russia's sepulchre.

* An exiled Pole being recently asked to sing one of his country's songs, replied, "I cannot sing, while my country is in chains."

* The Brazilian *tapir*.

NEW YORK.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

(Continued from p. 151.)

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by J. SARTAIN & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

THE facilities offered by this abundance of pure water for the extinguishment of fires, are such as are reckoned by some nearly equivalent to all the other benefits conferred by the introduction of the Croton. We should hardly know how to compute the general benefit which must arise from raising the standard of cleanliness; from cooling our burning streets during the intolerable heats of summer; from beautifying our public squares and private gardens with refreshing fountains; and from all the innumerable conveniences and comfort of an unlimited supply of water for domestic purposes; but when we consider the devastating fires which have prostrated whole districts in New York, plunged thousands in distress and ruin, and even threatened the foundations of commercial prosperity for the time, hardly any estimate seems too high when we would value the security which now exists. In London, perfect as is the system with regard to the extinguishment of fires, lack of water often renders it for a time useless, half an hour sometimes elapsing before a drop can be procured. In New York this can never occur, since fire-plugs, far from being under the lock and key of the churchwarden, are to be found everywhere ready to give forth their oceanic plenty at a moment's warning. The consequence of this abundance is, that minor fires are extinguished immediately with absolute certainty; and if, unhappily, the mischief has gained head before alarm is taken, immense volumes of water are brought in aid of the safety of surrounding buildings. There is, indeed, no organized Fire Brigade like that of London—an institution unequalled for efficiency in its department—but the abundance of water, and promptness, or rather zeal of service, do all they can to supply the deficiency. Firemen make their service a passion; one would think their own individual life and fortune were at stake, if but a carpenter's shop take fire; yet their only remuneration for this prodigality of breath and limbs is exemption from militia and jury duty, if we except a large share of the gratitude and regard of their fellow-citizens.

After having spoken of this provision of pure and life-giving water, we turn, by no very violent transition, to the facilities extended by New York to her children in the matter of education,—a point on which she is justly somewhat vain-glorious. There are three classes of public schools, the whole instruction of which is entirely gratuitous. Those of the Public School Society number one hundred and fifteen; the Ward Schools fifty-four; and the Corporate Schools, consisting principally of those of the Orphan Asylums and other charitable institutions, the number of which it is difficult to fix with accuracy. The scholars taught in all these schools amount to more than one hundred thousand, and the interest of the schools, and the improvement and happiness of the pupils, are watched over with unremitting assiduity by men of benevolence, experience, and judgment. Female teachers are largely employed, from a growing conviction, that females make the best teachers, of boys as

well as girls; and the progress of some of the scholars is truly remarkable, though, in this respect, public instruction is of course very unequal, since it is used largely by a class whose parents have little notion of the value of education, and therefore little solicitude about the punctuality and diligence of their children.

To reward industry and proficiency, and to give a more generous impetus to talent, New York has a Free Academy or College, established by general vote of the people, at which all the branches of a classical and elegant education are taught at the cost of the State. Previous connexion for one year, at the Ward or Public Schools, is necessary for admission into this Academy, and candidates selected from all those schools undergo an examination before admission. The gentlemen who have charge of the Free Academy are equal to those who occupy the chairs of our Colleges, and the studies pursued are of as high a character, and may be pursued to as satisfactory a point as at College.

All the instruction here mentioned is absolutely free—without charge to the parent either for books or school expenses of any sort.

There is a school on Randall's Island, in the East River, for the children of paupers and convicts, which includes more than a thousand pupils, under excellent discipline for health, manners, and intellectual improvement. This school, though supported by the city, receives much attention from the benevolent, who are in the habit of visiting it, and providing various trifling indulgences for the pleasure and improvement of the little unfortunates thus fostered by the benign spirit of our laws and the prevailing humanity of our community. One can hardly help personifying the Great City, worldly and selfish as it may seem in some aspects, as a beneficent and impartial mother, extending her cares and benefits even to the unworthy, and standing between her children and a blighting fortune, which would otherwise condemn them to ignorance and vice from the cradle. We cannot but feel that with all her sins, she will not be condemned for want of ten righteous! Heaven bless her, and make her sons worthy of her!

So much for preventive charity. In that of a remedial kind, New York is munificently supplied. A Dispensary, with branches in various parts of the city, supported principally by private subscription, and attended gratuitously by competent physicians, supplies medicine and advice, with vaccination, and, occasionally even with food, to more than forty thousand persons annually. This institution is now being still further extended.

The Almshouse Department maintains five establishments, which, together, support about seven thousand persons, and affords weekly aid to some three thousand others. The Nursery Branch of this charity is of peculiar interest, and the provision for the care of sick and destitute immigrants noble in spirit and extent. The Institution for the Deaf and Dumb has about two hundred and fifty pupils, of whom one hundred and sixty are supported at the expense of the State. The Asylum for the Blind, originally established by a few members of the Society of Friends, has about one hundred and fifty pupils. Besides these, private charity has opened refuges for almost every form of human misery and destitution, so that it may safely be said, that no one, of any age, sex, nation,

or character, *need* suffer, in New York, for lack of Christian kindness in its ordinary manifestations. Among these beneficent offers of relief and aid, we may mention one in particular, whose worth is not as fully appreciated by the public as that of some others, though none is more needed. The Prison Association takes care of the interests of accused persons, whose poverty and ignorance make them the easy prey of the designing and heartless, attends to them while in prison, and after their release, holds out the helping hand and provides relief, occupation, and countenance, for all those who are willing to reform. A house with matrons is provided for discharged female convicts, who are instructed and initiated into various modes of employment, until they have had time to prove themselves fit to be recommended to places. The success of this most benign and difficult charity has been very encouraging.

It would be vain to attempt, in this desultory sketch, any account of the means of morals and religion in New York. In these respects, she differs but little from other great commercial towns. The number of places of worship is something under three hundred, and each form of religious benevolence has its appropriate society, as elsewhere. Sabbath-schools are very popular, and attended by the children of the first citizens. An immense number of persons are associated under the designation of Sons and Daughters of Temperance, who present a strong front against that vice which turns the wise man into a fool. But as there is nothing distinctive in these and similar associations, we pass them by.

A puritan tone of manners prevails; that is to say, with the mass of well-to-do citizens, puritan manners are the beau-ideal of propriety and safety. Yet New York is fast assuming a cosmopolitan tone, which will make it difficult, before very long, to speak of any particular style of manners as prevailing. Representatives of every nation, and tongue, and kindred, and people, meeting on a footing of perfect equality of political advantages, must, in time, produce a social state differing in some important particulars from any that the world has yet seen. The population of New York will, at the past rate of increase, be, in ten years, greater than that of Paris, and in thirty, equal to that of London. How can we speculate on a social state formed under such circumstances? The present aspect of what claims to be New York society is certainly rather anomalous.

Ostentation, the American weakness, is, as yet, too prominent in the entertainments of the rich; and the not rich, with republican pride, will rather renounce the pleasures and advantages of society, than receive company in an inexpensive way. Even public amusements are not fashionable. Large numbers, it is true, attend them; but not of the fashionable classes. The Opera, alone, has a sort of popularity with these; but it is as an elegant lounge, and a chance of distinction from the vulgar. A low-priced opera, like those of the Continent, with music as the main object, and magnificent costume for the audience put out of the question by twilight houses, is yet to be tried in New York. In the opinion of some, this is one day to be the touchstone of American musical taste.*

* Since the above was written, the experiment

A passion for popular music the Americans certainly have. The Negro Melodists, numerous as they are, draw throngs every night; and their music, whether gay or sad, has all the charms that could be desired for the popular heart. But people of any pretension enjoy this kind of music, as it were, by stealth, not considering that the pleasure it gives, is, in fact, a test of its excellence. Many of the negro airs are worthy of symphonies and accompaniments by Beethoven or Schubert; but until they have been endorsed by science, the New Yorker would rather not be caught enjoying them.

If we should venture to suggest what it is that New York society most lacks, we should say Courage;—courage to enjoy and make the most of individual tastes and feelings. The spirit of imitation robs social life of all that is picturesque and poetical. Living for the eyes of our neighbours is stupifying and belittling; it gives an air of hollowness and tinsel to our homes, stealing even from the heartiness of affection, and sapping the disinterestedness of friendship:—it tends to the general impoverishment of home-life, the privacy of which is the soil of originality, and the nursery of accomplishments:—it is hardly consistent with the pursuit of literature or art for its own sake; since a desire to do what others do, and avoid what others contemn, excludes private and independent choice, except where the natural bias is inevitably strong. There is, in truth, very little relish for home accomplishments in New York. With many honourable exceptions, Music is too much a thing of exhibition, and Drawing is scarcely practised at all. Two or three of the modern languages are taught in every school; but the use of these is seldom kept up in after life, even by reading. No people are so poorly furnished with foreign tongues as the Americans, and New York forms no exception to the general remark.

Having spoken of strictly public means of education in New York, we may be excused, while touching on society, if we turn, for a moment's notice, to those large private schools, especially for young ladies, which form so conspicuous a feature among the better attractions of the city. In some of these schools, we confess a pride, founded not on their showiness or their splendid result, but upon the depth of principle, and the anxious attention to the highest interests of the scholar which characterize their plan and teachings. We ought to say that our own personal knowledge is limited to schools for girls, and that,

of an opera with tickets at fifty cents or less has been tried in New York, and thus far with at least encouraging success. Castle Garden—an immense house—gathers large audiences every night; the difference between a sort of impromptu summer theatre like this, and the more formal worldliness of the winter subscription opera, inducing many to attend who decline the latter on principle. Here the best music, by the best performers, is presented to a very large class of our population,—the serious, well-to-do citizens, who have as yet paid little attention to scientific music. Their warm appreciation has, thus far, been cheering to those who desire to see music assume its due place as a means of the highest civilization,—that which depends on the elevation of individual character.

at the moment, some two or three of these are more particularly within our thought. But when we consider the importance of a single school for young women—a school counting its hundreds, and enclosing pupils from every State in the Union,—we need not blush to boast that New York does much towards the education of the future wives and mothers of the Republic. She has teachers who are not ashamed of the most serious aims in the instruction of the daughters of the rich and fashionable; who know how to make religion without sectarianism the basis of every branch of knowledge; who are able to reconcile the utmost accuracy in the more solid branches, with abundance and elegance of accomplishments. The extraordinary healthfulness of New York, draws towards it scholars from every corner of the Union, desirous of the advantages peculiar to large cities; and intelligent teachers know how to make all these advantages—as, the presence of specimens of art, science, and literature—available to pupils fitted to profit by them. From seven to ten thousand pupils are taught at private schools in the city, and the immediate vicinity includes nearly as many more. In one city school of our acquaintance, there are among the boarders—not to speak of day-scholars—representatives of thirteen States; so that New York may justly be considered as diffusing knowledge in large measure among sister States. Whether the improved tone of female education, among the fashionable classes, is destined to produce marked results in future, it is impossible to say; for what we call education is only one, and not the strongest, among the influences which determine character. If bad social ideas prevail, schools can do but little to counteract them: if empty show be the order of the day; if ignorance be considered no disgrace to wealth; hospitality a mere opportunity for display; the ties of kindred weak before disparities in fortune; if ever religion is to be influenced by fashion, and the degree of our sorrow for the dead graduated by milliners and mantua-makers; all the professed teacher can do is apparently little. But it is by such toils that a truer civilization must advance. The increase of wealth may bring pride and luxury; but it will never, unaided, bring refinement. A civilization of mere outward show is not in keeping with our day of general advancement, and unless the tone of social life keep pace with the increase of wealth, we shall inevitably deserve all the contemptuous imputations of those who would fain see it proved that democratic institutions lead by an inclined plane to absolute vulgarity of manners.

We shall not venture to touch that most sensitive of all topics, native Art, on which no opinion can be expressed with safety. Suffice it to say, that New York has a National Academy of Design; the nucleus of a free Gallery; an Art-Union largely patronised; an Artist's Association, with a gallery of its own; and various exhibitions of European pictures. Lessing's Martyrdom of Huss has been, for some time, exhibiting in a gallery of paintings of the Düsseldorf school. Statuary is, as yet, comparatively rare; for, although American Art has sprung at once to high excellence in this direction, the sculptors generally reside abroad, for the sake of superior advantages for execution. The present year sees the *début* of a young sculptor of New York named

Palmer, who has just finished a work of great promise for this spring's Exhibition of the National Academy, an exhibition most cheering to the friends of American Art, from its marked superiority, in many respects, to any that have gone before it. A Home-Book of Beauty is in progress, for which a young English artist, son of the celebrated Martin, is making the portraits. This promises to be very popular, since the reputation of American female beauty is world-wide.

These slight notices of New York as she is, are intended rather to give foreign visitors a hint what *not* to expect, than to serve as anything deserving the name of a description of one of the great commercial cities of the world. It is quite possible to come to New York with such letters of introduction, as shall open to the stranger society as intelligent and well-bred as any in Europe; but, as this is composed of people who never run after notabilities as such, it is often unknown and unsuspected by the visitor from abroad, who, consequently, returns home with such broad views as we have been attempting to give, quite satisfied that there is nothing more worth seeking. It is noticeable, that the most favourable accounts of American manners have been given by the best-born and highest-bred foreign travellers; while disparagement and abuse have been the retaliation of those who have, to their surprise, found the Americans quite capable of distinguishing between snobs and gentlemen. The intelligent traveller must know how to take New York for what she is, and he will not undervalue her for not being what she is not. She is a magnificent city; a city of unexampled growth and energy; of the noblest public works; of unbounded charity; of a most intelligent providence in the instruction of her children; of fearless liberality in the reception and treatment of foreigners, and of growing interest in all the arts which adorn and harmonize society. Those who visit her prepared to find these traits, will not be disappointed; those who will accept nothing in an American city of yesterday, but the tranquillity and delicate tone of assured civilization, should not come westward. Yet in real, essential civilization that city cannot be far behindhand, in which the duties of a street police are almost nominal, and where every ill that can afflict humanity is cared for gratuitously, and in the most humane spirit. Justly proud of the proofs of her preparation for the outward gloss of manners, which is all in all to the superficial observer, New York can well afford to invite the scrutiny of the intelligent citizen of the world.

As we began our little sketch with some Knickerbocker reminiscences, so we feel bound, before we close, to say a word or two of the traces that still remain of the honoured origin of much of the wealth and respectability of New York. Whatever we may allow for an English superstructure, we cannot forget that the Dutch foundation was most excellent. "The Batavians," says Tacitus, "are distinguished among the neighbouring nations for their valour;" and in the seventeenth century, the countrymen of Van Tromp and De Ruyter had not degenerated from their Batavian ancestors; and, in the gentler qualities of peace, industry, perseverance, energy, honesty, and enterprise, the States-General were surpassed by no European community. For their notions of law, we may consult Grotius; for their taste for art, the exquisite works which constitute

a school of their own. The Dutch masters of New York were people of high tone and character; and, to this day, there lingers a flavour of nobility and dignity about the very names of Van Rensselaer, Van Cortlandt, Van Zandt, Brinkerhoff, Stuyvesant, Rutgers, Schermerhorn, etc., represented by families who still retain much of their ancient wealth, and a great deal of their ancient aristocratic feeling. Many jokes have been founded upon the unwillingness of these lords of the soil to be disturbed; one of the best of which is Washington Irving's story of Wolfert Webber, who thought he must inevitably die in the almshouse, because the corporation ruined his cabbage-garden by running a street through it. But they make excellent citizens; and their aversion to change has been but a much-needed balance to the wild, go-ahead restlessness of the full-blooded Yankee, who sees nothing but the future. The Dutch have customs, and, of course, manners; while the tendency of modern New York life is adverse to both. The citizen of to-day cannot help looking upon the Dutch spirit as "slow;" but he has an instinctive respect for it, notwithstanding.

One single Dutch custom still maintains its ground triumphantly, in spite of the hurry of business, the selfishness of the commercial spirit, and the efforts of a few paltry fashionists, who would fain put down everything in which a suspicion of heartiness can be detected. It is the custom of making New Year visits on the first day of January, when every lady is at home, and every gentleman goes the rounds of his entire acquaintance, —flying in and flying out, it is true, but still with an expression of good will and friendly feeling, that is invaluable in a community where daily life is so much under the control of that cabalistic word Business. Ladies are in high party trim, and refreshments of various kinds are offered;—but the main point and recognised meaning of the whole, is the interchange of friendly greetings. No one, not to the manner born, can imagine the glow of feeling that characterizes these flying visits. "As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend." The mere looking into each others' faces is good for human creatures; and when the sincere, even though transient, light of kindly feeling beams from the eyes that thus encounter, something is done against egotism, haughty disregard, and "blank oblivion." Many a coolness dies on New Year's Day under a battery of smiles; many a hard thought is shamed away by the good wishes of the season. Old friends, inevitably separated the most of the time, thus meet at least once a year; for the enthusiasm of the hour is potent enough to make the valetudinarian forsake his easy-chair, and the cripple forget his crutches. Visiting hours are so extended as to include all the hours from ten in the morning until ten at night; and, in order to make the most of these, the gentlemen take carriages, and scour the streets at a truly American pace, so as to lose as little time as possible on the way. If a storm occurs, it is considered quite a public misfortune, since it somewhat damps the ardour of the annual ceremony, although it never wholly prevents its fulfilment. It is true, that both ladies and gentlemen are death-weary when bedtime comes, but that, for once a year, is no great evil. It is true, too, that some few young men will take more whiskey-

punch and champagne than is becoming; but, for one who does this, there are many who decline "all that can intoxicate," except smiles and kind words. In some few houses the blinds are closed, the gas lighted, and a band of music in attendance, and each batch of visitors inveigled into a polka or Redowa, for which the lady of the mansion has taken care to provide partners. But this is considered a degeneracy, and voted *mauvais ton* by those who understand the thing. To "throw a perfume o'er the violet" bespeaks the French *coiffeur* or the *parvenu*; the simplicity of the ancient Dutch custom of New Year's visits is its dignity and glory. Long may it live unspoiled by vulgar fashion! Well were it for the Island City if she had kept a loving hold on many another quaint festivity of her ancestors on the other side of the water! Her prosperity would be none the worse of a respectful and chastening reference to the good things of the past.

REJUVENESCENCE.

BY CHARLES W. BAIRD.

"An age of mysteries! which he
Must twice live that God's face would see."

VAUGHAN.

"He shall return to the days of his youth."

JOB.

AT twilight, in the faded west,
One glimmering star hath come to sight,
A lone forerunner of the rest,
That bears us promise of the night.

It is the same whose earliest beams
Beheld the dawning of the day;
And scarce its evening lustre seems
Less faint than in the morning gray.

Through the long glare of sunlit hours,
Unmarked it journeyed o'er the skies;
Till waning day restores its power
A little while to cheer our eyes.

But soon below yon mountain verge,
Whose shadowy line our vision bars,
This lonely pilgrim shall emerge,
All radiant in the light of stars.

Hast thou a magic spell, fair orb,
To heal the sure decay of time,
That withering noon could not absorb
The vigour of thy lustrous prime?

Or did the sunlight but conceal,
What Time and Night should publish both,
And in their proper course reveal,—
The certain progress of thy growth?

So, from the brow of childhood fair,
A starlike halo seems to melt,
As sterner years of grief and care
Pass o'er the spirit where it dwelt.

The peace of soul—the native sense
Of right—the tenderness of heart—
The unsullied bloom of innocence—
And all most dear to heaven, depart.

Time, that has tarnished these, may shed
The light of knowledge o'er our way,

And give us, for the twilight fled,
The dazzling splendours of the day.

But who that would not glad return,
By worldly wisdom unbeguiled,
And in his manhood stoop to learn
The pure fresh spirit of the child?

There is an age, whose mellowed light
Grows richer with its slow decline,
And gathers, from the gloom of night,
New hope to live and strength to shine.

Then, Innocence and Peace resume
Their holy presence, long withdrawn,
And life's calm, closing hours assume
The tranquil beauty of its dawn.

If wisdom's narrow path secure
My sultry day so fair a close,
And brighten with a hope so sure
The distant land whose gate she shows;

If Time the clouded prospect clears,
And Age revives the light of Truth;—
Pass on, ye unregretted years,
And bring me to that better youth!

THE MODEL PALACE.

BY THE REV. A. D. EDDY, D.D., NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

THERE are a thousand objects of interest to the American traveller through Europe. Dismantled and ruined castles, and gorgeous palaces, are among the chief objects of attraction. Romance and party, with their nameless legends, give a charm and sacredness to the one, while genius and art throw their wondrous attractions around the other. In the former, *romance* was once reality, and in the latter, the present reality is all but romance. While we can hardly credit the *actual*, that in ages past transpired within baronial walls and towers and dungeons, and scarcely conceive the lofty crags, the deep moats, and mountain heights, with frowning buttresses and turrets that defied the invader; so now, our well-informed conceptions, our matured expectations, and our own liveliest imaginings, can scarcely reach the extent and beauty, the costliness and grandeur of the palaces of modern Europe.

We have read the veritable history and legends, and we have wandered over the ruins of British and continental castles, and we have minutely surveyed some of the finest palaces of the English sovereigns, Buckingham, St. James, and Windsor. There are the Tuilleries, Versailles, Fontainebleau, and St. Cloud, and these are wonderfully magnificent. It would seem that all which genius, and art, and gold, could devise and secure had been lavished upon them.

There is a majesty and stateliness at Windsor,—and at Versailles, an extent and costliness almost beyond conception. The one with its varied associations and existing sovereignty commands our profoundest admiration;—from the other, though its highest glory has departed, and no royal footsteps are heard within its gilded halls, there is almost an unearthly magic and charm pervading it, and the spirits of illustrious kings seem to congregate and linger here.

But leaving the chambers of royalty and kingly courts, we select for our admiration and review the residence of the noble Duke of Devonshire, on the Derwent, in England.

There is probably no spot in the British dominions more beautiful than Chatsworth,—nothing so perfect of its kind as the palace of the Duke of Devonshire. It stands peerless, if not unparalleled, and nothing of princely magnificence can surpass it without the many natural advantages, which so abundantly contribute to its perfection in grandeur and beauty.

The valley that embosoms this noble structure is of surpassing richness, rural simplicity, and beauty. The pure and silvery Derwent winds its way in prolonged circuits; as if reluctant to leave a scene so enchanting; and pays, in the deep green of her borders, her silent and treasured tribute for the honour of passing amid such richness and splendour; and retires, proud to have added to their perfection and charm.

We never saw the sun throw its beams with such mild loveliness, or the stars of night rest so satisfied in their moonless splendour through their midnight watchings as over the enchanting valley of Chatsworth.

Prepared for this scene by a brief sojourn at the romantic gorge of Matlock Bath, and a drive through rich fields to this first dukedom of England, we were expecting almost wonders; and having seen it, we are not at all surprised that Victoria, as she entered the lofty conservatory with coach and four, amid fourteen thousand lustres pouring their effulgence upon her, exclaimed, "Devonshire, you beat me!"

If Solomon said, "What can a man do that cometh after the king?" so here, the first of earthly sovereigns must say, "What can royalty do that cometh after such a Duke?"

In driving from Matlock Bath, you enter the grounds of Devonshire at the extreme southern corner, and it is not long before you meet herds and flocks and bevies of cattle of various kinds reposing beneath the spreading oaks of centuries, in the most satisfied superiority, so sleek, so stately, you can hardly resist the conviction of their consciousness of their noble relation.

Winding along the valley of the Derwent and over gentle hills, you soon rest your eye upon a lofty mountain or prominence of hills that hangs over the palace, from the extreme height of which floats the family banner of his Lordship, the symbol, not so much of his nobility as the evidence of his presence at the palace. This is the well-known herald of his return from the capital, and the pledge that he can be seen at home.

As you advance, you soon arouse from their graceful recumbency herds of two thousand deer; and these rush from before you;—hundreds of branching antlers, and sleek does in full chase of their more lordly leaders. Next, you are welcomed by the more confiding flocks of almost countless extent, in full native dress of surpassing Saxon and Merino richness. These, with conscious innocence and a superior claim to the green meadows, give no indication of retiring for your convenience, nor seem to suspect at all your desire that they should. No one seems more at home, or more conscious of his hereditary claims and titles than a well-horned Saxon buck.

In rising another slight eminence, you command

a full view of the palace of Chatsworth, the most perfect structure of its kind in the world. Not so spacious, not so imposing, as many of the seats of royalty, or of nobles of the realm; but as a whole,—for its beauty and order, surrounding scenery and cultivation of art and aids of science,—peerless! incomparable!

It is an autumn day—a bright, bland, mild September morning. We drive to the inn, just without the upper gate of the park of Edensor, kept chiefly for visitors at this courtly residence.

You can hardly rest or wait for a coach to take you to the palace. It seems a privation to your feet not to tread these neat winding paths, and almost a desecration to tramp with quadrupeds their almost polished smoothness.

In ascending the hill from Edensor, you have a full view of nearly the whole of Chatsworth. The first and most imposing object is the mountain back of the palace, looking in frowning majesty directly upon its turrets. Next, is the palace itself, sending from its almost countless chimneys the smoke in graceful columns,—the evidence of life and industry within. Next, you look back upon the sweet little village of Edensor, with its neat gothic spire and clustered dwellings in the Tudor, Elizabethan, and Swiss styles, giving an air of rural beauty and artless simplicity to the scene. There is the home of the more favoured of his lordship's tenants.

On the loftiest peak of the mountain is the *Tower*, where *ladies* were formerly indulged in the spectacle of the chase, when some poor, doomed buck became the sport and the victim of a hundred hounds and scores of horses and noble riders, in the wonderful pursuit.

Another, and perhaps most deserving object that rises at a distance, radiating brilliantly the morning sun, is the *Conservatory*, of glass, covering several acres, and securing in its ample enclosure all the climates the earth knows, with land and water to meet the wants of all vegetable growth. Your ears are soon startled by a mighty rush of torrents from the mountain, in the morning salutation of nobility; pouring over precipices and tumbling along their rapid way; throwing outward and upward jets and columns and curves; dissolving in spray, spreading clouds and stretching rainbows; making this huge mountain of wood all vocal and sparkling and alive, till suddenly all disappears from your view, and is known no more save as it swells, silently tributary to the beautifully spreading sheets of water that divide, refresh, and adorn the expanded lawns at your feet.

You gaze a moment on these waters, rivalling nature in their beauty of arrangement and use. A jet of ninety feet springs forth, throwing its silvery spray to the sun in wonderful brilliancy. Again, a magnificent and more lofty column breaks from the deep, blue bosom of the lake, and, to your amazement, challenges the clouds. It is the loftiest shaft of the kind in the world, rising two hundred and sixty-seven feet from its bed of waters, and literally filling the broad expanse with its dissolving spray. This is one of the wonders of the world.

Casting your eye up the winding Derwent and along its beautiful curves, you see embosomed in native oaks, beech, and chestnut, and richly cultivated shrubbery, what is called the "kitchen garden." You would think a prince lived there. It is near a mile from the palace. Here are pro-

ductions enough for an army, and fruits choice enough and abundant enough for the banquet of kings and nobles and ladies in the times of Elizabeth and Leicester. Such peaches mellowing in the sun; such clusters blushing on the vine, with endless varieties of fruits and flowers, we never dreamed of before. A single peach tree in heavy bearing, said to be very old, and yet perfectly vigorous and fresh, branches more than seventy feet.

Shrouded in the wood, on the top of the mountain, is the perfect model of a Swiss cottage, retired enough to win the most devoted recluse, and too lovely not to be enjoyed in permanent residence. On the loftiest summit possible for such purposes, are gathered exhaustless resources of water, there reserved and held tributary to the claims, necessities, beauties, and fancies of the valley below. From the flag-tower, you realize the wisdom of this selected spot. Its view is commanding and perfect, and you are carried back to those times of England's pride, when the chase was its glory, and popular and frequent,—when thousands of noble-born matron eyes here sparkled as their proud lords were engaged in the sublime work of fatiguing, by the aid of horse and hound, some poor stag, waked from his domestic quietude, converted into a wild buck for their sport, and to be shot for contributing to their folly.

From this elevated position, the whole of Chatsworth lies before you;—hills, vales, flocks, herds, winding drives, flowery paths, the silver stream, wide-spread waters, gardens, lawns, and jets; the Conservatory, Edensor, its church, and the noble PALACE,—each peerless and perfect of its kind. Not an object, not a thing, but is in good taste and in keeping, adding to its perfectness and its charming grandeur and beauty.

Remote, in the northeastern extreme of this landscape, just under the shade of a deep wood, as if retired for peace, old age, and comfort, is a fine stone cottage, in the most excellent English taste. A faithful old gardener is pensioned there for life, on a thousand dollars with his neat dwelling and grounds. Its history is this. His son, not exactly sharing all the notions of the father, and being reared in this dukedom, had become as much one with Devonshire Park as his Grace himself. Having so long fed and guarded the flocks and herds of this estate, he had contracted something like a home-feeling, if not a rising of conscious proprietorship in some portion of these endless productions. Desiring one night to have a home banquet with a friend, he allowed a young doe to stray into his father's enclosure, and, to save it any more exposure to the damps of the open field, he gave it a warm lodgment on his own table. Indeed, John was a "poacher."

"Poaching" is a capital offence on the estates of the English nobility. So Shakspeare found it, when he invaded the grounds of "Justice Shallow," at Stratford-on-Avon. The head of the intruder may not come to the block as of old, but the detected resigns all favour of his lord for ever. There is no restoration. This is the law of the nobles.

This "poaching" youth lost his place, of course, "without benefit of clergy." But the Duke is a most considerate and tender-hearted man. And while too just and mindful of his own safety, rights, and necessities for the future, to pardon this young felon, he could not exactly visit the iniquities

of the son upon the head of the good old father, or require him to deny a shelter to the daring thief of his kid. So the Duke releases the old man from the toils of the garden, and builds him this beautiful cottage outside the gates of the park, and settles upon its inmates a pension of two hundred and fifty pounds a year for life; and all this for the privilege and necessity of excluding the felon son from his service and withholding from him his forgiveness. This is the history of the cottage on the hill.

Our readers may imagine that there is poetry, some fancy sketching here. It is not so. It is all reality, veritable reality, surpassing, though it does, all our previously conceived ideas of beauty and splendour and richness from the tales of fancy by poetic dreamers.

We will come, however, to more than simple description of scenery. We will approach the *Palace* in sober reality. Of this, we must more particularly speak, and it shall be no fancy sketch; nor fancy drapery of description.

It is natural for us to desire some knowledge of the nobleman upon whose princely estates we are resting. It will not do, however, always to inquire too minutely into the domestic relations of men. Many a title to ancestral honours and endowments may be hazarded by too strict examination of their tenure. It would seem that the present Duke of Devonshire is a bachelor of about sixty. His claim to his title and estate being early disputed by other members of this noble family, it is said that he bound himself not to marry, that, at his decease, the dukedom should descend in the direct line of his opposing claimants. This, with five other palaces, left in undisputed possession for life, Devonshire accepts as the substitute for a *wife*. And, with it all, we do not approve of his decision in the least. It is somewhat doubtful whether the Duke is satisfied fully himself; for it is said, that he is not now the man that he was when these princely estates first came into his possession. Sobriety, if not religion, is universally awarded to him, and he evidently desires to promote the highest good of his numerous tenantry. He liberally aids all who wish to emigrate to America or the Colonies; and has even proposed to reside permanently on his estates in Ireland, that he may contribute to the relief of that miserable people.

Prepossessed in favour of the noble Duke, we hasten to his palace. We pause to gaze on its vast dimensions. Before us is the massy and richly ornamented square pile of the old house, with its rusticated base; beautifully fluted Ionic columns, pilasters, elaborately adorned frieze and pediment, all surrounded with an open balustrade, divided into sections, and surrounded with urns, vases, and statues. A new wing is thrown out from this venerable square, in Grecian style, with elegant offices, projecting considerably forward about midway, breaking its vast extent. Then there is the magnificent temple soaring aloft, with its open columns, giving a beautiful finish to this wing, and a striking counterpart to the massive pile at the north. This gigantic structure, taken in connexion with its grounds, ornamented as they are, presents a scene of unrivalled richness and beauty.

We entered the stately doorway, and registered our names in the superb "Sub-Hall." Antique busts and figures, with splendid gilt vases, im-

parted an imposing air to this introductory apartment. His Grace was leaning easily on his elbow, in familiar chat with a young relative, and, with a benignant smile, made us quite welcome to his princely mansion. From this, we ascended by a flight of stairs to the north corridor, which is enriched by a costly tessellated pavement of most elegant design, variegated ornaments, inlaid with beautiful marbles, &c., while along the walls are antique statues and busts, and massive adornments. From this apartment, we are conducted into the "Great Hall," all gorgeous with the costliest of ancient paintings, by Verrico and Laguerre, presenting the most prominent scenes in the life of Julius Cæsar,—his Passage of the Rubicon, Voyage across the Adriatic, his Sacrificing at the closing of the Temple of Janus, his Death at the foot of Pompey's Statue, and his Apotheosis, or Deification. The last occupies the ceiling, and is splendidly executed. The Gallery, defended by a series of open balustrades, is carried round three sides of this magnificent hall, the centre of which is adorned by one of the largest Entrochi marble slabs, eleven feet by seven, supported by a superb carved gilt stand, and bearing descriptions historical and in honour of the palace and family of Devonshire.

From this grand hall, we passed to the south, through a beautiful archway which gives an airy lightness and great elegance to the southern extremity, by which we were introduced to the "State Rooms."

No language can do justice to these magnificent apartments,—so numerous, so spacious, so splendid. The door-cases are of the Derbyshire variegated alabaster, panelled, and richly ornamented with foliage and flowers. The windows are of solid plate glass, without sashes; and the furniture throughout of the richest character. There are two sets of magnificent gilded chairs, in which royalty once sat, and was crowned; the rich and prided perquisite of this noble house, in virtue of its official relation to the throne. These rooms are lined with costliest wood; stored with beautiful cabinets and carvings; hung with paintings of the finest schools, both ancient and modern; and fitted with Gobelin tapestries of the cartoons of Raphael. You pass on from room to room of vast dimensions; the Ante-Room, the Music Room, the Red Velvet Room, the White Room, the Library, with others, till you reach the chapel, literally fatigued and amazed and confused by the dazzling splendour that has filled and pained, as well as delighted, the eye. You welcome the Chapel as a place of repose, and from its silence and pictured scenes of solemnity and of grace divine, you are charmed almost to the devotion and realizations of a quiet Sunday morning.

In no part of Europe have we met with paintings uniformly so choice, so well selected, and so beautifully arranged. France, with the prided galleries of her capital, has nothing so perfectly complete, and no specimens of artistic excellence rivalling the superb pencilings of these royal saloons. There is nothing here of inferior or ordinary execution to offend the eye of the most cultivated; but a peerless excellence in every department.

The Chapel and Library we could hardly consent to leave. The first is perfectly chaste and appropriate for the kind of service to which it is consecrated, and though our lips might "dissent"

somewhat from the formulae of its worship, our hearts, we trust, would not rebel and refuse their union with the true worshippers of God in this noble house of devotion. The Library is of large extent and exquisite finish, and is one of the finest rooms of the kind that we ever saw, surpassed by that of Blenheim only by the flower-gardens that lie beneath it.

The Sculpture Gallery next claims our attention. We leave the Chapel for this extended apartment. From these galleries we often withhold our *unqualified* approbation. But there was a chasteness here that we did not expect to meet. This room is stored with chiselled beauty, and almost speaking divinity. Some of the most celebrated specimens of design and art to be found in the world adorn this chamber, and little, if anything, of Continental grossness can be met to offend.

Next in succession to this gallery comes the "Orangery," in perfumed attraction and wonderful beauty. This is a noble room, one hundred and eight feet by twenty-seven, and twenty-one feet in elevation. Here we met the cherished trees of the Empress Josephine, reared and cultivated by her own hand at Malmaison. And who would not pay a tribute of admiration to the memory of unfortunate and injured Josephine, while breathing the fragrance of these richly loaded leaves. As fresh and fragrant for ever may be the memory of this prided Empress, the only fadeless gem in the crown of her imperious and perfidious lord. Here was also a most splendid *Rhododendron arboreum*, bearing in one year upwards of two thousand of the loveliest flowers.

From this enchanting room, we passed near the private apartments of our noble lord. But republican eyes, and visitors of any kind, are barred the honour of seeing the extent and magnificence of these halls and saloons of luxurious pomp and noble pride. They are said to be in good keeping with the palace entire, and to have witnessed, in their day, scenes of surpassing brilliancy, extravagance, and courtly honours. A change is said to have come over these, and, at this moment, they are graced and vocal with virtuous beauty and cultivated worth; and the untitled, of just and generous aspirations, are the favoured and welcomed guests of these ancestral chambers.

We must pass to the apartments of flowers, of which it is in vain to speak. The extent, the variety, the beauty, the magnificence cannot be pictured. You are decoyed along almost unconscious of the change, till you find your feet treading silently on the velvet lawn, soft, verdant, fresh, enriched, and cooled by the unseen spray thrown from the many jets, or sent abroad from the giant cascades, far above the palace, as if to defy the scorching heat and drought of the seasons, and to secure ever-continued freshness to these gardens of beauty and scenes of science and art.

Our attention is soon attracted to the south, where rises that "mountain of glass," first seen from the hill of Edensor. Suddenly, you are in the midst of rocky defiles, beneath the frowning cliffs, where rounded and water-worn blocks of grit-stone are strewed in every direction; wild scenery, and irregular, as if never seen by man before, or invaded at all by his hand, save to open these winding defiles for your feet. Along the steep embankment, and every part of its wavy outline, indigenous plants, rare exotics, shrubs and flowers,

are growing luxuriantly, the whole bounded by magnificent beech, lime, and sycamore trees, with others, in almost endless variety.

Leaving this scene of immense labour, artfully attempting the rivalship of wild Nature in her bold and strongest achievements, you meet a stone archway, through which the "drive" passes into an immense open area, where breaks upon your wondering eyes, THE CONSERVATORY! that matchless structure, in all its grandeur, truly a sea of glass, whose waves are just settling and smoothing down from the commotions of the storm.

Such is its mechanical arrangement, that, to your eye, it seems to "undulate" along its giant dimensions, and almost persuades you that it must be a swelling mountain of the ocean.

This magnificent and unexampled structure has a central curved or arched roof, sixty-seven feet high, with a span of seventy feet, resting on two rows of iron pillars twenty-eight feet high. Floral and every choice production of the varying latitudes have here their native soil and genial temperature, adapted to the nature and necessities of every species, and every part of the globe has become tributary to this countless collection of vegetable growth.

The form of this immense edifice is a parallelogram, of two hundred and seventy-seven feet by one hundred and twenty-three. The iron sash-bars sustaining the glass of this structure would extend forty miles, while they actually contain seventy thousand square feet of strong glass, capable of resisting the elements in wintry storms, and so wonderfully arranged, "in zig-zag lines," as to produce the optical delusion to which we have referred.

This mountain of glass may be illustrated by comparing it to three square half-cones, truncated at each end; the extreme base of the upper one resting on the apex of the other two; or, we may say, that the longitudinal part of the upper dome is a semi-cylinder, which, when joined to the semi-cylindrical transverse ends, forms groins at the respective angles.

This structure is indescribably majestic. It was here his Grace gave to his worthy Queen a drive, at night, in coach and four, through the rocky defiles, with courtly attendance, direct beneath and through this mountain of glass, while fourteen thousand lamps poured their blaze from shrub and tree, and pillar and cornice, radiating and reflecting, and mingled, in more than noon-day brightness, to greet and honour the proudest and the loveliest sovereign of earth. No wonder Victoria was amazed amid this scene of wonders, so far surpassing the splendours of her own princely abodes.

On retiring from the *Conservatory*, we ascend the steps of the "great terrace-walks," which are planted round the immense area with the finest shrubs. We wind our way among rock-work; passing a beautiful bed of Italian heath, the *Erica cornuta*; then, descending a succession of steps, hedged by the yew, to the "Stid," we meet broken fragments of rock, strewed in wildest confusion, yet decked profusely with plants and flowers.

From all this, you emerge into a full and enchanting view of the wide valley of Chatsworth, near its jets and fountains in full play, attesting that his Grace is still at the Palace. When all are in motion, it is said, nothing of the kind is

known to surpass the beauty and magnificence of the scene.

The "Emperor Fountain," situated in the centre of the largest sheet of water, throws its great columns two hundred and sixty-seven feet, casting, everywhere around, its torrents of rain, and showers of spray, and fleecy clouds, refreshing far the wide lawns and gardens. Multitudes, of more modest pretension, send forth their *jets d'eau* from pool, and grove, and garden, and mountain precipice, and amid lofty oaks, far up the crags, and from the cliffs, seem, in the distance, like so many cones and pyramids, and curves and segments, of pure light and snow, reflecting the sunbeams of the morning with enchanting brilliancy; and, as we gazed upon this wondrous scene, each moment bringing to view some new attraction, some fancy *jet d'eau*, amid the woods of the mountain, suddenly, and indeed almost alarmingly to our ears, the great cataract, came thundering down the rocks and crags of the mountain and the lofty precipice, a literal flood of waters. And, as by magic, they soon died from our sight, burying themselves in silence beneath the garden views and lawns of nobility below, as if conscious of wrong in disturbing, by their mountain torrents, the quiet charms of this lovely morning. It was but their accustomed salutation, their instinctive tribute to the presence and worth of their noble lord, now an inmate of the palace.

In this veritable sketch, we have but selected a few from the vast variety of wonders of Nature, Science, and Art that crowd and adorn this ancestral domain; this prod memorial of Devonshire, and highest gem of English nobility.

Passing along the ornamented wall, dividing the Terrace from the Entrance Court, enriched with niches, figures, vases, stone tables, and balustrades elegantly sculptured, we again issued into the park; rested for a night at Edensor, and then, reluctantly, took our leave of "such an assemblage of beauty and magnificence as is nowhere to be met in the kingdom but at Chatsworth."

SONG.

THE NIGHTINGALE TO THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

BY WM. F. SMALL.

FAREWELL, lovely flow'ret, the fairest and last
That gave to the summer's soft breath its perfume;
Too frail were thy beauties, too chill was the blast,
And the sear sits in triumph where late laughed thy bloom!

Enamoured I gazed on thy young budding form,
And dreamed that our future all cloudless should be;
But the storm and the canker have withered each charm,
And left but a ruin to sorrow and me.

Tho' sad is thy fate, 'tis the lot of the fair;
For the brightest and best are the first to decay:
And the heart that is wedded to earth must despair
In the crush of its hopes, that but lure to betray!



DOCTOR ETHAN BALDWIN.

BY JOHN SARTAIN.

WHEN the Marquis of Worcester, an English nobleman, more than two centuries ago, beheld the French inventor, De Caus, in the prison of the Bicêtre, confined there as a lunatic (until he really became one), from his pertinacity in insisting on the wonderful powers of steam for propelling machinery—he exclaimed, "You have shut up and made mad the greatest genius of the age. In my country, instead of imprisoning, they would have heaped riches and honours upon him." This was, however, assuming much more for his native country than the experience of some of her worthiest sons would justify, as her historical records bear melancholy testimony. That England was foremost, at that time, in the adoption of labour-saving appliances in industrial pursuits is doubtlessly true, as it likewise is that she was notoriously behind all other civilized nations of Europe in appreciating, and still more in producing, the beautiful in art. Indeed, erudite theories were published as late as the middle of the eighteenth century, accounting for this apparent incapacity of the English by the number of geographical degrees existing between them and the equator. While the experience of the past century has dissipated this fanciful error, it has not altered her former position in relation to the mechanic arts, except that there has lately sprung up, as if by enchantment, in the wilds of the Western World, a new rival of mighty power, that already disputes with her the palm for pre-eminence in the successful invention and employment of ingenious machinery;—whether for the rapid placing of minute stitches in a garment, or with iron arm and mighty stroke propelling the vast leviathan of man's construction through the surging ocean.

But although the United States and England are conspicuous for their advancement in mechanism, Worcester's boastful assertion of the rewards awaiting the scientific discoverer is too often disproved by facts, even at the present time, in both countries. The unbelief of ignorance and a dread of innovation on the one hand, and professional

jealousy and pecuniary interest in existing methods on the other, very frequently retard the introduction of valuable improvements. The dictum of high authority, and the trammels of received dogmas, are continually nipping in the bud the new shoots ever springing from the great tree of universal truth, in the material, no less than in the moral world. The opposition that an inventor has most to dread generally proceeds from the very class of men who ought to be the first to recognise and sustain him.

A cursory glance at some of the most prominent instances in the past, which occur at once to the mind in connexion with this subject, will best exemplify the meaning, and attest the verity of the argument assumed. When Harvey first published his theory of the circulation of the blood, it was unhesitatingly rejected by the whole fraternity of physicians; yet the day arrived when it was accepted with equal unanimity; but so slowly came this conviction, that not one of those who had attained the age of forty at the time of its promulgation, lived to acknowledge its truth. De Caus, the real inventor of steam power, whose melancholy fate has been already referred to, would never have received credit for his discovery but for the accidental preservation of a private letter: the Marquis of Worcester, in his work published in 1663, entitled "A Century of Inventions," describes his own experiments with what he calls a "fire-waterwork," but makes no allusion to the incarcerated Frenchman from whom he received the idea. James Watt, whose improvement on the steam-engine is second only to its original invention, although he ultimately succeeded in demonstrating its importance, encountered a full share of the usual prejudice at first from men of the highest scientific attainment: even Smeaton, who built the far-famed Eddystone Lighthouse, refused the offer of one of Watt's engines, and said he would not have the worthless thing as a gift. The difficulties that Remington had to overcome, before he could procure the erection of a bridge according to his model, are of such recent occurrence, and became so extensively known through the American press, that to allude to them is sufficient. Pages might be filled with these repeated proofs of the fallible judgment of men high in authority; but to avoid tiring the reader, one more instance shall conclude this catalogue. When the navigation of the Atlantic by means of steamships was first seriously contemplated, a host of scientific cavillers denied the practicability of the scheme, among them the learned Dr. Dionysius Lardner.

The mention of ocean navigation recalls the main purpose of this brief notice; for it is in the application of science to this branch of engineering chiefly, that Dr. Baldwin has established claims to our attention. The train of reflection just now indulged in, was very naturally suggested by the subject, for he too is an inventor, and one not unworthy of a place beside the distinguished men whose difficulties have been referred to, and has had to encounter enough of disappointment and delay in the material realization of his thought. Still, with the steadfastness of true genius, and unfaltering confidence in the ultimate success of improvements so important to the world, he awaits hopefully its accomplishment. It is reasonable to suppose that a fair consideration of the merits of these combined inventions

has been somewhat delayed by the magnitude of the results claimed for them. We continually hear predictions of vastly increased facilities of travel from the effect of discoveries expected to be made; and yet the same individuals shrink incredulously back and without examination, when told they are already attained.

Dr. Baldwin is a native of Pennsylvania, having been born in Washington County, of that State, in 1784, and is consequently now in the sixty-seventh year of his age. He is of a stout, robust frame, of middle height, and with a healthy, vigorous constitution wholly unimpaired. The education he received was liberal, and he established a lucrative practice, at one period as a lawyer, and, at another, as a physician. But, about twenty-five years ago, the natural bent of his inclination toward the mechanical sciences, impelled him to the earnest and devoted study of engineering; and, being an original thinker, little prone to take things on trust, he has succeeded in originating several valuable improvements on received modes of procedure: patents, now in successful operation by others, have grown out of his suggestions, the almost disregarded product of so active and prolific an intellect.

The chief merit of the inventions relating to steam vessels, which Dr. Baldwin is endeavouring to have brought into use, are these four:—First: A new steam condenser, by which *all* the heat contained in the waste steam from the engine is transferred to the water that is on its way from the pump, through pipes, to the fire; and this is so perfectly accomplished, that, before arriving at the fire, the water reaches a temperature so high, that it bursts into steam, instantly, on getting vent in the air. It is obvious, that, on this plan, the saving of fuel is enormous; and, as the *same* water continues its round through the pipes, now as steam, and then as cold water, changing its condition at every circuit, the usual accumulation of a scale or crust of foreign matter, from the water on the inner surface of the boiler, is avoided, and the iron thereby being preserved clean, passes the heat rapidly, because unobstructedly, from the fire to the water. But a boiler (technically so called) is dispensed with altogether, to the great saving of human life. This is the last of Dr. Baldwin's inventions, and belongs to the present year;—Second: A screw propeller, of peculiar form, differing essentially from what is termed the Archimedian screw and of which, the great superiority was satisfactorily tested by an experiment on the river Delaware, a few months since;—Third: A new kind of steam engine, on the rotary principle;—And last: A new model, of novel form, for the hull of the ship, calculated to diminish the resistance in the water to the smallest amount possible. The accumulated gains to be derived from the adoption of these combined improvements in steam vessels are so vast, comparatively, that, to state them, would be but to excite incredulity. They consist of economy of fuel, and of space occupied by machinery, and a saving of the greater part of the usual expense in its original construction;—extreme simplicity of arrangement and fewness of parts, with the most direct application of power;—security from explosions or the derangement of machinery, and an astonishing rapidity in the passage of the vessel through the water.

An explosion of the boiler, on board the steam-

SARTAINS MAGAZINE.



ENGRAVED BY J. W. STEEL. — THE ORIGINAL BY A. BOUVER.

THE DEWDROP.

boat "Invincible," on the river Delaware, which occurred under circumstances particularly calculated to arrest attention, led Dr. Baldwin to a closer examination of the causes of these frequent disasters, that prove so destructive to human life. At the time of this explosion, there was scarcely any steam on, making it evident that the accident could not be attributed to too great a pressure, and, therefore, the solution had to be sought in some other unexplained cause. A paper, on this subject, is before me, written by Mr. John Clemens, and from it the following quotation is made. "With few exceptions, all who have considered the subject of boiler explosions would, at once, decide, that it was produced by the ignition of a gas, or gases, generated in the boiler,—an elucidation almost universally advanced, when no other plausible reason can be readily assigned. As this is a subject of great importance, (accidents to boilers being of almost daily occurrence,) Dr. Baldwin feels it due to society to expose the entire fallacy of this erroneous theory, and furnish what he considers the philosophically true cause producing the explosion of a boiler, as distinguished from bursting; which former, he believes, can only occur *through the agency of electricity*. He denies the possibility for any gas, or gases, to be generated in a boiler. Even admitting, for the sake of argument, that hydrogen gas is liberated by the absorption of a portion of the oxygen, by the iron, when at a white heat, no *explosion* could occur, for this reason: hydrogen, and all the other inflammable gases, when ignited, suffer a considerable diminution in bulk, and, consequently, occupy much less space than before. *Collapse*, and not *explosion*, therefore, would result from the combustion of hydrogen gas. He would draw the following distinctions between the two effects: First. A *collapse* is the sudden reduction, or condensation, by synthesis of gaseous or aeriform matter, from that state to a more solid or tangible form. Second. An *explosion* is the instantaneous liberation, by analysis, of gases confined in a solid form, and permitting them to expand to the gaseous or aeriform state. The ignition of a gas, or gases, can never occur, under any circumstances, without the presence of oxygen to support the combustion,—a fact demonstrated daily at the gas-works of any city, where bicarburetted hydrogen is generated in retorts, heated to whiteness, and from which the air is entirely excluded. Immediately upon generating steam in a boiler, the air is liberated, rises to the top, and escapes upon raising the safety-valve, thus precluding the possibility of combustion.

"Admitting, hypothetically, that a boiler contained sufficient oxygen to support combustion, ignition could not occur, upon the contact of hydrogen, or any other gas, or combination of gases, with iron, heated to a red, or even a white heat, but solely through the agency of a flame,—a principle, upon which Sir Humphry Davy constructed his celebrated safety-lamp. A striking demonstration of the truth of what has been advanced, is exhibited in the familiar case of the gas-works, before referred to, where combustible gas remains perfectly free from combustion, although confined within retorts, at a white heat, for a considerable length of time." The above extract is, perhaps, sufficient refutation of the received theory respecting one class of boiler

explosions, and which Dr. Baldwin asserts, are attributable to electricity. Other causes, of course, are continually producing the bursting of steam boilers;—the burning out and oxidizing of the iron, through repeated carelessness in leaving the water below the fire line, and a similar weakening of the iron, by an intervening incrustation of sediment on the iron, preventing the free absorption of heat by the water from the iron.

It is needless to attempt an enumeration here, of the many collateral advantages that attach to each one of the foregoing inventions, it being my purpose only to exhibit, in general terms, the high claims which this ingenious man has on our consideration and respect.

THE DEW-DROP.

(Illustrating the line Engraving for September.)

BY REYNELL COATES, M.D.

LOVELIES! among the lovely!—Among earth's loveliest things
They have done well to paint thee, in their bright imaginings:
The rose thy hand has tended—the jessamine thou hast trained—
To thee owe all their odour—from thee, their grace have gained.

In their own native forest sweet flowers they might have borne,
But here, by thee deserted, their charms had soon been shorn;
Each passing stranger lightly had culled their brightest bloom;
From wintry winds unguarded, theirs were an early doom.

Upon the iron trellis, and beside the palace wall,
Where the hot sun of luxury burns witheringly on all,
Thou'st been to them as Providence, with thy o'ershadowing hand,—
Thou'st been to them the dew-drop, cast upon thy thirsty land.

Thou too art here a stranger, with that artless brow, fair maid;—
For, spirits of such purity are native to the shade:
The soil is parched beneath thee, where thy guileless heart takes root,
And the hot sun of luxury strikes every tender shoot:

To thee, even Vice, well-polished, may be privileged to speak,
And passion's lip may tamper with the soft down of thy cheek:—
The world, when shines the surface, cares but little for the flaws;
For, Fashion's heart is marble, and her laws are iron laws.

May He whose hand o'ershadows all the pure who seek the boon
Guard thy heart-blossoms lovingly, from the fierce heat of noon,
And, may his mercy, freely, in a gentle shower descend,
To soften with the dews of Heaven the soil o'er which they bend!

THE LAST TENANTS OF IVY COTTAGE.

BY CLARA MORETON.

"If ye love not a tale of sorrow,
I pray ye, turn from this."

I WAS but a child when the Douglass family came to Glenwood, and took possession of Ivy Cottage; but I well remember how every one in the village was pleased that the house was again tenanted. It had looked so desolate since the Widow Percy's death, that it made one sad to look at it. Its quaint lattices for ever barred, the doorway netted across with "the spider's silken web," and the shrubs and vines, once so carefully trained, running to riot in their exuberance.

Once more the windows were thrown wide open, and snowy muslin curtains fluttered in the morning breeze; once more the pliant vines wreathed the pillars of the porch, where of late they had stretched their arms far out, embracing nothing; and once again the old elm flung its cool shadows over gay and graceful children, who sported on the greensward at its feet.

A brave old elm was that—in all the village there was not another so noble. For scores of years had it outstood the blast and the tempest, yielding not, even to the fierce lightning that had twice riven its trunk. The seamed scars in the gnarled gray bark, which were the only remaining traces of the thunderbolts, were now hidden from sight by the ivy, that, fold upon fold, wrapped itself around the rugged trunk.

On the meek, pale face of Mrs. Douglass, the stranger tenant of Ivy Cottage, there seemed to dwell the shadow of some terrible grief; but although the good old pastor of the church she faithfully attended, strove with kind words to win her confidence, he found his well-meaning efforts unavailing; and day by day the shadow deepened, instead of fading, as in the usual course of sorrow.

One day, in the solemn, mournful autumn time, the first autumn of her residence in Glenwood, Mrs. Douglass left the village suddenly, as she had done twice before, leaving her children with the faithful woman who had been the Widow Percy's housekeeper, and who had resumed her situation at the cottage immediately after the arrival of Mrs. Douglass in the previous spring. By her ever busy hands, the wanton vines had been trained, the luxurious shrubbery pruned with judgment, and the velvet turf kept free from weeds and scattered leaves. In her tender embrace, the children would cease to call after their mother, when hour after hour would frequently pass, and from her locked room no sound would come, save now and then a pleading tone as of one in prayer, wrestling in anguish.

The children, when questioned by the curious neighbours, as to the cause of their mother's repeated journeys, replied that this time she had said that she was going for their father, and perhaps she should find him dead. They were too young to feel anxiety or grief, and although their little faces lengthened as they spoke, their childish voices soon resounded in bursts of merry laughter.

Helen, the eldest of the three, was seven years old, a fairy-like little creature, flitting here and there like a gleam of sunshine, and calling forth

kind words and smiles wherever her winsome face appeared. The twins, Harold and Herbert, were two years younger. Noble boys they were; but how often had their mother's tears rained heavily upon them! In an agony of fondness, she would look upon her children; but never, never was there a gleam of maternal pride and joy in her intense but most mournful gaze.

Mrs. Douglass returned to Ivy Cottage, but she came not alone. The heavy burden which was borne in through the gate and the doorway with her, was her coffined husband.

Another day, and a plain white marble slab marked his resting-place in the village churchyard. The initials, "J. D.", and the age, "31," was all the record that it bore.

The night of the burial, a most fearful storm swept through the village. The wind sobbed as it had never done before around Ivy Cottage, the thunder was terrific; but, through all, motionless as a statue, stood Mrs. Douglass, leaning against a window casement in her room, her black hair floating dishevelled down her white night-robe, her fair bosom bared, and her arms extended to the heavens, as if tempting the lightning to her embrace.

The storm gradually died away; the atmosphere, which had been excessively sultry for autumn, was cooled and purified. Over the billowy mountains that skirted the eastern part of the valley, the morning dawned; the violet clouds were melted into gold and crimson; the thick vapours which for days had hung over the valley were all dispersed, save where the river glided through the woods and meadows, and where the little lake lay embosomed in green pines and the mossy rocks that spread down from the mountain gorge.

There was scarce a trace of the tempest of the previous night. What said I? The inmates of Ivy Cottage looked out upon their once noble elm, now shattered and blasted for ever! On it, the scathing lightning had done its worst—the tempest had spent its fury. Prostrate lay the majestic branches, still clad in the glorious hues of waning autumn; from the topmost bough to the very roots, the bark had been shivered into fragments, and lay scattered, rods around. The thick clinging ivy had been wrenched from its hold, and the two old scars of the now thrice-stricken tree lay open to the view.

Ten years passed over the inmates of Ivy Cottage—ten long years—and still the widow's garb remained unchanged. Throughout this weary time, her seat within the church had been unoccupied; for, never yet had her feet passed beyond the wicker-gate, since the day of her husband's funeral. So secluded did she live that very few amongst the villagers had an opportunity of remarking how like marble had become her rigid features, and how cold the eyes that now seemed ever tearless.

Those who saw this change, whispered amongst themselves that she was not a religious woman—that there was no resignation in her sorrow. They said aright. Since the hour she first bent above her husband's corpse, the holy name of God had never passed her lips. She who in prosperity had been ever mindful of his goodness, seemed hardened to stone at the first touch of his chastening. It was strange; for, more usually, the

Father whom we forget in prosperity, we cease not to call upon when adversity overtakes us.

It was winter-time, and the ground was covered with a thick, crisp snow. The trunk of the lightning-scarred elm still stood erect. One by one, the strong blasts had wrenched from it the branches which the lightning had spared; and now, only a single limb remained, which rattled dismally as its dry twigs were swayed to and fro by the winter winds.

"The old tree creaks like a gallows," said Harold to his mother, one night as they sat in the cheerful firelight. She cast one sharp glance at him, and then shuddering as he had never seen her do before, she rose and left the room.

"How strangely mother acts about that tree," he continued. "I wonder that she will not give her consent to its being cut down. Mr. Harris says it is already quite dangerous, and even if it were not so, its old blasted trunk spoils the beauty of everything around it."

"I heard your mother say," interrupted the housekeeper, "that she dreamed one night that the tree was gone, and she was childless."

"Pish! who believes in dreams? I don't. But there is nothing more likely than it will be so, if she lets it stand; for the old thing will crush us all some day;" and Harold, whistling, arose and went to the window.

The night was clear and frosty—the moon was high in the glittering heavens, and it glinted down upon the white fields, silver lake, and thick-rimed river, which reflected back a light almost as vivid as that of day, but divested of its painful glare. There were shouts and merry voices in the street, and Harold saw a party of boys going down to the lake with their sleds and skates. He and Herbert seized their own, and followed them. The housekeeper left the room, and Helen sat alone by the fire. She had become a thoughtful girl. The grief so sternly imprinted on her mother's face had at length cast its shadow upon her own. Not forgotten were her early teachings, and though it was long since Mrs. Douglass had ceased to speak to her child of religious things, Helen faithfully read her little Bible to her brothers, and never failed at morn and even-tide, to kneel with them at prayers, as years ago she had been wont to do at her mother's side.

At church, when but a child, her large blue eyes were ever thoughtfully raised to the pastor's face, and the words she could not comprehend in his discourse, he joyfully explained to her, when after service he wandered with her through the graveyard. Sometimes they paused beneath the willow, whose long branches shadowed the mound where her father lay buried; but there, to Helen's questioning, the man of God could say nought; for, unconfided to him had been the secret, if secret there were, of the death which had brought to the wife such an iron grief.

This night, Helen sat alone in the firelight, thinking of many strange things, but most of all, why her mother had so long ceased to frequent the house of God with herself and brothers. At length, her thoughts followed Harold and Herbert to the lake, and then she fell asleep. She dreamed that they were drowning, and wild with horror at the workings of her imagination, she started in her sleep, and fled like a deer down the long road to the lakeside. On, on! she neared the

place,—and now she was awakened by the fearful screams that fell upon her ears, freezing her very heart within her, and rooting her feet to the ground. She saw the frightened boys break away from each other, and hasten to the shore: she saw upon the spot where but a moment before they had seemed to stand, a dark circle in the ice;—an upraised arm!—She heard a cry; "Tis Herbert! he alone is missing!" and then she saw another form hasten from the shore. She knew it well;—'twas Harold's! One plunge, and he too was gone in the vain hope of rescuing his brother. A prolonged shriek escaped from her lips, echoing from the hills upon the opposite side of the lake, and down she darted, through the group of boys, swiftly over the glassy ice, and would have followed but too surely to the death her brave young brother, had it not been for the quick grasp of Maurice Graham, who rushed after her and held her tightly in his arms, striving to bear her struggling form from beyond the reach of danger. But they are near the air-hole,—the ice crackles under his feet,—he totters with his burden,—and while the group upon the shore stand in breathless suspense, the treacherous ice gives way, and they sink down together in the dark, cold waters. But Maurice Graham's was a strong arm to battle with death. Love too added its almost superhuman power, and grasping again and again the ice which under his numbed fingers repeatedly gave way, he succeeded at last in safely reaching the shore with the now unconscious Helen. Wrapping her in warm blankets from a cottage near, they bore her to her mother's home. And now, broke from that stricken heart the cry, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!" It needed but that. Ten long years had she in her heart denied the One that now she called upon thus earnestly; but with that anguished cry, returned the faith which alone can support earth's pilgrims through their sorrows.

She knew her boys were that night pillowed on a colder breast than they had ever proven. She knew that the arms of the pitiless waters had lulled them to their sleep; yet they who stood around heard no murmurings from her lips, as minute after minute she bent above her daughter's lifeless form. They heard only the one prayer that burst from her overcharged heart, "God forgive me, and in His mercy return me this one child." The prayer was answered. Breath came to the sculptured nostril, and light to the eye so nearly glazed; and dropping on her knees, the mother wept such tears as a softened heart alone can know.

Days passed before the bodies of Harold and Herbert were rescued from the waters and laid beside their father, beneath the frozen sod of the churchyard. Oh, it was a sad burial! but so earnestly spoke the silver-haired pastor, of the joys of heaven, of the sorrows and troubles of earth, that the weeping mother bowed her head, and said in her heart, "It is well with my children."

For a long time, Helen was very feeble; but as spring came on, Mrs. Douglass marked the glow upon her cheeks, and heralded it with thanksgiving, as the first dawn of returning health.

There were others who saw in that deep hectic flush, a radiance cast from the death-angel's wing. But Maurice Graham was not one of these. Day after day he sat by Helen's side, until his deep

love woke an answer in the fair young girl's heart.

One bright morning, he sought Mrs. Douglass in her garden to tell her of his love for Helen, and to urge her consent to a speedy union. She listened in surprise. Maurice was scarce twenty, Helen but seventeen, and she had not thought of them as other than children—of Maurice as a brave and noble boy, who had saved her child from death—of Helen as a frail young girl, who repaid with a sister's affection, the gratitude her deliverer deserved. Now, as this came upon her, the quick pain in her side, which of late she had so often felt, caused her to press her hands tightly above it, while from her wan and parted lips there came neither word of consent nor denial.

At length, grasping Maurice's hand firmly, she drew him to the house. Helen was sitting in the window-seat, her thoughtful eyes raised to the heavens, but over them, and over her transparent brow, and on her golden hair, fell heavily the shadow of the one branch of the blasted elm.

Close by her side, the mother sat, retaining still the hand of Maurice, and clasping Helen's full as close; and there she told them the one fearful secret of her life, which had so tempted her to deny an over-ruling Providence—a loving and merciful God.

A few words will suffice for me to repeat it. Her husband had been arrested for the murder of a man to whom he was considerably indebted. The circumstantial evidence had been from the first so strong, that he was hopeless of being able to establish his innocence; and he had required her to take his young children to a distant town, where, in case that his worst fears should be realized, they could be educated in ignorance of their father's fate. Even as he had feared, he was pronounced guilty, and sentenced to be hung. His faithful wife hastened to him, when she received the tidings, and remained near him, seeing him daily until all was over. In her eyes, alone, was he guiltless; so convincing had been the evidence; and, with reason all but tottering in its throne, had she returned to fulfil his last wishes. This, with many an agonizing detail that I have not time to give, she repeated to the children whose hands she so tightly clasped.

"Could you marry the daughter of an alleged murderer? of one who died by the hands of a common hangman?" she said to Maurice. He answered not. He was of a proud family; he bore an old and an unblemished name; and he hesitated while Mrs. Douglass's last words rung in his ears.

At that instant, a fresh breeze swept from off the lake and past the cottage;—it increased momentarily in violence. The old elm rattled and creaked; they all shuddered;—a moment more, and the decayed trunk lay prostrate on the earth.

The shadow was gone from Helen's face, and the sunlight lay there in unbroken splendour. To Maurice Graham it seemed, in its serene beauty, as the face of an angel. As he marked the closing eyelids,—the strange pallor that chased the rose hue from the cheeks, his heart beat quickly.

"Helen, my Helen, I do claim you!—You shall still be mine," and he bent above her fondly. He had lingered too long—the lips he had stooped to kiss were lips of clay.

The horror of his expression at the recital of the fearful tale, the hesitation which his after-

silence showed, had not been unnoticed by Helen's watchful eyes; and the shock hastened the death, which could not have been many days delayed, such fatal inroads had that insidious disease, consumption, made in her fragile frame.

Another funeral train wound out from Ivy Cottage, and Helen's name was added to the stone that marked her brothers' graves.

All through the remainder of the sweet spring and the blossoming summer, Mrs. Douglass wandered daily to the beautiful enclosure, where the mortal part of those she had so fondly loved was mouldering back to the dust of which they were created: but ever with a tranquil look she bent above their graves; for with the eye of faith, she could now pierce the clouds that had so encompassed her pathway, and she saw that, in the land whither her loved ones had departed, there was "no more death, neither sorrow nor weeping, neither any more pain;" and her heart acknowledged "the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God," although "His judgments are unspeakable, and his ways past finding out."

When autumn came, her short, quick cough, and feeble, fluttering pulse, kept her from the house of God, as well as from her daily walk. The pastor missed her from her seat, and divined the cause; for he had noticed of late the same hectic glow upon her cheek, which, after that night of exposure, had so surely foretold to him the daughter's early death.

Hereafter, his visits to the cottage were frequent, until death claimed the sorely stricken wife and mother. Then, as he looked upon the placid brow of the sleeper, he said, "Surely, for her to die was great gain."

During the last few days of her illness, she learned that her husband's innocence had been declared to the world, and then she confided her sad secret to the sympathizing pastor. It was the subject of the good old man's funeral discourse, and his deep voice was hoarse and tremulous, and his dim eyes were dimmer still with tears, as he read from the book of Job the text he had chosen,

"Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him:

"On the left hand, where he doth work, but I cannot behold him; he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him:

"But he knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

Eloquently he told them, how, as gold seven times purified, was the spirit that had fled from the mortal tenement before them,—how, in the days of her first desolation, the Lord had suffered a thick darkness to fall upon her, so that she had not seen that it was His hand that had given her the bitter cup to drink,—how, for long years, she had journeyed on in her pilgrimage in gloom and desolation of heart, until at length He had come again in grievous chastening; but the clouds had gone, the thick darkness had been removed, and submissively she bowed her head and kissed the rod. He cited her after-life as a proof of the sustaining and inspiring power of religion; and there were many gathered in that humble church that day, whose hearts, for the first time, were melted, and who, from that hour, earnestly sought to become partakers of the faith

from which they had so long been strangers and aliens.

There were none near of kin to follow the Widow Douglass's remains to their last resting-place; but few were ever buried in our lovely churchyard over whom were shed more tears, or whose memory will live longer in the hearts of the villagers, than the one whose history I have recorded so briefly.

Side by side are five graves in the churchyard of Glenwood.—The inscriptions which the pastor ordered on each stone were so touchingly simple, that they never fail in attracting the attention of the strangers who frequently wander through that sacred spot. To them, the old sexton never wearies of repeating his mournful tale; and few are those who listen to the simple-hearted man's recital, without feeling the tears gathering in their eyes—a tribute to "The Last Tenants of Ivy Cottage."

THE LOVE-PHILTER.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

MANY years ago, before necromancy and magic lost all favour—while they were still believed in and practised, there dwelt in the neighbourhood of a large city in Germany a maiden who, being young, rich, and well born, ought, according to rule, to have been, also, as beautiful as the day. But, unhappily, Alice, or Elsie, as she was frequently called, had been unkindly dealt with by nature. Though she had a fine expression of countenance, and a sweet smile, she was far from pretty; consequently, though she was good and warm-hearted, she had few suitors. This fact, however, did not seem to give her any uneasiness. She was happy and contented with her old father, who idolized her.

But, after a time, unfortunately for Elsie's peace, the young lord of a neighbouring castle, the Count von Steinburg, returned from abroad. Seeing him frequently, Alice, unnoticed herself, observed him often; at first, with curiosity, and, afterwards, as she discovered his many amiable qualities, with such interest that, without having spoken a dozen words to him, she felt that she knew him perfectly, and loved him with all the strength of a fervent soul. Certainly, this attachment was most unlucky; for nothing seemed more unlikely than that the handsome young Count, caressed by all the beauties of the place, should cast his eyes upon the plain, retiring Elsie. In fact, he did not appear to notice her at all; but the more indifferent he seemed, the more Alice, with woman's perverseness, loved him. She did not, however, strive to attract his attention—she was too humble even to hope.

Once, only, fate seemed to favour her. One evening, as she was returning from a walk, she chanced to meet the Count, as she was attempting to cross a swollen brook, and, with his usual gallantry, he bore her across, rather than that she should wet her feet. She was happy, as she lay in his arms; but, alas! she felt the thrill of his touch long after the youth had forgotten the trivial incident altogether.

Love does not stand despairingly idle, so long as it has only a sunbeam of hope on which to

build its fairy palace of bliss; but Alice had not even this. She was wretched and hopeless. Her health failed, and she grew so thin and pale that the neighbours, who all loved her, whispered to each other, with tearful eyes, that she was not long for this world. Her poor old father was nearly beside himself with grief. The best medical skill was summoned to save her, and famous physicians sent for from afar. Gold and riches were promised, without stint, to him who should snatch her from the grave.—In vain the maiden took their potions, but she grew worse and worse. As is often the case, still, all the doctors could do was to find a name for the disease of which she was dying;—they called it "a decline."

When all hope seemed over, her father was sitting one day by her bedside, holding her hand in his, as was his custom, when, after a thoughtful silence, he said,

"Dear daughter, all that has yet been done for you seems of no avail, and the physicians say they can do no more. I know of but one other chance of saving you. Will you subject yourself to a terrible ordeal, for the sake of the happiness of your poor old father, whose life would be a burden without you?"

"Yes, father," said Alice; "for your dear sake, I would gladly live; though, for my own, I have no wish to linger longer here."

Her father attributed her low spirits to her illness, and proceeded to unfold his project to her. "He had been told," he said, "by many persons worthy of credit, that strange and wonderful cures had been performed, by a woman—a sorceress, as she was accounted,—who dwelt some little distance from them. But, to insure good fortune, it was deemed necessary to seek her dwelling at midnight, and to cross, alone, the graveyard that lay in front of her door." The old man besought his daughter to make this one last effort to save her life. Elsie had no hope of living, but she cheerfully consented, glad to do anything to please or comfort the beloved father she was going to leave. Accordingly, the next night, a little before midnight, well wrapped in shawls, by her father's fond care, she set out on her romantic errand. The old man kissed and blessed her, as she left the courtyard, but he was not allowed to follow her, even with his eyes, and he turned anxiously back to the house. Elsie had not far to go; but her weakness made the way weary, and she was obliged often to stop and rest. By the time she reached the graveyard, her strength was nearly gone, and she was nervously excited; but she entered it without pausing. The gate clanked behind her with a noise which made her bound forward in terror. The shadows which lay couched behind the tall, white tombstones seemed, to her fancy, like little black demons, who would spring upon her as soon as her back was turned to them. She strove to run, but found she could not; it seemed as if immense weights were fastened to each weary foot, and it was only by great efforts that she could drag one after the other. She hardly knew how she had reached the end of her journey, when she did so, at last. The old woman who opened the door for her guest, perceived at once her exhausted condition, and administered some wine, which wonderfully revived her sinking strength.

Alice was enabled without much delay to tell

the object of her visit. The old crone led her into another room, in which were seen all the dread objects which usually lend horrors to a witch's dwelling. Taking down from a high shelf a huge mystical folio, she bade Alice hold the light while she pondered over its contents. After some moments of attentive consideration, now of the book,—now of Elsie's hand and features, she asked,

"What do your friends think is the matter with you?"

"The doctors call my sickness a decline," answered Alice.

"And the cause of this sickness?"

"Is not known."

"Not known to *them*, perhaps," said the old woman, laughing; "but *I* know it; *we* know it well—ha! ha!"

Alice was silent.

"You are in love," continued the witch; "you are dying of hopeless love, and you know it."

"What you say is true," said Alice, resignedly.

"What would you say," resumed the old woman, after a moment's consideration; "what would you say, if I should put it in your power to gain all you wish;—if I should enable you to win the love of the man for whom you die?"

"What would I say!" exclaimed Alice, astonished; "no words could express my delight. Do this, and you make me the happiest woman under the sun."

The sorceress searched among her numerous strange phials, and at last produced one.

"Are you willing," she asked, "to run a great and terrible risk, to obtain what you desire?"

"Yes," said Alice, firmly.

"In that case," said the witch, "mingle half the liquid this phial contains with the wine of him you love, when he pledges you; the remainder you must mix in your own glass. It will have one of two effects: if what you wish is *possible*,—unless it is otherwise written in the book of fate,—it will cause him with whom you share to love you to distraction: but, if this *cannot* be, death will instantly ensue."

"To him, or to me?" asked Alice, quickly.

"To you," replied the old woman.

"Thank God!" cried Elsie; "I will try it. To him no harm will come?"

"Assuredly not," was the reply. "In five minutes the spell will work," continued the sorceress; "but one thing I have forgotten to mention—the charm lasts only so long as till your wedding-day—the words of the marriage ceremony dissolve the spell."

Alice groaned. "You offer me the cup of bliss," she said, "but to snatch it again from my lips."

"I can do no more for you," replied the old woman.

"It is much," said Elsie, and departed, leaving gold behind her.

No fears disturbed her on her homeward way. The resolute purpose of her soul occupied her entirely. The graveyard looked as peaceful as an infant sleeping—her step was firm and vigorous. Her father met her—transported—as he saw her altered looks, and he blessed his lucky thought.

Every hour Alice grew better; and, as soon as a few days had restored to her a portion of strength, she proposed inviting a few friends to

celebrate her wonderful recovery. Her delighted father, of course, assented—her guests came—he among the rest. As the evening waned, the pale hostess sent a servant to the young Count, desiring that he would drink with her, to her restored health. The Count hastened to where she rested, pale and trembling, on a couch. Two glasses stood on the table before her. Alice could not utter a word in reply to his congratulations; she could only point to the glasses. His, he instantly raised to his lips, and quaffed off with a gay compliment. Alice endeavoured, in vain, to lift her glass; twice her trembling hand compelled her to desist, but, on a third attempt, she succeeded. Five minutes must yet elapse ere her fate was decided. Agitated—she trembled between life and love and sudden death. Each second seemed an age, each minute endless, as she sat, growing more and more pale, her dim eyes fixed, now on the Count's face—now on the clock on the opposite mantel. When the minute-hand slowly reached the destined point, her heart ceased beating, and, as the Count, just at this moment, suddenly turned and fixed his eyes upon her, all strength forsook her, and she fell senseless on the couch.

Surprise was her first feeling when, on opening her eyes, she beheld the Count bending over her. She had fancied that it had been otherwise—that her last hour had come,—that the swoon she felt creeping over her had been the insensibility of death. Slowly she became conscious of her mistake. She looked anxiously into the Count's eyes; a strange fire seemed to burn within them, and he trembled as he touched her hand. Though she was better, he would not leave her, and his glances followed her every movement. He stayed latest of all the guests, and blushed as he ventured to press her hand at parting. Thenceforth, not a day passed in which he did not seek her society. He demanded her of her father in marriage, and his extravagant joy was boundless when he received his consent. He flew to Elsie's feet with the good tidings.

"Beautiful being," he cried, embracing her, "what, what have I done to deserve such bliss? Your father has consented to gift me with this precious hand, and you, too, radiant as you are in beauty, condescend to accept my love."

"Do not speak so, sir," said Alice, averting her head. "I am not beautiful, as all the world knows. It pains me that you should call me so."

"Not beautiful!" exclaimed the Count; "the angels in heaven are not more so."

So great was the Count's impatience, that he insisted upon their marriage taking place immediately. Two weeks was the utmost delay that he would grant. Alice would gladly have extended the period of courtship, for she remembered well the dread conditions of the spell, but the Count was so impetuous that he bore down all opposition.

The short interval before her marriage was spent by Alice in a delirium of joy in the present, or the deepest despair at the thought of the future. The Count had made arrangements to carry his bride, directly after the ceremony, to another castle of his, lying about ten miles from the city, near which they dwelt. He had signified his wish to be undisturbed by visitors till after the honeymoon, saying, this time should be consecrated to uninterrupted bliss.

In spite of envying remarks of disappointed

rivals, who predicted that the match would never take place, Elsie's wedding-day came. The bride stood before the altar, draped in a long white veil, which reached down to her feet, and concealed her person entirely. This covering she would not remove even to receive her father's parting kiss, but still enveloped in it, stepped into the carriage which was to convey her to her husband's house. On the way thither, the bridegroom would have folded his young Countess to his bosom, and many times besought her to remove the veil which concealed her from him; but she refused, and shrinking from his caresses, she sank into the corner of the carriage, and wept without ceasing. The Count, of course, attributed her grief to her recent parting with her father and friends, and tried to comfort her; but Alice made no reply, still weeping as one in deepest distress.

They reached the castle, and the Count led his bride into her new home. They entered a beautiful little sitting-room, which he wished to show her particularly, as he had had it fitted up expressly for her use.

"And here, at least," said he, "you will remove this odious screen, which has so long shut your beloved features from my gaze;" and he put forth his hand to raise it.

"Not yet, not yet!" gasped Alice; "spare me yet a moment!" But it was too late. Her husband's impatient hand had already pushed aside the veil, and Alice, as she really was, stood half fainting before him.

The look of astonishment—almost disgust—which she saw on his face, was to Alice as if a dagger had pierced through her heart.

"What, in heaven's name, have I done!" exclaimed the Count, with a groan. "This is, indeed, the face I lately worshipped, but where is the beauty which glorified it? Surely this is some frightful dream, or else I have been the victim of the foul arts of magic."

At these words, Alice, terrified and conscience-stricken, fell at his feet. The Count, who regarded this attitude as a confession, like one beside himself, tore from her finger the bridal-ring he saw gleaming there, and flung it from him. Alice covered her bowed face, and exclaimed, scarce knowing what she said,—

"Pardon! pardon! never was man loved by woman as I love you."

She expected him to speak again—to curse, or to revile her—but a silence, like that of the grave, succeeded. When, after an age of suspense, she ventured to look up, she found she was alone. Not knowing what to do, or how to act, she paced the room in anguish and uncertainty. The door opened, and a servant entered.

"My lord desires me to show you to your apartments," he said.

Alice followed him, and was only too glad when she could lock the door upon her misery. But hopeless as Elsie's lot seemed, strange to say, with the unreasonableness of an unconquerable passion, she secretly hoped in the end to succeed in winning her husband's affection. This it was that induced her now to remain in his house, undesired though she might be.

One dreadful month passed by, in which Alice, though still in the castle, had never left her own apartments, and during which she saw and heard nothing of the Count, when one day the servant

handed her a note, addressed formally to the Countess von Steinburg. It was as follows:

"Unwilling to subject myself to the idle tongue of gossip—to have our names the common street-talk, I would sacrifice much to avoid this mortification! As our *honeymoon* is now over, it will be expected of us to appear again in the world, where, for a time, we must consent to play a part.

"ALFRED VON STEINBURG."

Alice returned a short answer, simply assenting, and preparations were immediately made for their departure. A line from the Count informed her that a splendid *fête* would be held at the castle that evening.

In preparing for this festival, Alice summoned her utmost skill at her toilet. She had not yet seen her husband, and she hoped so to array herself, that he should think her a shade less frightful than at the dreadful moment when all her ideal charms fell from her. She sighed when she had done her best, to see how ill her efforts were repaid.

The company had assembled ere the Count entered the saloon, which he did hastily, as if he had been detained. Advancing directly to his wife, whose varying colour showed she knew of his approach, though she was not looking at him, he whispered,

"Etiquette requires that I should open the dance with you. May I demand the favour of your hand?"

Alice, without speaking, rose to dance, but so much did she tremble, that she was obliged for a moment to resume her seat.

Elsie's want of beauty had been in one way of great value to her. It had given her inclination and time to devote herself to the cultivation of her mind, and she excelled in all womanly accomplishments. Her dancing was peculiarly high-bred and graceful, and a sweet feeling of comfort filled her heart as she observed that her partner's eyes followed her movements, even when, in the dance, she was separated from him. As the music suddenly changed to a waltz, and she felt herself encircled by her husband's arm, she used her utmost skill. Love inspired her, and she seemed to float on sweet sounds, like a disembodied spirit of grace. When the Count's arm relinquished her, it seemed as if her life at the same time forsook her frame. She exerted herself, however, to entertain her guests, which she did with grace and cordiality; but all the while her thoughts were with one only: though she talked with many, she knew, every instant of the time, where he was, and what he was doing. She knew well that several times his eyes rested on herself with attention, but though at such moments she longed to do so, she had not the courage to meet his glance to see what it denoted.

A series of gaieties in honour of the bridal pair followed; one gay revel much resembling another. Alice discovered, with inward joy, that the Count was making her the subject of his secret observation. The opening dance, too, in which he was always her partner, she ever anticipated with mixed feelings which she could not fathom. She had the gratification of being quite *sure* that he admired her dancing, for she accidentally overheard a gentleman praising it to him, and his

short and decided reply: "Her dancing is perfect."

One evening, Alice was dressing for another gay party, when a message came from the Count, saying that illness would prevent his accompanying her. Alice instantly wrote a note to the lady to whose house they were invited, excusing herself and husband, and then sent a line to the Count, requesting to be allowed the favour of coming to sit with him. An ungracious assent was accorded. And Alice, trembling, knocked at his door.—No reply.—She knocked again.

"Come in," said a voice, so loudly that it made her start; and she stood blushing and confused before her husband. He made no attempt to relieve her embarrassment, and perhaps it was better that he did not, for she was able the sooner to overcome it. Approaching the couch on which he was resting, she said gently,

"You have, indeed, much fever, as I can tell by your high colour. I am accounted a good nurse; will you let me prescribe for you?"

"I need no help," the Count answered, shortly. "It is nothing—only a trifling indisposition."

"At least," said Alice, "you will not deny me the pleasure of reading to you aloud."

And as he made no reply, she took up the book which lay beside him, and opening to a spirited ballad of war and the chase, she read it with such fine effect that the eyes of the Count, whose soul exulted in such wild scenes, glowed with delight, though no word of praise passed his lips. Alice next turned to a plaintive ditty of hopeless love; and taught by her own sad experience, she threw such pathos and feeling into the words that the Count's warm heart was touched.

"By heaven!" he cried, suddenly; "the man who could not reward such love, deserved it not."

Alice turned aside her head, but in a moment went on reading. This charming accomplishment (reading aloud), to which she had ever paid particular attention, her husband's fine taste enabled him fully to appreciate; and carried away by the delight he felt, he so far forgot his reserve as to find himself selecting favourite poems for her to read.

Ere he began to weary, Alice seeing that he was much better, rose, and gravely wishing him good night, withdrew. I am free to confess, the Count found it lonely after she had gone. In truth, his feelings of resentment against her were beginning to soften a little. Though unheeded at the time, her words at the very moment when the charm which had bound him was broken, lingered in his ears, and recurred to him not unpleasingly. "Never was man loved by woman, as I love you." The man does not live who is not flattered by being loved by a woman, be she high or low, beautiful or plain. Then, it was impossible to witness her constant gentleness, sweetness, and good sense, and not respect and admire, even if he could not love. Beside this, he felt a pleasing excitement in unravelling the character of the woman who was, after all, his wife; and he could not but confess, all scrutiny had been to her advantage.

A few evenings after that just mentioned, Alice received a message from her husband, requesting the pleasure of her company in his room. With a light heart, she obeyed the summons. The Count himself opened the door for her, and said, abruptly, "I have sent for you to read to me;"

then shocked at his own rudeness, which was caused entirely by his embarrassment, he added, apologetically, "At least, if you will be so kind—your reading gave me so much pleasure."

Alice simply took up the book with a smile. Oh, well she knew how, by the feeling tones of her voice, to interpret the meaning of the poet in those wild soul-moving poems! Her voice, ever sweet, was like a clear tone of music, now that love attuned it; and the Count acknowledged to himself that he had never listened to tones so full of pathos.

Hitherto, fearful of intruding, Alice, except when in society, had remained confined, as at first, to her own apartments; but now finding the ceremony of an almost daily invitation to her husband's rooms disagreeable, she sometimes ventured thither before the messenger arrived to summon her. Every day, every hour they spent together increased the Count's regard for her, and his friendliness of manner towards her. At last, Alice observed with grateful joy, that he was never so happy as when by her side; and was constantly devising little pretences to obtain her company.

One afternoon, she was sitting at twilight in her room, when she heard a knock at her door, and her husband entered.

"I felt lonely," he said, "and thought I would come and sit with you."

Alice smiled. "Since you are my guest," she said, "I must do my best to entertain you;" and going to her harpsichord, she began to sing. The sounds of a voice of purest tone and exquisite sweetness were lent to give greater power to the words of a charming ballad. To a beautiful voice, carefully cultivated, Alice united a fine musical perception, and a soul to feel and express with pathos or power the thoughts of the poet whose words she sang.

Henceforth, Alice had no need to venture timidly, fearing lest she should be unwelcome, to her husband's room. Not an evening came that the Count was not by her side, listening, enraptured, to her enchanting music.

Alice's face had the faculty, at all times, of lighting up into *almost* beauty, when she was particularly pleased or delighted, but when she sang, it became really lovely. A sweet smile lingered like a sunbeam about her lips, her cheeks grew flushed, and her eyes seemed inspired. At such times the Count gazed on her once hated features with delight. He began, in short, to see the beautiful spirit looking through that plain exterior, and he wondered how he could ever have thought her ugly.

Alice, the homely, once so hated wife, was, indeed, fast conjuring his heart by a spell far more potent than that by which she had first won it.

One evening, as her husband appeared in her room as usual, beseeching her to sing for him, she assented, but ere going to the instrument, she handed him a portfolio, saying he might find amusement in looking over its contents while she sang. He did so, and was delighted. It contained drawings and paintings of exquisite taste and skill. When he had examined them, he joined Alice at the harpsichord, and asked,

"Are those beautiful productions your work?"

"Certainly," answered Alice. "Have they pleased you?"

"They are perfect," he replied. "Lovely be-

ing, do you then possess *every* charm and accomplishment?"

"Alas, no!" said Alice, bending over her instrument to hide her tears. "One gift at least, woman's crowning glory, beauty, has been denied me, as none know better than yourself."

"I can scarcely believe that I ever thought you wanted it," replied the Count. "I only know that there is not a face in the world on which I love so well to look for a heavenly soul, and every womanly virtue seems stamped upon it."

"Thank God! thank God!" cried Alice, clasping her hands, and looking up, while tears filled her eyes.

The Count threw himself at her feet.

"Did I not think myself unworthy of forgiveness," he exclaimed, "I should cry to you now, as you once did to me:—'Pardon, pardon, for never was woman loved by man as I love you.'"

"Heaven is gained at last," said Alice, stretching out her arms to him. The Count rose, and clasped her to his breast.

"And have you, indeed, forgiven the necromancy I used to gain you?" asked the young Countess, an hour or two afterwards, when she had confessed all: "Believe me, it was the only deceit of my life, and love tempted me too strongly."

"As freely," replied her husband, "as you have forgiven the unkindness with which I treated you. Fool that I was to cast such a jewel from me! O, what would I have lost, if you had left me, as I deserved, after I cruelly tore the wedding-ring from this little finger! See; here is another with which I would replace it; for *this*, love, is our real wedding-day."

THE DEATH-WATCH.

BY CAROLINE EUSTIS.

TICK on! tick on, sad monitor!
In the solemn hush of night;
Within my chamber wall I heed
Thy tapping low and light.

Close to my ear thy warning voice,
Tick! tick! it sayeth plain;
I turn to seek thee, little thing—
But turn, and seek in vain.

Tick on! tick on, sad little voice!
A warning thou mayst be,
Telling, perchance, the angel Death
Is keeping watch for me,

And kindly placed this monitor
Within my quiet room,
To count for me the few brief hours
Between me and the tomb.

Tick on! tick on, kind little voice!
Thy lesson I would learn,
Nor from my heart in cold contempt
The simple teacher spurn.

"Be ready!" saith the little voice,
"Whene'er thy hour shall come,
Or soon, or late, the Master sends
To call thy spirit home!"

"Oh! fear me not, nor shrink with dread,
When my small voice you hear;
'Be ready!' is the warning word
I tell upon your ear.

"Tick! tick! thy moments fly apace;
Thy life is short at best;
Watch well!—*to-night* thou mayst be called
Unto thy better rest."

THE CONFESSION.

BY MRS. E. S. SWIFT.

"Oh, holy father, when yon sun is setting,
Drop on your knees, and if it may be done,
Pray for a soul, that's sinking to perdition!"

ON the shores of Lake Erie, on the Canada side, a lofty monastery rears its gray turrets from amidst clusters of fine old trees, whose shadows are reflected in the pure and glassy waters of the lake. A profound stillness reigns around the pious habitation, only broken by the ripples of the little waves, as they leave the white pebbles on the beach, or the low murmuring of the wind among the tree-tops.

The country in the vicinity is remarkable for its picturesque beauty. Towering bluffs are seen, at whose base grassy meadows spread their refreshing verdure—lofty hills crowned with evergreen foliage, intermingled with the delicate leaves of the wild grape-vine, whose clinging fibres, spreading from tree to tree, fall in graceful festoons of embowering shade. In the distance, the eye roams over a fertile expanse of country, rich in field and forest, and dotted with Canadian villages, whose neat white houses, gleaming in the sunlight, form a rural picture amidst the high cultivation and natural luxuriance of the landscape.

The monastery was celebrated for the sanctity and benevolence of the monks, and the unrivalled beauty of its gardens. Often, the traveller on the lake would pause to listen to the low and solemn strains of the "Ora Sanctissima," as it rose in full and melodious accord from the sacred chapel, and to inhale the sweet breath of roses, mignonette, and jessamines, whose fragrance was wafted by the night-breeze across the waters.

Vespers were over, and the star of evening, rising in a cloudless heaven, was an apt illustration of the holy calm that prevailed throughout the convent; when a violent ringing at the porter's bell announced an arrival. An English travelling carriage was drawn up at the gate, in which sat a gentleman, attired in a military undress, who demanded instant and private audience with the Superior.

For hours, they remained in close conference, and when at length the stranger departed, many an eye was strained from the convent windows to catch a glimpse of such an uncommon visiter. But though the moon shone with lustrous clearness, gilding with her silvery light every visible object, they were disappointed. The stranger's form was closely enveloped in a large roquelaire, and his face entirely concealed by the drooping plumes of his hat. He was supported to the carriage by the Superior; and the porter averred that as he passed him, he appeared more like an inhabitant of the grave than a living man.

Months glided away, and the monotony of a monastic life remained undisturbed. The Superior had given orders for the celebration of a novitiate; and on the day fixed for the ceremony, he entered the chapel, leading in the novice. The lay brother who had charge of the porter's gate, instantly recognised him as the stranger he had before seen.

The person, now for the first time presented to the brotherhood, was apparently in the morning of life. An air of settled melancholy pervaded his features, whose beautiful outline would otherwise have been perfect. His person was thin to emaciation; and twice during the ceremonies, through excessive agitation or weakness, he was obliged to support himself against the gilded railings of the altar. As the holy rites concluded, the officiating priest approached to enrobe him in the simple dress of the order, and deprive him of the long tresses, which were, at that period, a favourite ornament among the higher classes. The rich masses of dark hair fell upon the marble pavement, and the lip of the novice wore a smile of contempt, as if his spirit scorned the forms and pageantry in which he bore so conspicuous a part. It was but for a moment; and the expression gave place to another of deep tenderness, as his eye rested on the luxuriant ringlets that had so often been twined round the slender fingers of one, whose memory was linked with departed visions of happiness. The loud peal of the organ and the monks in full choir chaunting the "Gloria in excelsis," aroused him from his trance of recollections. The world and its delusions faded from his view: to him its passions, its temptations, and its mockeries, were for ever past—its portals were closed against him, never more to be reopened!

Years rolled on, and Father Ignatius, as he was named, became eminent for his holiness and austere discipline. His fame spread through the neighbouring cities, and every dying penitent sought to obtain absolution for his sins, and the hope of heavenly felicity, from the sanctified confessor. He had renounced the things of earth, to lead a spiritual life, in order to minister to the sorrows of suffering humanity, and with words and looks of evangelic kindness, he laboured incessantly to bring souls to the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, which he sincerely believed was the only true church of Christ. By the masses, he was considered as a saint; and a smile or a blessing from Father Ignatius, conferred a happiness which was returned with homage and reverential love.

A hasty express arrived, one clear winter's night, for the holy priest, that would not admit of an instant's delay. A rich and powerful English nobleman, who held a high and important government office in the provinces, was at the point of death, and required the spiritual services of the apostolic confessor.

After a rapid ride of a few hours, they entered the city of —, and the hotel of Lord M. appeared in the distance, its splendid windows sending forth a blazing lustre from the lights within. A servant, in rich livery, apparently awaiting their arrival, ushered the confessor into a saloon, whose decorations spoke of the affluence and luxury of its owner. As he closed the door, the sound of a sweet, low voice was heard in the vestibule, whose anxious question, "Has the holy father arrived?" thrilled on

every nerve of the friar's heart, and appeared to recall memories too painful to be endured. He hastily kissed the ebony crucifix, which hung from his girdle, and his lips moved in prayer.

The domestic again appeared, and, conducting him to a flight of marble steps, opened the door of a spacious chamber, and respectfully retired. At the foot of a couch, whose superb canopy and golden fringes seemed to mock the dying mortal who reclined beneath it, sat a beautiful girl, in the first bloom of womanhood. As the confessor approached, she arose, and bending her graceful head to receive his benediction, placed a seat for him near the invalid, and left the room. For some moments after her departure, the silence was unbroken; the wax tapers that burnt in a recess, shed a dim and uncertain light, making the ghastly hues of the sick man's features still more appalling. The hand of Death was, evidently, upon him; as he struggled for speech, the contortions of his countenance were painful to behold. The friar, believing the last moments of his earthly life were rapidly departing, held the sacred symbol of the Catholic faith to his lips, and bade him trust for peace and pardon from Him, who died to save sinners; but, with convulsive energy, the dying man averted his lips from the sacred cross, exclaiming, in broken accents,

"Holy Father, I dare not; for me there is no redemption. I am a murderer;—worse,—for I destroyed the wife of my bosom."

Again he sank exhausted upon the couch that trembled with the agitation of the sufferer. The shuddering Friar implored him to be calm, and confess his crimes whilst life was yet vouchsafed to him by the All-Merciful. After receiving a composing draught, he gradually became more calm, and thus poured forth his dark confession.

"I was the only son of the Honourable Pierce Melville:—"Father Ignatius started, and an expression of mental agony, that had often terrified the brotherhood of his convent, flashed across his features; but the penitent, not observing his emotion, continued.—"Nursed in luxurious indulgence by a widowed mother, every wish of my heart was gratified as soon as it was expressed; life, to me, was one continued scene of enjoyment, whilst fortune, rank, and friends, completed my felicity. Naturally of an ardent and headstrong disposition, and with passions that had never known a curb, I pursued every object that tempted my wishes, to satiety; and at twenty-six, I had exhausted all the indulgences which wealth and youth could attain.

"Weary of dissipation, and the continued round of frivolities I was engaged in, I gladly accepted an invitation to join a party at Mrs. Gorden's. She had been the chosen friend of my mother in her early days; but owing to a variety of circumstances in the lifetime of her husband, the intimacy had ceased. He had been dead some years, and my mother proposed to accompany me to her mansion;—a magnificent villa, with ornamental gardens and pleasure-grounds, built in the English style of architecture, with broad piazzas, rich in mouldings of unique elegance. During the ride, my mother's conversation turned on the beauty of Marion Gorden, whom she represented as one of the loveliest creatures she had ever beheld. I had frequently heard of the beauty of Miss Gorden; but beautiful women

were to me no novelty, and I felt little curiosity to behold this paragon of female charms: and fancied to myself the *ennui* I should experience in enduring the affectation and caprices of a country belle.

"After what seemed to me a weary journey, the villa appeared, beautifully situated in a romantic valley; it was closely surrounded by thick and umbrageous trees of lofty growth, but trimmed carefully, so as to show the elegance of the building to advantage. Hedges of evergreens and roses, which were now in full blossom, lined each side of the avenue, and the gardens, filled with statuary and fountains, and redundant of exquisite flowers, filled the air with freshness and perfume. Whatever opinion I might have hastily formed of Mrs. Gorden and her daughter, I could not but admire their residence; for taste and refinement were everywhere apparent.

"We were announced; and, in a few moments, I found myself in their presence. Mrs. Gorden embraced my mother with all the warmth of old friendship, and her reception of myself was flattering in the extreme. She was still a fine-looking woman, and the grace of her manner might have adorned a court; but if the mother surprised me, how much more was I astonished when I beheld the daughter! She, with several other ladies, was seated on a lounge playing with an infant boy, who seemed the ideal of an exquisite painting of Cupid, by Correggio, that I had seen in Florence. It was then the fashion to let the hair flow unconfined on the shoulders: when we entered, Marion was bending over the child, and her long flaxen ringlets, concealing her features, fell in waving curls to the floor. At our approach, she arose, and never can I forget my emotions when I beheld her countenance: it was the face of a seraph; and its angelic expression seemed too celestial to belong to an inhabitant of earth.

"Scarcely knowing what I said, I advanced and paid my compliments with an embarrassment so perceptible, that my mother looked at me with astonishment; but every faculty of my mind was absorbed in admiration of the fair creature before me. As I before said, beauty was familiar to me; but Marion, habited in a simple white dress, her only ornament a bunch of moss-rosebuds wreathed in her silky hair, exceeded all that my imagination could have conceived of female loveliness.

"O Father, it would be impossible for me to describe her perfections."

"It would be useless," replied the Monk, whose blanched lips scarce seemed to have power to utter the words.

"Yes," answered the penitent, "it would be more than useless. I could not be hourly subject to the influence of such a being without becoming madly, passionately attached to her. I loved her with all the ardour and frenzy of idolatry. In her presence, I was another being; my very nature seemed changed; all my haughty and irascible passions were subdued, and I became as docile as a child. But the tempest only slept. I offered my hand, and was rejected. Then all the headstrong passions of my nature broke loose, and for months, I might have truly been called a maniac. My mother sought to reason with me on my frantic violence; but she might as well have attempted to still the ocean in a storm. I vowed to obtain Marion Gorden—or perish!

"It was too humbling to my pride and self-consequence, for I was young, admired, and wealthy, to believe I could have been rejected, unless a more fortunate lover had pre-engaged her affections; and I now remembered a circumstance that confirmed my suspicions. During my stay at Mrs. Gorden's, returning rather sooner than was usual with me from my morning ride, I found Miss Gorden absent from the drawing-room: presuming she had wandered into the gardens, which were her favourite resort, I cautiously bent my steps thither, intending to surprise her. In the most retired part of the grounds, I beheld Marion. She was seated upon a rustic bench that circled a large sycamore tree, and appeared absorbed in the contemplation of something she held in her hand. Her back was towards me, and as I approached near enough, I observed that it was a richly set miniature likeness of a very handsome man in the Spanish uniform. As I spoke, she started, and hastily concealing the picture in her bosom, turned her beautiful face towards me bathed in tears. I knew she had lost a favourite brother in the Spanish service, and thinking it was his image over which she was indulging such deep emotion, would have dismissed the scene from my mind, but I now felt assured that it was a lover, by another incident that occurred a few days afterwards. I was examining a portfolio of drawings by Miss Gorden, when a copy of verses met my eye, written with a lead pencil, as if hastily indited. I had scarcely time to conceal them in my vest, when Marion entered the room, and with more annoyance in her sweet face than I had ever before beheld, she hastily seized the portfolio and retired. I will repeat them to you, Father. To any man in his senses, they would have been conclusive evidence that her heart was already preoccupied; but I was a lover. They were addressed 'To the Absent,' and were as follows:

"When evening spreads her dewy veil,
And lights her star's resplendent ray,
Ah! then my sinking spirits fail;
For then I sigh, for one away.

"Though cheered by Friendship's tender smile,
And circled by the blithe and gay;
Their mirth no longer can beguile
The heart which throbs for one away.

"The tedious hours protracted roll;
I listless sing—more listless play;
But memory, scorning all control,
Incessant flies to one away,

"And like the statue, still and cold,
That only to the sun's warm ray
Its harmonies would yield, my soul
Feels dead to all—but one away.

"Then, dearest love, ah! soon return;
I cannot, dare not, bid thee stay.
The lamp of life must cease to burn,
If thus deprived of one away."

"Marion had a favourite maid, who, I had understood from my valet, had expressed strong indignation at her mistress's rejection of such a wealthy suitor as myself. This girl's flippancy had frequently arrested my observation, and I determined, through the agency of Felix, the name of my valet, who was one of those smart, unprin-

cipated men, who seem born to minister to the passions and intrigues of the rich, to corrupt her fidelity.

"Large and frequent bribes were employed for this purpose; and though her weak mind balanced between avarice and her affection for her lady, the former triumphed. From this girl, I learned that Marion had been long attached to a Spanish gentleman, who was of a distinguished, but ruined family, whose fealty had been questioned during the dynasty of Napoleon, and, as a consequence, its estates confiscated. She said, 'She believed they were betrothed, although the engagement was unknown to Mrs. Gorden; that he was, at present, with the Spanish army, but expected shortly to return to this country, when she had no doubt they would be married.'

"I swore by all the fiends of darkness, this marriage should never be consummated; and I determined, as a first step towards my resolve, to intercept all letters that hereafter should pass between them. This was easy of accomplishment. In a few days, my faithful valet brought me an envelope, bearing the Spanish post-mark. I tore it open with a demoniac satisfaction, and perused the contents. The letter breathed the very spirit of love and devotion, and ended, 'By deplored the stern necessity of the duties of his profession, which would yet keep him six months longer absent from his idolized Marion.' These six months then were to seal my fate; and I decided to employ every hour to advantage for the accomplishment of my wishes.

"Again, I became a visiter at Mrs. Gorden's, but only with the avowed interest of a friend; no word, no action, betrayed the gnawing passions, which seemed to be eating away my heart. To Marion, I was attentive, but passionless; and unsuspecting herself of deception, she soon began to receive me with her accustomed kindness. Three months glided away in this intercourse, and I could not but perceive the alteration in Marion's appearance. Her form lost its roundness, and the eloquent blood that used to visit her cheeks, tinting them with the bloom of the carnation, visited them no more. There was an expression of languor in her beautiful eyes, which was exceedingly touching; and I sometimes felt compunction for the misery I was so relentlessly inflicting; but my passion became almost distraction; every other feeling was absorbed in its supremacy.

"Letters from her lover regularly arrived; and, latterly, they were filled with tender reproaches, and fears that her affections were no longer constant to him. These letters, with her own, were always secured by Felix, and brought to me. At length, tired of my wishes being so long deferred, I determined, by a master-stroke of art, to separate them for ever: and I deputed a young man, whose interests were dependent upon my pleasure, to copy a letter I indited for him to Marion. The handwriting was an exact counterpart of her lover's, and the Spanish post-mark was admirably imitated. In it, I informed her, briefly, but coldly, that, believing her affection was no longer his, he had acceded to the wishes of his friends, who had long desired a union with a relative, a Senora Nevedo and himself, and, before the letter could reach her, the nuptials would be consummated."

"Fiend! monster! how dared you thus to sever

two loving hearts? Had you no fear of Him who rules the universe?" exclaimed the Monk; and, rising from his seat, with every feature convulsed with rage, with rapid steps he traversed the apartment, whilst his hands, clasped with energetic violence to his bosom, or raised, with frantic gestures, towards heaven, denoted the warring passions raging there. In a few moments, he became calmer, and, approaching the penitent bade him, in imperative accents, to proceed with his confession.

"Oh! Father," returned the dying creature, "remember how great was the temptation.

"I was present when the forged letter was handed to Marion. She retired to a distant window, and, with trembling fingers, tore open the envelope, and rapidly glanced over its cruel contents. I was prepared for some wild burst of frenzy; but I did not know Marion. True, the angelic expression of her countenance changed to one of such intense agony, that, hardened as I was in villainy, I could scarcely endure to look at her; but no word—no sigh, escaped her lips. The struggle was too much for her delicate frame; and, the next day, I had the misery of hearing that her life was endangered by a sudden attack of brain fever. For weeks, she languished on the precincts of the grave. I will not attempt to portray the torture which I endured. When she was pronounced convalescent, I was permitted to visit her, by her mother, who had always been favourable to my suit; but, alas! when I beheld the change that disease and sorrow had wrought in her beloved face, I ill dissembled my feelings; I felt that I, indeed, had been a remorseless desolater of this drooping flower, and almost resolved to forego my purpose. But the tempter triumphed; and again I became a suitor for her hand.

"Mrs. Gorden exerted her persuasions and influence in my behalf: and, after candidly confessing to me her heart's devotion to another, and the base return she deemed she had received, Marion consented to become mine.

"My triumph and rapture, when I led my lovely bride from the altar—when she was all my own—I cannot express. For some months, I displayed my treasure amidst the gay circles of fashion, and my pride and vanity were abundantly gratified, in the admiration she universally received. But, to her, all scenes appeared equally indifferent. Glittering with jewels, and arrayed in the most expensive attire that the boundless prodigality of my love could procure, still her sweet features wore a shade of melancholy that all my efforts for her happiness, were unable to dispel.

"She discharged the duties of her position with grace and dignity; but to me, she was ever coldly passive: often, when I have folded her to a heart which was throbbing with idolizing tenderness towards her, she would gently extricate herself from my embraces, and her deep-breathed sigh has spoken volumes of bitterness to me. The birth of a daughter at length seemed to awaken the dormant affections of her nature; and again the sunny smiles of other days revisited her face. With our darling infant sporting in her arms, or tranquilly slumbering on her bosom, she appeared perfectly happy. My own bliss was enhanced tenfold by this acquisition to our home, and I hoped, at length, the long devotion of my soul would meet with a return from my wife. But

this hope was doomed to be destroyed suddenly, and for ever.

"At a fête given by the Honourable Mrs. Norris, in an evil hour, she met her former lover. Detained in Spain by the distractions and wars of the Continent, he had just arrived in the city; and, as I was subsequently informed, was totally unconscious of Marion's marriage with another. I was leaning on the arm of Mr. Norris, when I observed a stranger, whose noble mien had attracted my attention, approach my wife. She rose hastily to receive him, and the words, Marion! Carlos! uttered simultaneous by both, in tones of surprised affection, met my attentive ear. Bending over her, he uttered a few low words, inaudible to me, and, in an instant, Marion fell senseless at his feet.

"The consternation and alarm of the assembly was extreme: for myself I was frantic with rage and jealousy, and, as I bore her from the saloon, could with difficulty restrain the public exhibition of my feelings. From this hour, peace was a stranger to my bosom: and the inevitable consequence of such a passion as mine, jealousy, took full possession of my soul. Every action, every word that fell from the lips of my victim was misinterpreted; and, though I was told that Carlos had left the country, with a determination, inspired by his blasted happiness, of entering a convent, I disbelieved the intelligence, and daily reproached my unhappy wife with falsehood and infidelity. Her health declined under such an accumulation of miseries, and I had the additional torture of seeing her day by day fading like a withering flower into the arms of death. The Holy Book says, 'Jealousy is cruel as the grave'; but, father, it is mean as well as cruel; and, like a demon, prompts to prolific wickedness. Often, in the absence of Marion, I have searched her cabinets and portfolios for *proof of her guilt*; I was ever suspicious of collusory intercourse between Carlos and herself. Marion was in the habit of committing her thoughts to paper; and I found much among her writings to excite commiseration for the wretchedness of her married life, but no word or thought to criminate her purity and innocence. It was like holding my own heart to a slow moving grindstone, thus to read the secret misery of hers; but urged on by an irresistible impulse, I continued my espial. Once, a copy of verses addressed 'To Carlos' met my eye; but they were dated before her union with me, and at the period when I withheld his letters. The perusal of these lines tortured my spirit like a consuming fire, and dire and terrible were the curses I bestowed upon the head of him who was beloved with such deathless faith and affection. Well do I remember them; for they were graven upon my memory with indelible power. Listen to them, and then you will know how much she loved him.

"Come back to me;—my weary heart is pining
For thy dear presence, like a moaning child
Who calls for its dead mother, still beseeching
For the fond voice which all its griefs beguiled.

"My own sad thoughts are traitors to my quiet,
Blotting the sunshine from my passing years!
Too long—too long, beloved, hast thou been
absent;—
Requiting faith with recompence of tears.

"Tears were thy gift to me;—the sole possession
Which thou hast left me of that wealth of love
Once poured into my heart with words of passion,
Whose truth I deemed all other truth above.

"How and by what charmed spell shall I adjure
thee

Not thus by 'death of distance' to entomb
The tried affection that still brightly burneth,
Though Hope lies shrouded in sepulchral
gloom!

"In vain,—in vain doth pleasure, mirth, and
gladness,

With festive dalliance bid the light hours flee;
I turn from all, unjoyous and unheeding,
And, 'mid the passing pageant, sigh for thee.

"Come back to me! Thy noble heart possessing,
Shall all my life's lost harmonies restore:
Then, dearest, listen to my fervent pleading;—
Return,—or, ah! perchance we meet no more!

"One evening, when I had been brooding with an intensity of wretched feelings over my misfortunes, I bent my steps to the boudoir of Marion, scarcely conscious whither they directed me. It was one of those sultry summer nights when the heated atmosphere was almost too oppressive for respiration. My blood felt like liquid fire, as it coursed with tumultuous velocity through my veins. The door was ajar, and I was struck, on my nearer approach, with the scene presented to my view. It was Marion kneeling before a crucifix in fervent prayer; her long white robes fell in negligent disorder around her, whilst her hands clasped in supplication, and the tears that bedewed her pallid cheeks, declared the anguish of her soul. She was alone, pouring forth her sorrows to her God. Awestruck at the sight, I stood motionless, and gazed upon her, myself unseen.

"She arose, and opening a small drawer in her cabinet, whose secret fastening had defeated all my exertions to uncloset it, she took from an envelope a package of letters, and the same miniature I had before seen in the garden. One by one, she burnt the letters at a lighted taper on the table beside her, until all were destroyed; and drawing the miniature from its case without looking at it, prepared to annihilate it also. Twice her trembling hands attempted to tear it from its glittering case, but she had not the strength; then suddenly gazing upon it, while her countenance beamed with unutterable tenderness, she pressed it to her lips.

"The furies of the lost were raging in my breast, and with a horrible imprecation, I burst into the room. Marion uttered a faint shriek, and raising her hand, as if supplicating my forbearance, with the other she held the picture firmly clasped to her bosom. Blinded by my rage, and infuriated with the pangs of jealousy, I lost all control over myself; and before she could utter one word, I darted towards her, and with a blow felled her to the floor. In falling, her temple struck against the projecting marble base of the table; and, alas! she never spoke again!"

The wretched man paused in his confession, overcome by the recollection of his crime. During the latter part of this dreadful revelation, the monk's face had been concealed in the folds of his robe. It was now hastily withdrawn, and

with eyes glowing with hatred, he grasped, with agitation, the arm of the frightened penitent; and in a voice, whose tones thrilled with horror every nerve of the dying man, exclaimed,

"Fiend! villain! you murdered her then! May eternal torments be your everlasting portion! Look upon me! In me behold another of your victims: in this wasted form—this shadow of his former self, behold Carlos Mendoza! Ay, well may your base soul be overwhelmed at the ruin you have made!"

Then, as quickly releasing the arm that he held, he raised his clasped hands with energy towards heaven, exclaiming,

"Oh, Marion! beloved and lost! with more than mortal affection did I love thee; with more than mortal woe have I regretted thee. And was this thy fate! murdered, relentlessly murdered!"

Again, with features distorted with passion, he turned to her destroyer; but the expiring wretch before him was no object for vengeance. Death was evidently struggling for his prey: his frantic cries for mercy and pardon each moment became fainter; they were succeeded by a convulsion of intense violence—it ceased—a low groan was heard—and all was over. The monk remained gazing at the body, while the varying expressions of his face betrayed the conflict of his feelings. The author of his miseries—the spirit that had caused such ruin and desolation, was now in the presence of Him who hath said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." He kissed the crucifix suspended from his girdle, and left the splendid mansion of sin and guilt, to bury in the silence and solitude of the monastery, his sorrows, his regrets, and despair.

RURAL SCENERY NEAR PHILADELPHIA.

TACONY.

BY THE EDITOR.

(See Illustration.)

SINCE the highly accomplished Mrs. Kirkland has given the readers of this magazine some sketches of New York, and while Paris is about to be still more particularly introduced "to the Americans by one of themselves," we naturally feel tempted to say a few words, in a very modest way, concerning our own little native village, on the west bank of the Delaware, which our friends of the great Gotham recently admitted to be a very respectable suburb of the Knickerbocker capital. Philadelphia certainly does contain some few institutions, men, and things that would be considered well worthy of attention, even were they located in a great commercial emporium, "the centre of the literature of the whole country;"—surely, then, they must be deserving of some note—some praise, when found to grace a suburb that still wants some few thousands of inhabitants before it can muster half a million, though boasting a larger number of domestic hearths than even the "Emporium" itself.

Circumstances, however, render it inconvenient at this moment, to gratify our wish. The task of painting Philadelphia as she is, in colours from the palette of a cosmopolitan, requires more time than we can command—more deliberation than we can exercise just now. Indeed, the season is hardly propitious for such an undertaking. The

winter fireside inclines one more naturally to this kind of investigation, than the scenery of autumn. Summer is still with us, though just beginning to decline. The crowds who had escaped to the fields, the forests, and the sea-shore, from the heat and dust of the city, are beginning to return in a rapidly increasing stream, bringing with them recollections of broad waters, cool brooks, and shady bowers that awaken many a sigh, as the red bricks close around them. The fear of fevers urges them home thus early, though the loveliest portion of the American year is just commencing, and the maple and the oak are thinking of putting on their red and yellow jackets in honour of the approach of "Autumn, berry-crowned." Philadelphia is crowded with travellers from the South, gathering like the pigeons around a field of well-stacked corn, that woos them to a temporary delay on their annual migration, and we feel that it is more appropriate to the hour that we should speak of exterior rather than interior scenes.

The environs of Philadelphia are rich in rural rides and facilities for excursions on the water, well known, perhaps, to our own citizens, but seldom pointed out to the "stranger that is within our gates." Avoiding the immediate borders of the Schuylkill, of which the aguish miasms have been limited for many years by the nearest hill-tops on either side, the lover of the rural may yet enjoy in safety for two entire months, the free air of the country and the glorious forest scenery of "the fall," which all acknowledge to be unrivalled in any other clime or country: and nowhere, except, perhaps, in the valley between the Kaatskill and the Fishkill, are the gorgeousness of the autumnal foliage, and the richness of the autumnal skies, so happily combined as at certain points in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia:—nowhere else is the view of these beauties so accessible to numbers at the smallest possible expense of time, money, or exertion.

In our present number will be found an interesting representation of the most delightful resting-place for those who prefer the passive luxury of a water-conveyance, and who would witness the rapid improvements continually advancing along the shores of the Delaware.

The scenery of the lower or tide-water portion of this noble river has been generally considered somewhat tame; and while the sandy belt of country, lying along the Jersey margin, lay neglected and desolate—as was the case till within a few years—while stunted pines, scarce rising to the dignity of trees, blanketed the higher grounds, rank weeds disfigured the unreclaimed patches of meadow, and rude gusts of wind drove into the air vast clouds of moving sands from the roads and the cleared ground—the criticism was correct. But now, *tempora mutantur*.

The wealth and luxury of a great city have spread energy and enterprise over all that surrounds it. The meadows, well drained, are carpeted with rich green grass, and stately cattle rove knee-deep in the vegetable floss. The almost Arabian desert has become, by cultivation, an Arabia Felix, and instead of a slender crop of Jersey horse-mint (*monarda punctata*), and red ants, in a coat of mail, that resisted the weight of the human tread, we find there the thousand thriving luxuries of the truck-garden, that renders the market of Philadelphia the best and cheapest in the world. The very forest-land has shared in

the benefits of culture, and trees of more valuable quality and larger growth crown every little apology for a hill.

But it is not from the soil and its products alone that the Delaware has been enabled to shake off the opprobrious charge of tameness. Art has been busy in ornamenting its banks. Twenty years ago, the beautiful green bank of Burlington stood, in all the loveliness of an oasis, almost the sole graceful spot between Philadelphia and Trenton, on the eastern side of the river. Even the Pennsylvania shore, always more blessed in natural advantages, then presented but one point of much picturesque interest, in all that distance of thirty miles, when viewed from the water;—the town and small bay of Bristol. Alas, this is now buried in anthracite coal! Let the utilitarian smile, while the poet must sigh! But, in the mean time, a dozen little towns have sprung into existence; the rude old villages of half-painted wood and melancholy, lichen-tinted brick, have been enlarged beyond all prophecy, and have donned a novel costume, and learned to wash their faces. "Cottages of gentility, rich country-seats, and palace-like residences, with their gardens, greenhouses, and ornamented grounds, are rapidly filling up the intervals between the towns; and these, with the mills and manufactories, colleges, churches, spires, and railroad depots, have given the river a setting worthy of its own really grand dimensions. Among these hundreds of prominent objects, the Delaware winds as gracefully as a mountain brook viewed through a gigantic lens. So devious is its course that, if our memory of distances does not deceive us, there is no stretch of more than five continuous miles through which the wind can urge a wave without breaking on a shore. No gale, however severe, can raise a swell sufficient to endanger the smallest open boat, in skilful hands. As we glide smoothly along its serpentine bosom, the jutting points continually cut off the view, and we seem to be traversing a series of lakes, rather than a river; and seldom, indeed, would the stranger be able to conjecture the course of the next bend, from anything visible at one point of view.

To enjoy the scenery of this portion of the Delaware, the best periods of the year are, the first blush of the spring, when every vegetable thing is in the pale green leaf; and the middle of autumn, when the first approaches of frost have clothed the forest in all that exquisite grandeur of many-coloured beauty which, even on canvass, appears to Europeans an incredible exaggeration. In spring, the appropriate time to see these views in their highest perfection is the morning; but in autumn, they require for their richest display, the tempered light of the declining sun, and the first rosy tint of evening.

The beauties of the Delaware, like the virtues of the singular people who founded our city, and who, though now reduced in relative numbers to a very small minority, still influence its manners, are simple and unpretending; but to the eye of correct taste, few rivers present more lovely scenes of this quiet and unobtrusive class. The stranger, when relaxing from the cares of business and the hurry of travel (for when the mind is much preoccupied, such charms are scarcely noticed), may promise himself a day or a half-day of unalloyed pleasure, if he will step on board any of the numerous up-river steamers,

and take a quiet trip to Burlington, Bristol, Bordentown, Florence, or Trenton. Everywhere, except at Florence, which is yet too young, he will see evidences of the indomitable energy and the characteristic constitutional *go-aheaditiveness*, of the American race;—particularly the latter; for at each place he hears the grating of the saw, the heavy sound of the forge-hammer, the rattle of machinery, but, more especially, the whistle of the locomotive and the thunder of the steam-pipe; everywhere, he finds himself involved within the meshes of the vast net of railroads, or intercepted by the long canal. Then, when he wishes to reflect on these things in the quietude of purely rural scenery, though surrounded with all the comforts and luxuries of civilized life, let him land on his downward route at Tacony, and, awaiting the passage of some later boat, take a seat upon the smooth grass beneath the majestic old trees in front of the admirably situated hotel, and gazing on the quiet sailing vessels and the more noisy steamers, continually passing and repassing, let him listen in dreamy reverie to theplash of the small waves on the pebbly beach; and when satisfied with repose, let him regale himself with an ice at the little temple just behind him; then, passing through the garden, take a stroll in rear and above the hotel, to view the tasteful country residence and grounds of Mr. H. Tilden, and the perfect model of a convenient American cottage where dwells the polite and hospitable Mr. Gatzmer, the Agent of the Camden and Amboy Railroad line, to whose spirit and enterprise the improvements at Tacony owe much of their present attractiveness. We venture to predict that every stranger of genuine taste, returning from such a trip, will acknowledge that, if the scenery of the Delaware be indeed tame, he is in love with tameness.

VERNAL WHISPERS.

BY H. RICE.

BORN of the blushing Spring,
Lo, joy replumes his azure wing!
With radiant locks the hours advance,
And violets wake from wintry trance,
While Beauty smiles with sunny glance,
And woodland warblers sing.

Against a sky serene
The quiet mountains seem to lean;
While valleys woo with pure delight
The genial sun and dews of night,
And Hope, with buds of promise bright,
Embroiders all the scene!

The sunshine and the showers
Restore to earth her bosom flowers—
The ruby rose, the virgin-lipped,—
The lily that in gold is dipped,—
The honey-bell by wild bee sipped,
And jessamine, queen of bowers.

O, catch, with listening ear,
The Vernal Whispers of the year,
Whose breath, like hope, revives the heart,
And bids us act the noble part—
Nor view the past with aching heart,
When Autumn's leaf is sere!

On the Mountain.

A SWEDISH SONG—BY A. F. LINDBLAD.

Moderato.

Here upon the moun - tain Sit I many a time and oft, Mu - - sing all so

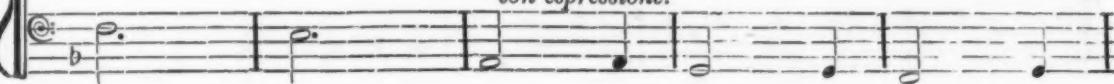
calm - - - ly On the valley picture soft; Where the

wood o'erlooks Dain - ty flow'ry nooks; Where the murmur'ring bees



Haunt the lin - den trees, From its green re - treat Peeps a cot - tage neat, And there my heart's dear queen I

con espressione.



greet!

Yet heeds she not

this am'rous glow, Which



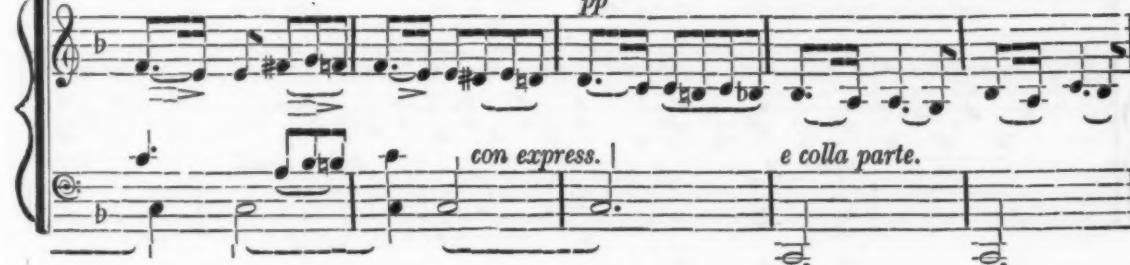
e piacere.

only woods and echo know, Un - less the wind, or mountain stream Be - tray my soul's de-

pp

con express.

e colla parte.



ritard.

a tempo.

lightful dream. Ah! no. Unheeded, Here upon the moun - - tain Sit I many a time and



oft, Yes, mu - sing all so calm - ly On the valley picture soft.

Oh! what o - dours rare Sweetly fill the air, For there,

Oh! there, Walks the fairest of the fair! Oh! what o - dours rare

Sweet - ly, fill the air For there, O! there, Walks the fairest of the



JENNY LIND.

BY J. S. DWIGHT.

As we write, come joyful telegraphic whispers of "the Nightingale uncaged." She has taken advantage of a clause in the contract with Barnum, to dissolve the same at the end of the one-hundredth concert, and is commencing on her own account, and in her own liberal and noble way (what we can hardly bear to realize), her *farewell* series of concerts. We have just been recalling, in happy reverie, the impression made on us by the singing of JENNY LIND; or rather, endeavouring to shape into words the impression that abides with us, after a frequent hearing of nearly all her concert pieces during her tour of the Eastern cities, and after time enough has passed to test the durability of first impressions. At this distance, we can think the matter over calmly, and with every allowance for any enthusiasm which circumstances and the magnetism of such great popular occasions, as the first Castle Garden concerts, may have produced, over and above what was due to the intrinsic music of the woman.

Calmly, we said. But always, from the first, we heard her calmly. We have not needed the effect of distance to tone our admiration down to calmness. Thus, then, we may as well begin: let that confession stand as one important element in the artistic fact to be described. Our delight in the Swede's singing was, from the first, a calm delight. It was not so exciting, as it was satisfying. Not that her voice and art were passionless, or coldly intellectual, or simply sensuous and natural in the sense of childlike. We mean no negative sort of calmness, such as was alleged in a disappointed tone (if not in a triumphant tone of preconceived disparagement) as their experience, by certain of her hearers, who, either from their unreasonable expectations, or their addiction to the cheaper stimulus of Italian opera, or some other cause, seem to have been non-conductors and non-receivers to the fine, strong LIND electricity.

For instance; it is altogether a calm and passionless pleasure which we feel in the mere physical fact of a remarkably rich, clear, musical voice, of great compass; hers is certainly a splendid specimen of that branch of natural history; and we have even met one or two individuals

so rash as to declare *that* the whole secret of her vocal fame. If we heard her calmly, we nevertheless heard more than a voice.

There is a similar, but heightened pleasure, too, where human ingenuity (we speak not yet of Art) perfects, or curiously and happily applies, the gift of nature; as when we listen to a musical box; though it is doubtful, if the pleasure be enhanced by finding the said musical box encased in the throat of a laboriously *solfeggio-ed* prima donna;—a doubt predicated on the principle of rendering unto nature the things that are nature's, or unto the mechanic the things that are mechanical, but unto the woman and the artist only the things that are woman's, by virtue of a soul and understanding in them. For some time, not a few were willing to confess only to this sort of calm entertainment in the LIND, magnanimously conceding to her any amount of musical-box notoriety, and thinking to compensate for this detraction of the artist, by an equally cold abundance of praise of the woman personally, aside from her art. But we well know that it lies not in any conceivable, or even infinite perfectibility of mere vocal execution, to affect us at all like the artist whose soul it was we heard making music through her voice. Did she make a flute of herself in that clever trio from the "Camp of Silesia?" There was, indeed, the triumph of execution: but was it only that? was there no poetry in it? no play of the fancy? nothing of that same trace of genius which we are willing to own in some of the humbler efforts of *genre* painting? And, after all, the flute-trills, the warbles, were but two smallest passing phases of *her*; mere flitting sunspecks through the leafy shadows; trifles in themselves, and yet, in essence, of the universal daylight that fills the world with light and beauty.

From a musical-box to a lark, a thrush, a nightingale, is one step higher, we suppose, at least in the line in which at present our thought is moving. That bobalink we heard this morning in the meadow was higher, by whole circles of song, than all of them. That gushing melody of nature; that free, wild, birdlike-quality of song, blithe and unstinted; song that seemed to sing itself out of a heart that inly sparkled with the sunshine that lights up the fresh morning face

of the whole outward world, to tunes unstudied, exquisite, for ever varied:—that every one enjoyed in her. The "Bird Song" and the "Herdsman's Echoes" made you fresh and young again: they brought you back to childhood and to nature; those single notes brought whole related sceneries and memories with them; the mountains came and stood about you, and the chest seemed almost to expand with purer and more bracing air, even in the crowded concert-room. Well, this too, was a *calm* enjoyment; here was a genuine, a rich emotion; here was the transporting magic of Art recalling Nature, and the fresh sensations of a child yet at one with Nature; but, like the wholesome influence of Nature itself, there was repose, serenity, and balance in the emotions wakened.

"True," said the disappointed; "that was all very pretty, very wonderful; but it was something more that we expected from the Queen of Song. We went to have our souls shaken, like reeds bowed before the wind, by the fiery, lyric passion of a *Norma* or a *Borgia*, as we have heard of *Grisi*, *Pasta*, and the like. We looked for more exciting stuff, for the cold thrill of tragic crises, or to be melted into tears and sweet delirium by a voice that should seem the very soul of the *Bellini* melody, and come over us like a south wind to reveal the latent Italy within us. But when we came to hear her *Casta Diva*, and her various cavatinas and romanzas from our favourite operas, by which the world tests all great singers, we owned, to be sure, the artistic finish, the triumphant execution, the faultless taste, so far as the outward form and unity and beauty of each piece were concerned; but still we found it cold,—we did not feel the passion seize upon us. *She* was cold, and of course we could not be much on fire." And so on, to the end of the chapter.

We never sympathized with this talk, although we heard her calmly. Her quiet manner in Italian song was far more to our taste, than the impassioned seeming, the hyper-tragic intensity, the extravagant gesticulation, the *furore*-calculating outbursts upon commonplace cadenzas, of the full-blooded *prima donnas*, who take fire as readily without as with occasion, and who seek to carry an audience by storm every five minutes. *JENNY LIND* never forgot the propriety of the concert-room, and of a miscellaneous programme. She gave us, at least, elegant, discriminating, chaste, artistic *readings* of the different styles of music, naturally expected of a singer who must be at home in whatever there is current. If we had found her altogether absorbed, as if seeking and finding her whole sphere in the Italian Opera songs of the day, and as if there could be no greater glory than to be queen among the Italian *prima donnas* on their own ground, we should at once have felt her limit and have missed the *LIND*, this new and greater fact. To our mind, she did full justice to the Italian music; only she did not treat it as the all in all of music. In her singing of it, though it was appreciative, sympathetic, hearty, there was the implied power and passion for a much deeper and greater kind of music. And this it was that spoke so powerfully to us that first night in Castle Garden, in the very first strain of the *Casta Diva*, that we feared we had been dreaming when we heard the next morning the criticisms and complaints of failure, from those who only marked the flutter of a half-abashed appearance before a New World audi-

ence, or who, preoccupied with some ideal or conventional notion of the true style of *Casta Diva*, saw only the deviation from that, ignoring almost the divine fact before them. We rather were delighted with the palpable assurance, which, with her first tones, shot to our heart with the warmth of sunbeams, that it was in her to do all that, and more; and in the long run, how has it turned out with regard to that very song? The supremacy of her model of the *Casta Diva* has been acknowledged in New York, after disarming, at the first attack, the firm-set Italian prejudices of the most fastidious of audiences at Havana and at New Orleans. Truly, it must have been a taste long pampered with coarse and questionable spices, which could not feel the pure and genuine sweetness and pathos of her *Qui la voce*. We never felt the sentiment of *Bellini*'s melody so exquisitely, and so unalloyed with sickening sweet. In mere bravura passages, she, indeed, sang coldly; for much of this, although Italian, is cold music; mechanical and for display, like fireworks; and it is only saying that she could not affect passion. She could treat all these things, after their several kinds, each characteristically, genially, entering into its spirit, with a sort of universal sunshine and Protean facility of Art, in them all and above them all, whether the dazzling bravura, or the impassioned, tragic scena, or the delicate and subtle grace and sprightliness of the *Opera Comique*. When were Rossini's sparkling fancies heard in such perfection?—Rossini, the least pathetic, yet the most creative and ideal, of the modern Italian composers,—the man of genius of them all!

The truth is, *JENNY LIND* is a *great* singer, and to be fairly judged, must be heard in many varieties of music, but especially in *great* music; and it is a melancholy fact that, although Italy once had her *Palestrina*, and her severe, sublime church music, the modern Italian music is not great. An artist, in the high and large sense, like *JENNY LIND*, only *illustrates* with her many-sided faculty these lighter things of which we have been speaking, these various specimens of song, culled from all quarters and all fashions of the day. To *sing herself out*, to concentrate all her energy and all her fervour on the given music of the hour, she must have *great* music; music inspired by a great sentiment; music, which, whether secular or sacred in its name, naturally rises to the religious; music that leaves you stronger, calmer in your soul, and not the victim of a weak and morbid moodiness and pathos; music not empty of *passion*, but so full of passion, of the central passion of the soul, in which all souls are one, and which only the Eternal can satisfy, that its effect is more like repose than like excitement. You feel for once your normal state in it, sound and strong, and at home, and at peace with all; for, addressing the central spring of feeling, it quickens into harmonious life *all* the emotions of the soul. The singer who truly and worthily renders such music, even with her utmost fervour, with her whole soul, will seem calm and lofty, and you will listen calmly, while it may yet be one of the intensest moments of your existence.

Now, this was the music in which we were destined fully to know *JENNY LIND*. This was the real power and mission of the singer; this

the gift she gave so calmly, to be laid up in the calm depths of the receiver's soul. We felt it in reserve for us through all the little things she sang, (the Swedish songs, the flute songs, the Donizetti airs, &c.,) complete and individual as each was in itself; we felt it full and direct upon us, as if admitted to the inmost sanctuary, when she came to the great music, to the sublime Han-delian song of faith: "I know that my Redeemer liveth," to the spiritual sweetness of Mendelssohn's "Elijah," the "Mighty Pens" of Haydn, &c.; and, from these heights, we came back to enjoy still more the happy, sunny distribution of her Art over all kinds of wild or hot-house (operatic) flowers of song, to please all kinds of tastes and fancies and degrees of culture. It was this sound central energy that seemed to explain the whole. A Swedenborgian said of her, in the dialect of his school: "She has the strongest *sphere* of any woman I have met." If there is any one phase or attitude of song in which she still stands in our memory as most characteristically herself, the impersonation of her own art, it is in that great song from "The Creation," where her soul did really seem to soar "on mighty pens," eagle-like, with unflinching, and yet reverent eyes, looking into the very sun. We think of the copious sunshine of her singing, so large and liberal and wholesome is it, and so quickening. It is this large, central, sunward reference and convergence, as it were, of all her special efforts, this great central passion gently glowing in the background, through the lightest and most playful, the most artificial and the wildest of her songs, that makes JENNY LIND the most popular singer in the world. Independently of all known of her outside of the concert-room, the *whole* impression of her performance, however it may be of the songs taken singly, is always accompanied with enthusiasm. A sym-

pathetic thrill of genuine, large humanity, is sure to reach every hearer, relating all these multifarious melodies to *him*, and proving to him the reality of that world, that element of Art, of which he knows so little, but must know more, as he would carry with him a type of the solution of all present discords, and an emblem of the true, divine state of the soul.

A truce now to the talk about Northern and Southern singers. JENNY LIND is not a mere national phase of vocal art. Genius is not national, in so far as it is genius, but universal. If she is greatest in the rendering of German music, it is because the German now-a-days is intrinsically the greatest music. You may talk of Italian melody and German harmony; of Italian pathos and expression and of German science, fugue and counterpoint; of Italian voices and of German orchestras. But real, original, creative *genius*, in these days, has appeared mainly, if not only, in the German music. There is a deeper feeling and a sweeter melody in the *Freyschutz*, in the songs of Mendelssohn and Schubert; and, certainly, if we go back so far, in every slightest air of Mozart, which will outlive scores and schools of modern Italian opera. Best in these JENNY LIND cannot but be, if she is great and universal; while, with a catholic comprehensiveness of taste, her voice and art illustrate all varieties and nationalities of song. The key-note of her world-enchanting, ever-varied strain, however, whether it modulate to grave or gay, to solemn or fantastic, is still high and central, and to be interpreted only by these great words, Art, Humanity, God, Universal Harmony. To be an artist, above the criticism of the cultivated few, and, at the same time, holding spellbound all the millions, as no artist ever did before, is a fact admitting of no lower explanation.

EDITORIAL.

ART NOTICES.

EMBELLISHMENTS OF THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

SALOMON DE CAUS IN THE BEDLAM OF PARIS.—The very effective wood-engraving of this subject, which we present to our readers this month, is from an original picture by JACQUES LECURIEUX. This painting appeared in the Louvre in 1845, and was the subject of general admiration as a work of art. During the exhibition, it became an object of universal attention, for the interesting history it perpetuates of that invention or discovery which has since made steam so useful an agent in the economy of the civilized world.

From private memoirs of the French Court, we find that, in 1641, an English nobleman, Edward Somerset, Marquis of Worcester, being in Paris, was accompanied by the celebrated Marion Delorme while visiting the various places of curiosity and interest in that great metropolis. To the correspondence of that lady, History is indebted for the only authentic account of the in-

terview with De Caus, from whom the Marquis of Worcester learned the theory of steam-power, afterwards published it, in 1663, as his own discovery, in a work entitled "A CENTURY OF INVENTIONS."

The following translation of a letter, from Marion Delorme to the Marquis de Cinq Mars, contains a very explicit account of the interview between De Caus and Worcester, and furnishes the text from which Lecurieux designed his picture.

February 3, 1641.

MY DEAR D'EFFIAT,—

While you forget me at Narbonne, and are giving yourself up to the pleasures of the court, and the joy of meeting Monsieur the Cardinal, I, following your wish, do the honours of Paris to your English lord, the Marquis of Worcester, and lead him, or rather he leads me, from one object of curiosity to another, choosing always the saddest and most serious, and fixing his large blue eyes on those he questions, as if to penetrate their in-

most thoughts. To speak farther of him: he is never contented with the explanations given him, and never regards objects in the same light with those who show them to him. For instance, a visit that we made together to the Bicêtre, where he pretends to have discovered a man of genius in a lunatic! If this maniac had not been raging mad, I verily believe that the Marquis would have demanded his liberty, and taken him to London, there to hear his follies from morning till night. As we crossed the lunatic quarters, and I, more dead than alive with fear, leaned on my companion, an ugly face showed itself behind great bars, and commenced crying in a broken voice, "*I am not mad! I have made a discovery which will enrich any country that will put it in operation.*"

"And what is the discovery?" said I to the man who acted as guide.

"Ah!" said he, shrugging his shoulders, "something very simple, and what you could never guess,—it is the employment of the vapour of boiling water."

I commenced laughing.

"This man," continued he, "is named Salomon de Caus. He came from Normandy, four years since, to present to the notice of the king a treatise on the marvellous effects that can be obtained by his invention,—that is, by steam to propel machines, drive carriages, and do, for aught I know, a thousand other miracles. The Cardinal dismissed the madman without an audience; but Salomon de Caus, instead of being discouraged, commenced following Monseigneur the Cardinal everywhere, until he, tired of finding him at his heels, and importuned by his follies, ordered him to be shut up in the Bicêtre, where he has now been three years and a half, and where, as you have heard, he cries to every stranger that he is not mad, and that he has made a wonderful discovery. He has even written, to prove this, a book, which I have here."

My Lord Worcester, who had been all attention, demanded the book, and, after having read some pages in it, said, "This man is not mad; and in my country, instead of imprisoning him, they would have heaped riches and honour on him!—Lead me to him."

They did so; but he returned sad and pensive.

"He is now, in truth, crazy," said he; "misfortune and captivity have deprived him of reason; you have made him mad; and when you threw him into that cell, you shut up the greatest genius of the age!"

After this, we left; and since that time the Marquis has continually spoken of Salomon de Caus.

Farewell, my beloved and faithful Henry;—return soon, and in the happiness you now enjoy let there still be some love left for your own

MARION DELORME.

The authenticity of this letter is beyond a doubt, as it was found among the effects of *Henri Coiffier de Rugé d'Effiat*, Marquis de Cinq Mars, who, for suspected court intrigues, was beheaded at Lyons in 1642, only one year after the date of this interesting letter from the celebrated woman to whom, it was said, he had been secretly married.

The artist has treated this subject in a very masterly style. The scene is well chosen, the grouping admirable, and the tableaux beautifully designed. The composition is original and could

not be improved. The head of De Caus is finely conceived, contrasting nobly with the various expressions of the lunatics around. The figures of the Marquis and his lovely companion are highly characteristic of the courtly elegance of that luxurious age. We feel indebted to M. LECURIEUX for the conception of such a work of Art, the embodiment and execution of which have served to awaken a most absorbing interest in the mournful story of poor De Caus.

We may easily believe that Richelieu denied De Caus an audience with the king. The wily Cardinal had diplomatic schemes enough to employ all the money in his treasury, without assisting a man whose theory, even if correct, would call for additional expenditures. But we can find no excuse for the incarceration of poor Salomon de Caus.

It is difficult to conceive a more melancholy fate than his. We can imagine the feelings, the aspirations of a man of genius—of an author—for, he had already published as early as the year 1615, a work entitled, "*Les raisons des forces mouvantes; avec diverses machines, tout utiles que plaisantes:*"—leaving his provincial home for the great city of Paris, filled with the enthusiasm that had sustained him

"Through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,"

while he had pursued those researches and experiments which finally produced the most successful result that ever crowned the efforts of a student. What disappointment he must have endured when the haughty Cardinal refused him access to the king, and laughed at that treatise in which were embodied the imperishable ideas that had been carefully sifted from the harvest of thought, in which he had spent the strength and vigour of his entire manhood! How different from the bright promise of his dreams, was the realization! Instead of open-handed courtesy and generous co-operation, he found repulse and disrespect. In place of a chamber with his sovereign, and interview with the congregated savans of the realm, he received a cell in the Bicêtre, and the companionship of madmen! And this, too, in Paris! Paris, that capital of a country which could at that time already boast of such names as Calvin, Servetus, Ramus, Descartes, Montaigne, Pascal, and Bossuet!

We need not look to France alone for instances of national neglect towards theories and inventions too grand and magnificent for the comprehension of the age! FITCH and FULTON are names

"That call, when brimmed our festal cup,
A nation's glory, and her shame,
In silent sadness up!"

True, our Government did not cast them into a Bedlam. But it is equally true, that it did not encourage them! Was not the first-named of these twins of a kindred genius allowed to drag out a miserable existence, amid the doubts and contumelies of our own citizens? Have they not left his remains beside the waters of the Ohio, with no monument save the wild flowers about his grave—no requiem save the monotonous sound of her perpetual flow? Yet, even now, though unforeseen, that neglected spot has become his most appropriate resting-place. His prophecy is

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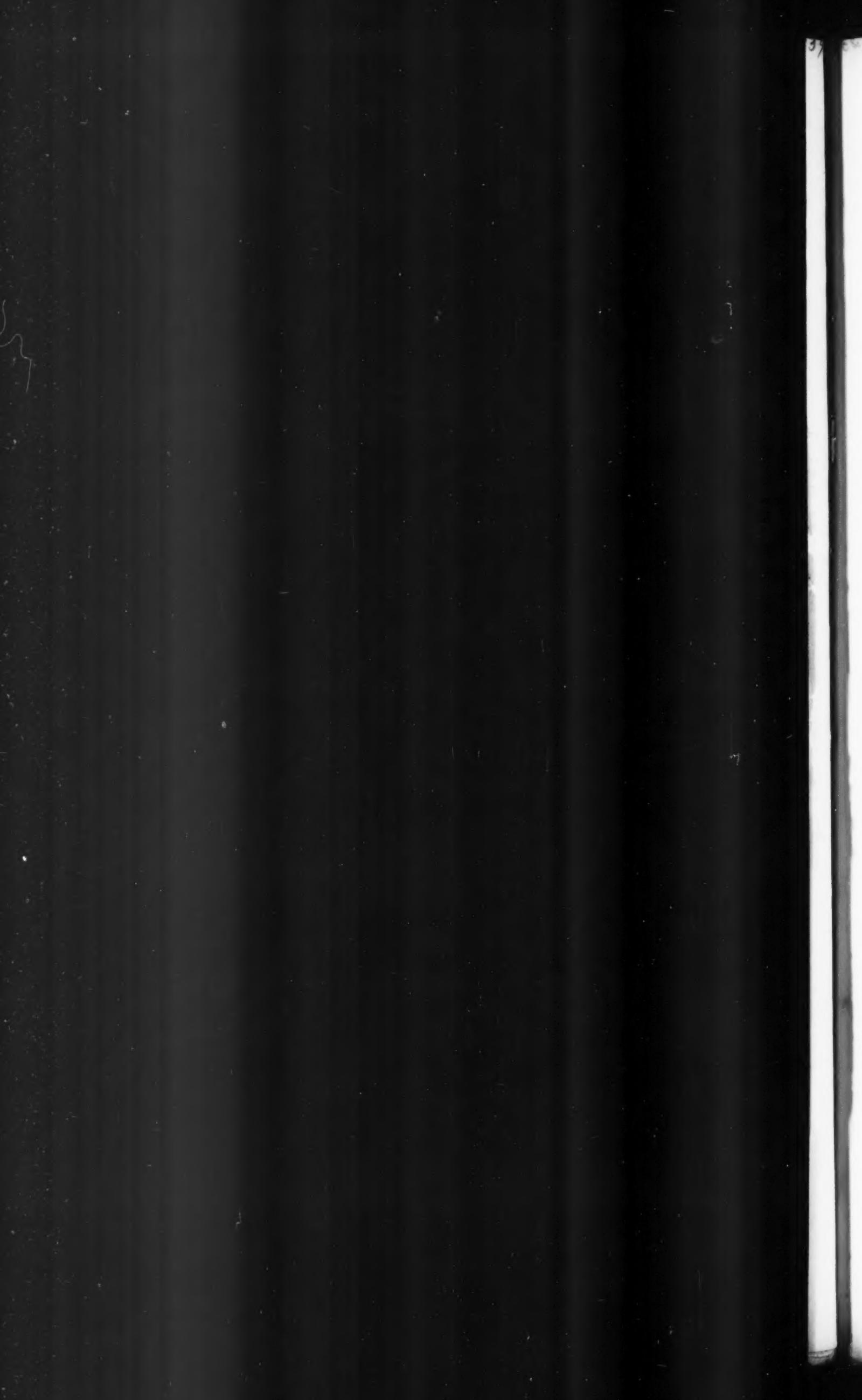
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SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.



ENGRAVED BY JOHN SARTAIN - THE ORIGINAL BY ANDRE

ST. CECILIA

THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.



fulfilled. Each day, each night, at all hours, great argosies, that put to shame the fleet of Xerxes, pass and repass that shore:—one continual procession, keeping eternal music with stentorian voices through iron valves, and charming far echo with the constant chime of passing bells!

And poor imprisoned Solomon de Caus! Does not his memory share in the glory of every invention to which the power of steam is applied? Had he foretold one-half his mind foresaw—the steamers on the Indian and Egyptian seas—the rival navies, regardless of wind or tide, between Dover and Calais—the floating palaces upon our own broad lakes and rivers—the railway on the mountain-top—the richly freighted car—beside the miner, far down within earth's mineral caves:—had he foretold but these, then might they have called him “madman!”

And even now, in this middle of the nineteenth century, there may be, in our very midst, other men who, like De Caus, meet doubt and disregard for the bright offerings they bring to the shrine of science! Gallileo, Columbus, and De Caus were each obliged to wear those chains which ignorance ever forges around the limbs of the sleeping giant, Truth, but which on his awaking, are parted and cast away, like shreds of flax.

JACQUES LECURIEUX was born at Dijon, and received his first lessons in painting from Devosges the younger. In 1822, he went to Paris, and entered the school of Lethiere, where he distinguished himself by numerous excellent drawings, and a variety of fine studies. Among the historical painters who have attracted public attention at the annual exhibitions in Paris, there are few whose works have received greater praise than those of Lecurieux. Although possessing versatile abilities, as an artist, he seems to delight in subjects of devotional, or moral character. Thus far, his genius has been manifested by the production of various pictures from sacred and religious history. Among those are the following subjects, all of which possess very high merit: the “Education of Jesus;” “Raising of Jairus' Daughter;” “Betrothing of Rebecca;” the “Virgin and Infant;” “Luther when a Child;” “St. Bernard going to Found the Abbey of Clairveaux;” the “Martyrdom of St. Benigne;” “St. Firmin, the First Bishop of Amiens, Baptizing the Princess Attalia;” and the “Death of St. Rose.” Among the historical pictures which have added to his fame, are “Francis I. at the Tomb of John;” “Le Chevalier Bayard at Dijon;” “Lazarille of Cormes;” “Mary of Burgundy;” and that which is the subject of this notice.

His style is characterized by bold and correct drawing; harmonious colouring; free and forcible manipulation, yet elaborate finish. For originality of composition, truthfulness, and beauty of design, he is scarcely inferior to Ary Scheffer, or Paul Delaroche.

ST. CECILIA.—This admirable mezzotint, by JOHN SARTAIN, is after the most beautiful Pastel which we have seen, by the celebrated *Crayon artist*, ANDRE, of Paris. Those which we have, heretofore had opportunities of examining, have been more especially deserving of notice for bril-

liancy of colour, and detail of costume, rather than for any embodiment of sentiment, or breadth of effect. This picture, however, has higher qualities, and though very different from the Saint Cecilia of the old masters, yet it appeals to the same feelings, by its exquisite expression and beauty. In the management of light and shade, it is far superior to any pastel drawing that has been imported, and is, certainly, very luminous and artistic in that essential quality. Professor Dwight's excellent article on this subject will have additional interest from the accompaniment of such a beautiful illustration.

THE DEW-DROP.—There is a finish and delicacy of execution about this engraving, which are the characteristic merits of MR. J. W. STEEL, the engraver. He has succeeded in imparting to the print all the beauty and mellowness of effect in the original picture, by BOUVIER.

GEO. W. DEWEY.

SACRED MUSIC.—Our theme, this time, is dictated to us. We bow to the patron saint of Christian music and musicians. Do you not hear the heavenly harpings while you view the airy portrait traced by the artist's glowing pencil at the beginning of this number?

“Thou, with thy gerlond, wrought of rose and lylie,
Thee mene I, maid and martir, Seinte Cecilie!”

Old Chaucer, in his “Second Nunn's Tale,” tells her story, as it is writ in the “Golden Legends,” strange to say, without mention of her musical attributes. She only figures there as the beautiful embodiment and pattern of maidenly and wifely purity and faith, and not at all as we have mostly seen her imaged, sitting before the organ or the harp, her rapt soul streaming through her upraised eyes, and her whole form thrilling with celestial harmonies:—nothing of all this, by which we know her, looking not beyond the ideals of Raphael and Domenichino and the later artists. Indeed, we have generally been content to take St. Cecilia as an allegorical personage. Our gratitude for the heavenly gift of music needs a saint, and that is enough. We must impersonate what stands so near and dear to us. And if there be any influence, intermingling in human affairs, which all men feel to be most human, most feminine, most Christian, and most heavenly in its essence and its leadings, it is Music.

The St. Cecilia of the Catholic legend was a noble Roman lady, who became a Christian in the early part of the third century. She was given in marriage to a noble Roman youth, still a Pagan; and, on the marriage night, she told him that an angel visited her nightly, who would kill him if he approached her. The husband had a great desire to see the angel, and, on his consenting to be baptized a Christian, it was one night gratified; he found his wife in her chamber at prayer, with the angel in the form of a beautiful youth, and he became thenceforth a sharer in their communion. He besought the angel that his brother also might have grace, and they were both promised the crown of martyrdom—a thing easily bought by those who fancied it. Cecilia's faith and charac-

ter wrought so many conversions, to the terror of conservatism, that she was at last doomed to die in a vessel of scalding water. In all this, there is nothing about music. But there is one version of the tradition which says that her great gift in music was what first drew the angel down to her. Doubtless a more practised and thorough explorer among saintly lore might find more to establish St. Cecilia's title to her melodious pre-eminence in the hearts of Christendom. It would be a shame to subject the narrative to the critical scepticism of our modern philosophical mode of studying history, or to raise the question of anachronism in so beautiful a poem. Poetry has its truth, which is older, and deeper, and more eternal than the literal truth of history. The legend, as we quote it, makes a Saint Cecilia that is type enough of what the soul and sympathies of Christendom, especially in our day, find in the holy medium of Music, and text enough for what little we have now to say of Sacred Music.

We do not propose, however, to discuss what is technically called "Sacred Music," but only just to hint the sacredness of music, both as a principle and as an art. It was a true instinct that personified Music under the form of a woman and a Christian saint. There is a fitness in the thought of such a patroness. Music has an essential affinity with the religious sentiment. Whether it express anything else or not at the same time, it always expresses that. It is such a language as only the immortal and spiritual part of us could ever understand or have occasion for. The sense of all this will assert itself more clearly in three separate propositions, to which we can assign only as many paragraphs.

1. Music is the natural language of the Religious Sentiment. For it expresses the desire of our souls for unlimited and everlasting communion. It expresses no thoughts which are not by nature mutual, and none which are selfish. It expresses the aspiration to be united, and made one with all. It knows nothing of limited notions, creeds, opinions, which divide and isolate us; but its whole confession is of that which all souls hold and love in common. It whispers the unitary aspiration of each to all. It begins where human consciousness grows rhythmical, and is the vibration of genuine emotions transmitted from soul to soul. Its message is essentially humanitarian, and never partial. In some relation or other, it always means Love, which is the mainspring of existence, for "God is Love." It is too true, that religion thus far has been sectarian and not unitary,—exclusive, and not humanitarian,—in the formation of its circles. Still, every sect is seeking unity, and fondly thinks its own the very, only method of a universal reconciliation. Music is the language of the religion that lies latent underneath the special, positive, sectarian religions. Music is the reconciliation of the conflicting tongues of Babel; the prophecy of a redeemed, united race,—of a perfect society, musical in all relations, because in all things ordered by the heavenly law of Love. There are many languages, and many understandings of the words in each of them; but there is only one Music, and yet that one is rich with infinite variety, else it could not express the riches of God's love.

2. Music belongs peculiarly to the feminine principle in the universe. It is of the heart, rather than of the head. It proceeds rather from the Divine love, than from the Divine wisdom;

and yet in the method of its proceeding, in its scientific form (its laws of series, scales, accords, progressions, modulations, &c.), it is our most perfect type of the Divine wisdom, or method, in the universe. But Music is the language, not of the thoughts,—the intellect,—as words are; but of emotion, feeling, passion, sentiment—in a word, love, aspiration, ecstasy. Its mission is to reconcile differences; it knows nothing of dispute or argument; it mounts direct to the pure mutual bliss of unity.

3. Such is Music in its principle. And, therefore, as an art, it is essentially the *Christian art*. The other arts attained a sort of culmination (not, indeed, their highest possible), in the old world. But Music, as an art, never did, and never could exist before society was leavened with the Christian aspiration. The spirit of Christianity is the very spirit of Music; it is that love, that feminine principle, that longing for an absolute communion, that spirit of a universal reconciliation, that harmonizing of differences, which constitutes the whole vitality of Music. There was natural Music, but no *Art* of Music, before Christianity. All the pedantry of so-called Grecian science could not make an art of it. It was still nothing but melody, chance fragments of melody, without harmony;—melody incomplete, and doomed to no development, until the Christian sentiment of "One in many" kindled the human mind to quick perception of the natural types of this; when the germ of all melody was first seen to lie in the harmonic accord of several tones. The discovery of the musical chord first established the natural scale of melody, and opened the major mood of Joy, prophetic of man's spiritual sovereignty over nature; whereas in the rude state of subjection to nature, before the universal humanitarian sentiment was born (even as now, among all barbarous and savage people), the only music was a barren mournful, minor melody, telling of no glorious Future, and no normal state of Universal Unity and Joy.

JOHN S. DWIGHT.

BOOK NOTICES.

NOT SO BAD AS WE SEEM; OR, MANY SIDES TO A CHARACTER. *A Comedy in five Acts.* By Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Bart. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1851. pp. 166.

Seldom—very seldom—has it been our happiness to meet with a parlour comedy in which there is so much to exact our praise, and so little to warrant censure. It was written in aid of a fund for the relief of suffering authors, and was first performed, under the patronage of the Duke of Devonshire and the countenance of royalty, at Devonshire House, by a brilliant group of distinguished writers, who assumed the buskin for the occasion. The plot, which is complex, in a remarkable degree, is most naturally and consistently carried out; and, if we except the slight exaggeration observable in some of the passages where humour descends into farce, there is nothing overstrained in the style, and nothing which oversteps the boundaries of probability. Humour and wit, of every variety, from the humble *jeu de mot* to genuine *jeu d'esprit* sparkles in every scene, while satire, tingling or

electric, but never malignant, is gracefully launched, or keenly darted, alike against the lighter and the more serious foibles of the middle and upper ranks of society. Nor are there wanting some touches of pathos, and others of ballad-like simplicity, which betray a nice observation and deep knowledge of the heart. This play has both a most valuable moral object, and a practically useful purpose. The former is, the breaking down of the prejudices of caste, by making the different classes acquainted with each other's virtues, as displayed even in the most exaggerated and *insular* characters of each circle. We here use the term *insular*, to express that quality of exclusiveness which results from the limitation of one's experience in life and motive, to the narrow bounds of our own set; for, nowhere else are mutual prejudices and ignorance so prevalent, as among the population of islands. The latter intention is, the defence of the right of literary men to a high social position, by proving their importance as the real creators of mental civilization, and thus inducing the formation of a literary guild. From beginning to end, the piece is full of life, spirit, and interest, and no one can read it attentively, without feeling a glow of cheerfulness, and charity for others, even those whose faults would lead us, at first, to deem them divested of all virtue or all manliness of intellect. Each principal character has "many sides;" but each can boast redeeming qualities; and, when they have been jostled together, until circumstances have compelled them into mutual acquaintance, in defiance of the distinctions of rank and occupation, they all arrive legitimately and justly at the sage conclusion that, "we are not so bad as we seem." Success to this little book! and its publishers, too, though *they have ventured* to urge their monster press so rapidly, in printing, that it seems to have hopped over an occasional word, in its hurry, to the detriment of the clearness of the text.

THE ISLAND OF LIFE. An Allegory. By a Clergyman. Boston and Cambridge: James Monroe & Co. 1851. 16mo.

A neat little volume, of a religio-moral tendency; suggestive of some good thoughts, and, perhaps, interesting to those who are fond of familiar ideas, dressed in an allegorical garb. It would be a favourite with the very young, and its interest for them is increased by several very fair illustrations of childhood and the angelic, in outline sketch.

IDA. Boston and Cambridge: James Monroe & Co. 1851. 16mo. pp. 68.

A little poem, associated with hallowed memories in the mind of the anonymous author and, doubtless, a circle of attached friends. It is of the class of local mementoes, but awakens, in the breast of that heartless thing *the world*, but little interest. Criticism is uncourteous towards works of this character, and we almost regret that duty compels us to notice it at all; for it is painful to honour the motive, and yet fail in the ability to praise the execution.

TRENTON FALLS, PICTURESQUE AND DESCRIPTIVE. Edited by N. Parker Willis; embracing the original *Essay* of John Sherman, the first proprietor and resident; the principal illustrations from original designs by Heine, Kummer, and Muller. Engraved on wood by Orr. New York: For Proprietor: Geo.

Putnam. 1851. 16mo. With numerous illustrations.

A well-known guide-book to the loveliest water-scenery in the land, re-dressed, and its face washed, and its cravat tied by a poet. With the terrible style of the "Original Essay," surmounted by the Will-of-the-wisp flickering of the genius, and bright pebbly sparkle of the taste, of the renowned Editor, it reminds one of a crab-apple stem, superingrafted with a dozen varieties of wild roses of as many different hues;—the former sadly in want of soil, and the latter improvable by the least possible pruning. The book is a *necessity* to those who visit the Trenton Falls. It may furnish amusement even to those who travel only of winter evenings, by the fireside, with its neat little, tasteful illustrations. It sets off the Editor, by contrast, to the highest possible advantage on a very small scale, and will do nobody any harm that pays no attention to its "geology."

THE GUIDING STAR; OR, THE BIBLE, GOD'S MESSAGE, DESIGNED TO ILLUSTRATE THE SECOND AND THIRD QUESTIONS OF THE WESTMINSTER CATECHISM. By Louisa Hopkins: Author of "The Pastor's Daughter," "Henry Langdon," &c. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1851. 24mo. pp. 260. Received through Daniels & Smith, 36 North Fifth St., Philadelphia.

This is a book designed not merely to arm the young mind against the arguments and scoffs of infidels, with whom, in this age of half-fledged education, and (happily) utter freedom of opinion, they are sure to meet, in the ordinary transactions of life. Its purpose is clearly and plainly pointed out, in the first sentences of the introduction, which convey opinions so just, sound, intelligent, and practical, that we cannot forbear quoting them.

"The period of childhood is one of trust. Children must believe implicitly; and it was evidently intended that they should receive instruction from their parents, in this way, on religious, no less than on other subjects. On this point, the Bible is very explicit. Parents are made responsible for the correct belief of their children, just as they are for their good character; and they may generally control the one as effectually as the other. Christianity may be, and often is, thus received for a time, and may work its appropriate effects; but, to every thoughtful mind, the period of doubt, or, if not of doubt, of questioning, must come; and happy is the child that is judiciously led from this point to the firm ground of an intelligent belief. With very many, this is a turning-point in their moral history, and practically, it would seem to be *here* that the evidences of Christianity are most needed. The age at which doubts may arise will vary with the capacity and circumstances of the child. It would not probably be wise to induce an early habit of questioning, on subjects of practical moment, because these can produce an effect on the heart only as they are fully received. It is "with the heart" that "man believeth to righteousness," and where this belief is strong enough to preclude or repress the questionings of the intellect, we would not ordinarily suggest difficulties for the sake of removing them; but when these arise, a full statement of them should be encouraged, and they should be candidly and fairly met, before any habit of distrust is formed. It is just here,

that we believe that there is a great work for parents and the church yet to do; and here it is that a book is needed, containing a statement of the chief points of the Christian evidences in their simplest and most attractive form. Such a book would be a great blessing to many parents themselves. It would confirm their own faith, while enabling them to resolve, far better than they otherwise would, those doubts which even children will often entertain and suggest. It may not be possible,—it is not,—to bring the whole subject within the reach of very young persons; but the best answers may be given to such objections as they will be likely to make, and an adequate ground may be early furnished for a positive and rational belief."

We cannot afford time to read the volume entirely through, at present, to ascertain whether it contains any of those disputable sectarian dogmas, the avoidance of which is so difficult in works of this character, but a careful, general examination has presented none whatever. The author has been peculiarly fortunate, in our opinion, in her manner of addressing the young—an exceedingly nice matter at all times. There is none of that degradation of language, which is so commonly practised in arguments with children, nor is the style elevated at all above the capacities of the age to which it is addressed. If asked to name that age, we should say, from eight to ten years, for intelligent girls, and, from five to twelve, for boys. The language of this volume is simple and perspicuous—the reasonings cogent and logical. The book is not less calculated for training the young mind to correct habits of thought, and modes of analyzing evidence, than for its moral and religious tendency. Religious discussion is often made almost disgusting to children, by the awkward manner in which it is handled by teachers; but here, the interest of both child and parent will be thoroughly sustained throughout. No parent will ever regret the addition of this volume to his, or her, domestic library; and we should be surprised to meet with any work, from the same pen, deserving of less praise, so much have we been pleased with the evidences of sound judgment and well-trained powers of thought which this presents.

PARA, OR SCENES AND ADVENTURES ON THE BANKS OF THE AMAZON. *By John Elias Warren. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1851. 12mo. pp. 271.*

Light, lively, and cheerful;—graphic without much power;—carrying the reader with the traveller, and glancing, traveller-like, over the surface of things, without deep philosophy or speculation. The pictures of men and their customs, the wilderness and its living denizens, vegetable and animal, perhaps the liveliest living things on earth,—butterflies, birds, vines, flowers, ants, lizards, alligators, and all are touched with a free pen, in a style much less sparkling than that of Willis, and much less thoughtful than that of Miller. The book is readable without effort, and everything connected with the physical condition of Brazil is of deep interest to those whose vision extends into the future, or little beyond the century, when the United States, with all its lavishly squandered public territory, becomes somewhat too crowded for the adventurer and the pioneer, of which class the numbers increase in geometrical ratio with the advance of population. Brazil

will alone one day support a larger population than the whole continent of North America, and, but for the enervating influence of a tropical climate, might then become our most important ally or our most dangerous rival. But long ere that time, Yankee energy will be engaged in trampling on the heels of despotism and old superstition in Northern Asia, with California gold in one hand and the Bible in the other.

HISTORY OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE. *By John C. A. Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers. From W. B. Zieber. 16mo. pp. 328.*

The history of this noble, and truly lovely Josephine will retain a hold upon the minds of men till the very language in which it is written lies buried in the sands of time, to be, perhaps, exhumed like the hieroglyphics of Egypt and Syria by another and yet unborn race. The strange prophecies and circumstances which induced her, like her husband, to consider herself a child of destiny—the deep sympathies awakened by her dignity under the oppression and worse than folly that converted her from the wife of the world's tyrant,—the spoiled child of power—into the desolate victim of another's ambition, falling back upon the patronage of science as a sad solace for an aching heart, can never be forgotten. Mr. Abbott's picture of this character is particularly recommended, in the preface, "to the young ladies of our land," and the details of political events, usually so dry and unattractive to females, are here relieved by the ample manner in which the author has interpersed the personal anecdotes;—as should properly be the case in every biographical work. The incidents of the times, heart-stirring as they are, become secondary in interest to the individual—the truly charming woman.

COSMOS: A SKETCH OF A PHYSICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE UNIVERSE. *By Alexander Von Humboldt. Translated from the German, by E. C. Otté. Vol. 3. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1851. 12mo. pp. 219.*

The previous publication of the two previous volumes of this admirable and unique work, the offspring of the most grasping philosophical mind that has appeared for full a century, has made known, to every man of science in the country, that an American edition of an English translation is now accessible to the public. This is enough; and, in addressing our philosophical readers, the attempt to comment, critically, upon a treatise of such world-wide renown, would prove but another example of little men, endeavouring to gain a surreptitious elevation, by climbing upon the gown of an intellectual giant. But our readers, for the most part, are not philosophers;—greatness would cease to be greatness, if it were rendered common;—and there are thousands of young men, ay, and young women, too, in our land, who feel, with painful intensity, the desire to penetrate the secrets of nature, and revel in the sunshine of scientific truth; for intelligent childhood is never without this instinct; but, alas! cities, and libraries, and teachers are distant. There is no one to point out a definite object by which they may be guided, in their desperate plunges after natural truth. School books are, generally, written expressly to render a teacher necessary to the acquisition of knowledge, and the light is put out at the end of the

quarter, when the purse is exhausted. Other books they have few, and if, by chance, they should happen to meet with one treating more profoundly upon a favourite science, they discover a wide gap between the terminus of their very slender knowledge, and the very postulates of the loftier argument. They feel like a fly in an empty glass bottle, buzzing and buzzing till it falls exhausted, in the vain endeavour to discover the neck, surrounded by light, but unable to see their way. To all such, we would say, "purchase *Cosmos*." It gives you a picture of the universe. Even if you should not understand the half of it, it will give you ideas that will smooth for you the path of all physical knowledge, and, if not frightened at the vastness of the broad dashes of the brush, with which the master produces his effects, you cannot fail to become a much wiser lad, on reading it. Place it by the side of that admirable sketch of the mathematical sciences, by Auguste Comté, which we praised so highly in the July number, and you will possess, at your elbow, two charts, to which you can refer, continually, and never without advantage. He is unwise, who endeavours to study geography without a map.

This closing volume treats of the grandest, and, at the same time, the most simple, view of the universe, the "*sternenvelt*," the tent of stars, as Schiller so beautifully calls it. Do not be surprised, young reader, that we should call astronomy a simple science; for he who wholly understands the philosophy of the process of weighing a pound of butter, and can, also, comprehend *entirely*, as a Hibernian would say, the exquisite laziness of mulish matter, which, like a man of distinction with whom we were once acquainted, is very hard to rouse into motion, but, once moving, is too lazy to stop—(Poor fellow! Death stopped him at last, but he had already rolled into philosophy by pure *vis inertia*),—the man, or boy, who understands these things, we say, has all the knowledge requisite for commencing the successful study of astronomy. Let him buy Comté and *Cosmos*, and, when he stumbles, take time,—try it again,—ask of somebody who knows, for a few proper books of an elementary character, which these volumes will teach him how to seek, and, our word for it, if an American of spirit, he will make himself a philosopher.

THE TWO ADMIRALS. A TALE. *By the Author of the "Pilot," "Red Rover," &c. Complete in one volume. New York. Revised and corrected by the Author, with a new Introduction, Notes, &c., by the Author. New York: George P. Putnam. 1851. 12mo. pp. 576.*

This is another volume of the series of the works of J. Fenimore Cooper, now in the course of publication. Of course, as the latest, and most perfectly elaborated edition, no library that is designed to contain the American classics should be without it.

LESSONS IN LIFE FOR ALL WHO WILL READ THEM.

**STORIES FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.
HOME SCENES AND HOME INFLUENCE.**

These three neat little volumes, of the best kind of novel reading for the domestic fireside, contain as many series of stories, from the press of Lippincott, Grambo & Co., No. 17 South 4th Street, Phila-

delphia, and form a part of Arthur's Library for the Household,—a title very happily expressive.

ROMANCE DUST FROM THE HISTORIC PLACER.
By William Starbuck Mayo, M.D., Author of "Kaloolah," "The Berber," &c. New York: George P. Putnam. 1851. 12mo. pp. 284.

A series, or rather collection, of short tales and romances from Portuguese history, and the incidents of marine life. They are of various degrees of interest, and some of them are written with considerable power. The author, in his preface, apologizes very amusingly for the whim displayed in his title, but we think it rather appropriate; for, the matter, worked up as it avowedly has been from various sources,—partly from articles long on hand, partly from recent inspirations, and again, partly from the surplus matter intended for "Kaloolah" and "Berber," it presents just such a mixture of gold, quartz, marine, or river deposit, and micaceous spangles, as gives delight to a literary "prospector," and induces him to dig into the contents with bright hopes, and we think, very fair reward. The worst piece in the volume is a kind of ballad, entitled, "Washington's First Battle; or Braddock's Defeat;" very patriotic, but not very poetical. The redeeming clauses, however, so cover any faults that strike the eye, that neither the author nor the reader have cause to regret the publication.

FAMILIAR SCIENCE; OR, THE SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION OF FAMILIAR THINGS. *Edited by Robert E. Peterson, Member of the Academy of Natural Sciences. Philadelphia: Robert E. Peterson. 1851. 12mo. pp. 558.*

This is a volume full of curious matter, founded on the "Familiar Science" of Rev. Dr. Brewer, of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, rearranged and much enlarged by our fellow-citizen, Robert E. Peterson. In its present dress, it is certainly as well adapted to the purpose of ready reference, as is possible in a work containing such a vast variety of details relating to the business of common life, and in which anything like strict theoretical system is altogether impracticable. The general air of the subject matter is chemical, and its arrangement is in the form of question and answer. To the character of a connected treatise, the book makes no pretensions; but, in the hands of a thoroughly instructed preceptor, who can verbally correct all deficiencies arising from curtness and an occasional want of philosophical accuracy of expression,—the almost universal fault in elementary works of a primary character written by English authors,—it will prove a valuable assistant in teaching, if employed as an accessory class-book. Its chief excellence consists in its tendency to compel the pupil, or inquirer, to apply physical principles already known to the ordinary affairs of life,—precisely the point in which our system of school lessons is most defective. It will also prove valuable to well-informed parents in the course of their domestic conversation with children of inquiring minds.

MECHANICS FOR THE MILLWRIGHT, MACHINIST, ENGINEER, CIVIL ENGINEER, ARCHITECT AND STUDENT. *Containing a clear Elementary Exposition of the Principles and Practice of Building Machines. By Frederick Overman, Author of "Manufacture of Iron," &c. Illustrated by one hundred and fifty-four fine wood engravings, by William Gihon.*

Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1851. 12mo. pp. 420.

It is a sufficient notice of this very convenient and useful treatise to say that it bears out the promise of its somewhat elongated title,—not, indeed, as an elaborate work covering the whole ground assumed in a thorough and complete manner, but as a well-ordered elementary treatise. It presupposes no previous scientific knowledge on the part of the pupil; but commences with a short exposé of the properties of matter and of numbers, with a demonstration of the properties of the circle, the conic sections, and the various mathematical curves which are important to the engineer and machinist. It then treats of the general principles of mechanics, and their practical application in the construction of machinery, from the simple powers to the steam engine and bridges, terminating with some useful tables, arithmetical and philosophical. We are very favourably impressed with its claims as a cheap introductory essay and *vade-mecum*, both for the operative and the amateur.

THE REGICIDE'S DAUGHTER. *A Tale of both Worlds.* By W. H. Carpenter, Author of "Clairborn," "The Rebel," &c. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1851. 24mo. pp. 213.

A story founded upon the ideal history of Walley, the regicide. Of great power and well-managed plot, but *cui bono?* Nearly all the scenes are cast among the villanies of London in the days of the notorious Duke of Buckingham; and although the finger of Providence, guarding the innocent, is visible throughout, by a light which culminates in a soul-stirring climax, it seems more than questionable whether the trite moral lesson will compensate the evil of laying broadly open before all, the cool-practised scoundrelism of robbers, murderers, and—"men of the world."

QUARTERLIES. — *The North American Review.* Boston. Chas. C. Little and James Brown. For July. From the Agent, J. R. Pollock, 205 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.—*The White Banner: A Quarterly Miscellany.* George Lippard, Editor. Philadelphia. For July. This is a new joint-stock journal, apparently intended as an organ of a new secret Order, "The Brotherhood of the Union." This number contains "The Pilgrim of Eternity," by the Editor and Publisher, with many shorter papers. The entire journal is copy-righted. This is as it should be. The admirers of Mr. Lippard's style, and the friends of the Brotherhood of which he is the champion and we presume, the founder, will feel a decided interest in the success of this new undertaking.—We acknowledge the receipt of the following reprints, by Leonard, Scott & Co., from their Agent, W. B. Zieber, Philadelphia:—*North British Review*, for May; *London Quarterly*, April; *Blackwood's Magazine*, May and June; *Westminster Review*, April; *The Edinburgh Review*, April.

MONTHLIES. — *Southern Literary Messenger.* Richmond, Va. M'Foullane & Ferguson. For July. Interesting, as usual.—*North American Miscellany: A Magazine of choice selections from the current literature of this country and Europe.* 8 Barclay St., New York. For June. Original, as usual.—*Harper's New Monthly Magazine.* Well illustrated, as usual.—*The Fireman's Monthly Magazine.* Scott and Martin. 34 South Third St., Philadelphia. This journal has before it a field of immense usefulness. If, without aiming too high, it will keep a little in the van of

the taste and feeling of the spirited and energetic class of which it is the organ, it may do more for the cause of "law and order," and the "levelling upward" of the masses, than any other journal in the country. We shall watch its progress with deep interest.—*The Mentor: A Magazine for Youth.* Stavely & McCalla. 12 Pear St., Philadelphia. July. The matter of this number is well chosen, and well adapted to the little folks, who are to be "the men of to-morrow." "Great is the day of little things."

PAMPHLETS, SERIALS, ETC. — *Ecarte: or the Salons of Paris.* By Major Richardson, Knight of the Order of Saint Ferdinand, author of "Wacousta," "Hardscrabble," &c. Author's revised edition. New York. Dewitt & Davenport. Price 50 cents. From the Publishers.—*The Daughter of the Night: A Story of the Present Time.* By S. W. Fulton. New York. Harper & Brothers. Price 25 cents. This is No. 157 of Harper's Library of Select Novels. From W. B. Zieber.—*Stuart of Dunleath: A Story of the Present Time.* By the Hon. Caroline Norton. New York. Harper & Brothers. No. 158 of Library of Select Novels. From W. B. Zieber.—*London Labour and the London Poor.* By Henry Mahew; with daguerreotype engravings taken by Beard. Parts 5 and 6. New York. Harper & Brothers. Terribly interesting. To be more fully noticed when complete.—*Shakspeare's Complete Works.* Boston edition. Illustrated with introductory remarks and notes, original and selected. Nos. 42, 43, 44. Boston. Phillips, Sampson & Co. This elegant edition will be completed in three more numbers, to be issued in one. The present triple number contains a very beautiful engraved vignette title-page, from an original design by Billings; and a splendid engraved likeness of Mrs. Siddons is announced for the conclusion.—*The Illustrated Domestic Bible.* By the Rev. Ingram Cobbin, M.A. New York, Nos. 23, 24, and 25. Sam'l Hueston, 139 Nassau Street. From Zieber. These numbers complete this valuable edition, which we have had occasion so often to notice during its progress.—*The Girlhood of Shakspeare's Heroines.* By Mary Cowden Clarke. Tale 5. Meg and Alice. New York. 1851. Geo. P. Putnam. The interest, unexpected as it is, of this singular series, does not decline.—*Pictorial Book of the Revolution.* By Benson J. Lossing. With six hundred engravings on wood from original sketches. No. 15 (to be completed in 20). New York. Harper & Brothers. To be more fully noticed when complete.

DICTIONARY OF MECHANICS, ENGINE WORK, AND ENGINEERING. Nos. 33 and 34. New York. D. Appleton & Co.

MUSIC. — *Mary's Beauty: A Song adapted to the Piano.* Poetry by George P. Morris, Esq. Music by J. W. Gouger. Philadelphia. A Fiot.

TO SUCCESSFUL PRIZE-WRITERS.

Our friend, Mr. Jeffel, author of *Ishmael*, would oblige us by sending us his address, in full. Otherwise, one hundred dollars may want an owner, when the time of publication arrives.

The author of the prize article, *The Old and the New*, signed E. H. H., is Mr. E. H. Hales, of Worcester, Mass.

The engraved view of Tacony, unavoidably crowded out of this number, will appear in the next.

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ENIGMA.

BY "LA PETITE."

WITH the Sire of Man, my first awoke,
When the primal light on his vision broke ;
Passing away from the face of earth,
With the hour that hailed my mother's birth !
A Life Enigma,—enduring still,
Baffling conjecture—query—skill ;—
This is the unsolved mystery !
Why is he ? And when will he cease to be ?

In varying accents, my first is said,
Of jest, of sorrow, of hope, of dread :—
Low in the maiden's ear you speak,—
The rose-tint gleams on her conscious cheek ;—
Utter it lightly by manhood's side,
Beware ! for you startle impatient pride.
It is sole and single, for ever and aye,
Yet doubled each hour of the blessed day,—
A youth,—a graybeard,—in manhood's prime,—
In past, in present, in coming time.
It may do what mortal hath ever wrought,
By Genius or Talent, Care or Thought ;
Yet a single deed,—and its course is o'er,
It is seen in its wonted haunts no more !

My last goes roaming by day and night,
Though hidden at home from prying sight ;—
In beaming sunshine and pelting storm,
A very Proteus, in hue and form,
Checking the bold bird's tireless wing,
Sharing the gipsy's wandering !
The beauty turns from her lover's vow,
And 'tis this that shadows her fair white brow.
Keep fast your hold when the storm blows wild.
Poor freezing hands of the beggar child !
It comes from the friar's lonely cell,
Duly, at matin and vesper bell :—
Goes with the bride from her childhood's home,
Bends with the mourner above the tomb !

And far and wide as my first is known,
The creature that calleth my last its own,
Can gladden my whole, so drear and lone.



ANSWER TO MISS SPROAT'S ENIGMA FOR JUNE.

BY ROSE RIVERS.

THE *Don* had a daughter, fair to behold ;
And he prized his fair daughter above his gold :
"I ne'er can allow my peerless to wed ;
She must stay with her father," the proud *Don*
said.

The lover's eye flashed when he heard this thing,
That the *Don* must repair in haste to the king ;
For the lady had whispered, "I have a *key*,
And when he is gone, I will fly with thee."

He has locked up his castle, and taken the *key*,
"For perchance she may wish in my absence to
flee ;"

Yet to turn to his home, he is quickly faint,
Lest his wise precaution should prove in vain.

She hears him coming,—she fears his wrath :—
"Fear not; for I know of a mountain path.
We will climb where his servitors cannot intrude ;—
Ah ! rarely his vigilance we can elude."

Such toilsome path, it was all unmeet
For the highborn maiden's delicate feet :
"I am weary and faint; I can climb no more ;
My father is nigh, and my dream is o'er."

Lo, a sure-footed *donkey* ! "Now mount and ride ;
He'll bear thee safe o'er the mountain's side."
Slow but sure up the path they go,
And the *Don* is alone in his childless woe."

FASHIONS.



FIG. 1.

TOILETTE FOR A YOUNG LADY.

Toilette for a Young Lady.—Hair in undulating puffed bandeaux, brought down very low upon the temples. Robe of white tarlatane coming a little high; corsage gathered under an embroidered band at the top, and gathered also at the waist; sleeves short, having two festooned garnitures falling to the elbow; skirt with two wide gathered volants terminated in sharp dents with hem.

Pardessus laitière, in imitation of that worn by the queen, Marie Antoinette, in her dairy at Trianon. The material of this garment is of plain silk; it is furnished with a hood, which is laid back perfectly flat, and appears like a little tippet; the sleeves are loose, and not sewed on; the edges of the hood, of the sleeves, and of the base of the pardessus, are trimmed with plaited slips of the silk, terminated on each side by a black lace, which follows the folds of the trimming; two brides of taffetas serve to keep the pardessus in place. These brides, and also the front of the pardessus, are bordered with narrow black lace a little gathered. Gloves of Swedish leather;



FIG. 2.

WALKING TOILETTE.

bracelets, composed of a wide riband and noeud: the riband being plaited, and a little full, is mounted upon a gum-elastic band, to keep it to the arm. Both riband and noeud, like the rest of the trimming, are ornamented with the narrow black lace.

Walking Toilette.—Drawn bonnet of silk and crêpe lisse, trimmed above with two large white roses and one small one without foliage, and below, at each side, with a large bouquet of delicate purple flowers and foliage.

Robe of brown taffetas broché, with green flowers. Skirt very full, and without trimming; corsage high behind, opening square in front, and trimmed beneath with two rows of lace, which unite edge to edge at the base. Mantelet of blue taffetas cut *en mantelet écharpe*, that is to say, open in front, and uncovering the breast. This vestment is trimmed with taffetas riband, No. 16, fixed to

the mantelet at the upper edge only, like volants. They are made full by drawing-strings, near the upper edge, which also have the effect of forming a kind of head for the volant. Each of these ribands is ornamented with six narrow velvets, of graduated widths, the lowest being much

wider than the highest. A blunt-edged or gaufred fringe, composed of alternate parts of black and of blue silk, is attached to the edge of each of the riband volants; this fringe is about an inch and a half in width. Yellow gloves: undersleeves of white lace.



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

THE BLOOMER COSTUME.

We would cease to be faithful chroniclers of the fashions, were we any longer to omit to give our readers information as to the new costume,—the Bloomer costume, as many call it; the Camilla costume, as some of its friends denominate it. We refer to it merely as an item of news and matter of fact, and will not at present express any opinion as to its merits, further than to say that we are pleased to see an attempt made by American ladies to break the thralldom in which they have been so long held, in matters of fashion, by the *artistes* of Paris and London. There is, at least, as much good sense and good taste among our ladies as in those of any other country, and we see no good reason why they should not have fashions of their own,—American fashions, the creations of American taste, and suited to our

climate and habits. The main features which distinguish the new costume, are short skirts and long pantaloons. Its adoption is advocated on the ground of comfort, health, and unimpeded locomotion. In all matters of detail, proportion of parts, material, trimmings, &c., there is already as great a variety as in the imported fashions. The reason is evident: a lady who is independent enough to disregard the attention such innovations necessarily attract, will also be independent enough to vary it to suit her own fancy. Some of the dresses are, therefore, very elegant and graceful, while others are clumsy or gaudy. Out of those which we have seen, we have selected three, all intended for walking or out-of-door toilette. Figures 3 and 4 being for ladies, and figure 5 for a little girl. A particular description



FIG. 5.

BLOOMER COSTUME.



FIG. 6.

PARDESSUS VALERIA.

of the figures is unnecessary; they speak for themselves as to the general characteristics, and, as we have already said, everything else is varied according to individual taste. We will return to the acknowledged modes.

Of the novelties in Paris, two mantelets of original and unique cut and trimming are in high vogue. They are the *Chambord* and the *Matilda* mantelet. The first is surrounded with a band of lozenges in Gothic passementerie, mixed with jet beads. The fore-part is supported by a double chain of jet beads passing from one point to the next, and is loose from the bottom to the middle of the arm, the place for which is marked by a little gusset. The lower part is trimmed with two rows of Chantilly lace, one six and the other twelve inches wide. The other mantelet was devised especially for the country. It is plain behind, extending in a kind of tail to the bend of the knee, and is cut away square at the sides to accommodate the arms. The whole is bordered with a deep fringe with network, and head surmounted with braid ornaments. The same kind of trimming ornaments the collar.

The materials in vogue are India silks, printed and plaid silks, the *Watteau* and *pastel* chinés, the striped chinés, and the Fontange barége, covered with imitations of ribands, which blend

with the real ribands that trim the front of the corsage and the ends of the sleeves.

Bonnets, for full dress, are exclusively of rice-straw, and of straw mixed with hair for half-dress; those of hair alone are also worn. For mornings, the favourite is a small bonnet of gray straw, chiné, lined with blue *gros de Naples*, gathered and ornamented with narrow velvets of the same hue set all round the inside of the face; on the edge is a lace violet, and inside a cap *à l'enfant* of blond and velvet. For the garden and pleasure-grounds, a Swiss hat of Tuscan straw is worn, with a broad riband laid across the middle of the crown, and one around it tied in a simple bow behind. Bonnets, in general, are still rounded and richly trimmed under the face. Red is the favourite colour for the flowers, the wild poppy being predominant.

Most dresses are made with flounces; sleeves are always open at the bottom; no others being tolerated. Undersleeves for full dress are richly ornamented with lace or embroidery; for more common toilette, they are of Scotch cambric or jaconet, and end in ruffles turned back, gathered or stitched on an inserting of English embroidery.

FIG. 6. *Pardessus Valéria*.—Taffetas-application of passementeries with fringes, the threads of which are formed into groups.

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